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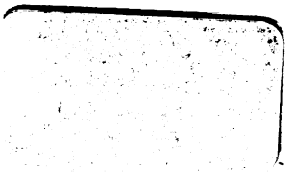

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SANDERS'

UNION FIFTH READER:

EMBRACING A FULL EXPOSITION OF THE

PRINCIPLES OF RHETORICAL READING;

WITH

NUMEROUS EXERCISES FOR PRACTICE, BOTH IN PROSE AND POETRY FROM THE BEST WRITERS; AND WITH LITERARY AND BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

FOR THE

HIGHER CLASSES IN SCHOOLS, ACADEMIES, ETC.

By CHARLES W. SANDERS, A.M.,

AUTHOR OF A SERIES OF SCHOOL-READERS, YOUNG LADIES' READER, SPEAKER, UNION SPELLER, ANALYSIS OF ENGLISH WORDS, ELOCUTIONARY CHART, ETC.

IVISON, BLAKEMAN, TAYLOR & CO.,
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PREFACE.

THE demand for a greater variety of reading exercises suitable for the more advanced classes in our public schools and academies, has led to the preparation of the present volume, THE UNION FIFTH READER; and the title of the previously so-called Union Fifth Reader has been changed, and that book will hereafter be styled THE UNION SIXTH, OR RHETORICAL READER.

In the preparation of the present volume, a wide range of selections has been made in order to present every variety of style, and the best examples for the exercise of Rhetorical reading, and such as are peculiarly adapted to the expression of every tone and modulation of the human voice, whether grave or gay, humorous or pathetic, simple or declamatory.

Of these exercises, both of prose and poetry, a large portion has been selected from speeches and writings of recent date, and which, of course, have never been used in any other reading-book. These lessons breathe forth the sentiments of loyalty, and tend to inspire the spirit of patriotism, and a deeper devotion to the cause of our republican institutions, and to the welfare of our whole country.

The principles of Elocution, which have been explained and illustrated by examples in the fore part of the Union Fourth and Sixth Readers, and which have been tested by actual experiment in the schoolroom by thousands of experienced teachers, have been adopted in the present work. These principles should be thoroughly studied and understood by the pupil in

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order to express the various sentiments, presented in the Reading Lessons, in the most elegant and appropriate manner.

That the pupil may clearly understand the subjects, all the classical terms, and such words and phrases as seem to require it, have been explained. Wherever allusion is made to proper names, such biographical or historical account has been given of them, in brief notes, as a thorough knowledge of the subject seemed to demand; and, wherever there is a liability to mistake, the pronunciation of the words has also been given, and, in some cases, their analysis and definitions.

In the preparation of reading-books for the youth of our country, it is of the utmost importance to place before their minds lessons not only of *literary accuracy*, but also those of a *high moral character*. In these respects, the present work, it is believed, will be found to contain nothing at least objectionable, even to the most fastidious.

Nearly thirty years ago, the author published his first series of reading-books. Since that time, he has contributed to this department of literature TWENTY-TWO VOLUMES of lessons for reading and speaking. These books have been more extensively used in the schools of this country than any other; and several of the lower numbers have been translated into the dialects of other nations, and are now in use in the schools of foreign countries; an evidence of the appreciation in which they are held by educators abroad, and of their adaptedness to the purposes of juvenile instruction.

That the UNION FIFTH READER may serve to promote the great cause of education, create a lively interest in the reading class, improve the moral and intellectual powers of the youth of our country, and merit that favor which has been shown to the other numbers of the Union Series, has been the aim of the author in its preparation.

NEW YORK, July, 1867.

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CONTENTS.

PART FIRST.

ELOCUTION.

PAGE.

SECTION I. — ARTICULATION 13
ELEMENTARY SOUNDS OF THE LETTERS 14
SUBSTITUTES FOR THE VOWEL ELEMENTS 15
SUBSTITUTES FOR THE CONSONANT ELEMENTS 16
ERRORS IN ARTICULATION 16
COMBINATIONS OF CONSONANTS 17, 18
EXAMPLES TO ILLUSTRATE INDISTINCT ARTICULATION 19
MISCELLANEOUS EXAMPLES 20
SECTION II. — ACCENT AND EMPHASIS 21
EXAMPLES OF PRIMARY AND SECONDARY ACCENT 21
EXAMPLES OF INTENSIVE EMPHASIS 22
EXAMPLES OF ABSOLUTE EMPHASIS 23
EXAMPLES OF ANTITHETIC EMPHASIS 24
SECTION III. — INFLECTIONS 25
MONOTONE 26
RISING AND FALLING INFLECTIONS 27
RULES FOR THE USE OF INFLECTIONS 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33
THE CIRCUMFLEX 34
SECTION IV. — MODULATION 35
PITCH OF VOICE 36
QUANTITY 37
RULES FOR QUANTITY 38
QUALITY 39
RULES FOR QUALITY 40
NOTATION IN MODULATION 41
EXAMPLES FOR EXERCISE IN MODULATION 41, 42, 43, 44
SECTION V. — THE RHETORICAL PAUSE 45, 46

Digitized by Google

PART SECOND.

LESSON.		PAGE.
1.	ACHIEVEMENTS AND DIGNITY OF LABOR....*Rev. Newman Hall,*	47
2.	POWERS OF THE HAND.....*Dr. George Wilson,*	50
3.	THERE'S WORK ENOUGH TO DO.....*Anon.,*	53
4.	FIELDS FOR LABOR.....*Mrs. Ellen H. Gates,*	55
5.	WHERE THERE'S A WILL, THERE'S A WAY.....*J. G. Saxe,*	56
6.	THE OFFICES OF MEMORY.....*Islay Burns,*	58
7.	THE MEMORY OF JOY.....*Greenwood,*	62
8.	THE HOUSE BY THE ROLLING RIVER.....*Linna Schenk,*	66
9.	THE LIGHT AT HOME.....	68
10.	THE SOLDIER BIRD.....*H. H. Brownell,*	69
11.	THE BATTLE-FIELD.....	73
12.	SONG OF THE CANNON-BALL.....*Anon.,*	76
13.	THE CHILDREN OF THE BATTLE-FIELD.....*James G. Clark,*	78
14.	THE BRAVE AT HOME.....*Anon.,*	80
15.	THE SOLDIER'S REPRIEVE.....*N. Y. Observer,*	81
16.	THE LAST RIDE.....*Miss Mulock,*	86
17.	PASSING TO THE SUPERNAL.....*Sat. Eve. Post,*	90
18.	SUNSHINE AND SHOWERS.....	91
19.	EDUCATION, OUR OWN WORK.....*John Todd,*	94
20.	SELF-CULTURE.....*Channing,*	97
21.	THE SKATER AND THE WOLVES.....*Whitehead,*	100
22.	PURITY OF CHARACTER.....*Henry Ward Beecher,*	104
23.	THE THREE SISTERS.—*An Allegory*.....	105
24.	DESERVE IT.....*Anon.,*	107
25.	THE BRIDAL WINE-CUP.....	110
26.	DESOLATING EFFECTS OF INTEMPERANCE.....*W. Irving,*	114
27.	EULOGY ON COLD WATER.....*Paul Denton,*	115
28.	PROFANENESS.....*E. H. Chapin,*	117
29.	VOICES OF GOD.....*Lon. Brit. Magazine,*	118
30.	BETTER THAN GOLD.....*Anon.,*	120
31.	THE ANGEL OF THE LEAVES.—*An Allegory*..*Hannah F. Gould,*	122
32.	THE WORLD OF CHANCE.....*John Todd,*	125
33.	THE WORLD OF CHANCE (*continued*).....*John Todd,*	128
34.	NO GOD.....*N. K. Richardson,*	131
35.	THE PRESENCE OF GOD.....*Amelia B. Welby,*	133
36.	INTEGRITY.....*D. S. Dickinson,*	136
37.	THE VISIBLE AND THE INVISIBLE.....*Ephraim Peabody,*	138
38.	WHEN I AM OLD.....*Caroline A. Briggs,*	143
39.	A RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.....*Thomas Hood,*	145

Digitized by Google

LESSON. PAGE.
40. Taking a Whale ..... *R. Starbuck*, 147
41. Leviathan, or the Great Whale.. *From the French of Michelet*, 153
42. The Game of Life ..... *J. G. Saxe*, 156
43. Keep in Step ..... *Anon.*, 159
44. Encouragements in the Pursuit of Knowledge. *E. Everett*, 160
45. The Capacity of an Hour ..... *John Foster*, 165
46. Evening Prayer ..... *Channing*, 167
47. The Time for Prayer ..... *Anon.*, 169
48. One by One ..... *Adelaide A. Procter*, 171
49. Inventive Genius and Labor ..... *Elihu Burritt*, 172
50. The Results of Work ..... *Dr. J. G. Holland*, 175
51. Our Deeds Imperishable ..... *L. H. Grindon*, 178
52. The Uses of Life ..... *Harper's Magazine*, 180
53. Lofty Aspirations ..... *Dem. Review*, 183
54. General Washington's Escape ..... *Anon.*, 185
55. Exciting Adventure with an Indian.. *Blackwood's Magazine*, 190
56. Choice Extracts: —
I. Decay of the American Indians.. *Charles Sprague*, 200
II. Lament of an Indian Chief 200
III. Effects of our Deeds 201
IV. Man's Mortality ..... *S. Wastell*, 201
V. Saving for Old Age 202
VI. Be Firm ..... *Mrs. S. C. Mayo*, 203
VII. The Young Voyager ..... *Rev. Albert Barnes*, 204
VIII. Voyage of Life ..... *Henry Ware, Jun.*, 205
IX. The Beauties of Nature ..... *Moodie*, 205
X. Cheer Up 206
57. Earnestness ..... *Anon.*, 207
58. Incentives to Culture ..... *R. F. Trowbridge*, 213
59. "And Then?" 215
60. What is Life? ..... *Charles D. Drake*, 217
61. Pleasures of Knowledge ..... *Sydney Smith*, 220
62. Man and the Industrial Arts ..... *Dr. George Wilson*, 225
63. The Beautiful ..... *E. H. Burrington*, 232
64. The Bright Flowers ..... *Anon.*, 234
65. The Summer Rain ..... *Helen Mitchell*, 235
66. A Noble Revenge ..... *Thomas De Quincey*, 236
67. Story of the Siege of Calais ..... *Henry Brooke*, 239
68. The True Legion of Honor ..... *Anon.*, 244
69. Conscience ..... *James Linen*, 246
70. Moral and Religious Culture ..... *Sat. Eve. Post*, 249
71. Desire and Means of Happiness ..... *Horace Mann*, 254

Digitized by Google

LESSON.		PAGE.
72.	THE INVENTION OF PRINTING. — *A Dialogue* ..... *Osborne,*	258
73.	THE THREE VOICES ..... *Anon.,*	261
74.	ACTION OF CLIMATE UPON MAN ..... *Prof. Arnold Guyot,*	262
75.	THE WONDERS OF CIVILIZATION ..... *Arnott,*	264
76.	THE LOVE OF TRUTH	265
77.	ASPIRATIONS OF YOUTH ..... *George William Curtis,*	267
78.	THE GRAVE OF THE YEAR ..... *G. A. Gamage,*	269
79.	ANOTHER YEAR	271
80.	THE TELESCOPE AND THE MICROSCOPE ..... *Chalmers,*	273
81.	IMMENSITY OF THE UNIVERSE ..... *O. M. Mitchel,*	275
82.	THE FIRST PREDICTER OF AN ECLIPSE ..... *O. M. Mitchel,*	277
83.	THE SONG OF LIGHT ..... *W. P. Palmer,*	281
84.	CHANT AND CHORUS OF THE PLANETS ..... *Anna Blackwell,*	283
85.	INSIGNIFICANCE OF THE EARTH ..... *Chalmers,*	285
86.	HONOR TO THE PROJECTOR OF THE ATLANTIC CABLE. *A. A. Low,*	288
87.	RECOVERY OF THE LOST ATLANTIC CABLE ... *Cyrus W. Field,*	291
88.	HOW CYRUS LAID THE CABLE ..... *J. G. Saxe,*	295
89.	THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH ..... *Rev. George Lansing Taylor,*	297
90.	THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH ..... *Anon.,*	299
91.	BEATITUDES ..... *Bible,*	301
92.	THE PRIDE OF IGNORANCE ..... *S. W. Taylor,*	304
93.	SCIENCE AND ART ..... *D. Brewster,*	308
94.	ADVANCE ..... *D. F. M'Carthy,*	311
95.	THE POLAR STAR ..... *Westby Gibson,*	313
96.	MOUNTAINS ..... *E. M. Morse,*	315
97.	THE ALPS ..... *Willis Gaylord Clark,*	318
98.	DESIRE TO BE REMEMBERED	319
99.	THE DESIRE OF REPUTATION ..... *Rev. Albert Barnes,*	321
100.	VANITY OF EARTHLY FAME ..... *Henry Kirke White,*	326
101.	"THIS, TOO, MUST PASS AWAY" ..... *Mrs. E. C. Howarth,*	328
102.	GOD, THE TRUE OBJECT OF CONFIDENCE ..... *Greenwood,*	329
103.	INSPIRATION OF LIVING GENIUS ..... *Mrs. E. Oakes Smith,*	333
104.	GENIUS AND ORIGINALITY ..... *Rev. Dr. G. W. Eaton,*	336
105.	HURRYING ON	338
106.	THE PEOPLE'S ADVENT ..... *Gerald Massey,*	339
107.	DISCOVERY OF MANHATTAN ..... *Mary L. Booth,*	341
108.	CHOICE EXTRACTS: —	
	I. PERSONAL RELIGION ..... *Webster,*	345
	II. THE BEAM OF DEVOTION ..... *George P. Morris,*	347
	III. PROGRESS	347
	IV. LOVE DUE TO THE CREATOR ..... *G. Griffin,*	348
	V. INFLUENCE OF GOLD ..... *Addison,*	348

Digitized by Google

LESSON. PAGE.

108 CHOICE EXTRACTS (*continued*): —
VI. INGRATITUDE ..... *Shakspeare*, 349
VII. THE BIBLE ..... *Wayland*, 349
VIII. THE MOMENTS ..... *J. L. Eggleston*, 350
IX. THE WAR-HORSE ..... *Book of Job*, 351
X. SECLUSION ..... *Beattie*, 351
XI. THE POWER OF LITTLE THINGS ..... *Smiles*, 352
XII. INFLUENCE ..... *Mrs. S. T. Bolton*, 353
109. THE SEA ..... *From the French of Michelet*, 353
110. A WILD NIGHT AT SEA ..... *Charles Dickens*, 357
111. THE SAILOR'S EARLY HOME ..... *Rev. S. D. Phelps*, 359
112. THE FIREMAN ..... *R. T. Conrad*, 361
113. BENEFITS OF AGRICULTURE ..... *D. S. Dickinson*, 363
114. THE WORK OF ELOQUENCE ..... *Orville Dewey*, 366
115. THE VOICE AND THE PEN ..... *D. F. M'Carthy*, 368
116. THE BURIAL OF MOSES ..... *Anon.*, 370
117. MOUNT TABOR ..... *J. T. Headley*, 372
118. MOUNT TABOR (*continued*) ..... *J. T. Headley*, 377
119. NATHAN HALE ..... *Francis M. Finch*, 379
120. LOSS OF THE UNION IRREPARABLE ..... *Webster*, 381
121. STARS IN MY COUNTRY'S SKY ..... *Mrs. L. H. Sigourney*, 384
122. GOD BLESS OUR STARS ..... *B. F. Taylor*, 386
123. WASHINGTON'S JOURNEY TO HIS INAUGURATION ... *W. Irving*, 388
124. LINCOLN'S JOURNEY TO HIS INAUGURATION ... *L. H. Whitney*, 394
125. DAY-STAR OF LIBERTY ..... *M. A. Moses*, 396
126. "ON TO FREEDOM" ..... *A. J. H. Duganne*, 398
127. ADDRESS TO THE RETURNED SOLDIERS .. *Rev. J. M. Manning*, 401
128. THE HONORED DEAD ..... *Henry Ward Beecher*, 403
129. THE SOLDIER'S DIRGE ..... *Col. O'Hara*, 405
130. THE WIDOWED SWORD ..... *Anon.*, 407
131. "GOOD-BY, OLD ARM, GOOD-BY!" ..... *George Cooper*, 408
132. THE TEACHER THE HOPE OF AMERICA ..... *Samuel Eells*, 410
133. TRUE GLORY OF A NATION ..... *Bishop Whipple*, 412
134. THE BATTLE OF LIFE ..... *Anne C. Lynch*, 414
135. THE HISTORIAN'S REFLECTIONS ..... *Blake*, 417
136. TRUE REFORMERS ..... *Horace Greeley*, 420
137. UNJUST NATIONAL ACQUISITIONS ..... *Thomas Corwin*, 422
138. VANITY OF EARTHLY TREASURES ..... *Anon.*, 426
139. CHOICE EXTRACTS: —
I. THE WIDOW'S TWO MITES ..... *Webster*, 428
II. THE HONEY-BEE 429
III. VIRTUE ..... *Colton*, 430

Digitized by Google

LESSON. PAGE.

139. CHOICE EXTRACTS (*continued*) :—
IV. HAPPINESS ..... *Pope*, 430
V. ADVANCE OF SCIENCE 431
VI. THE STRUGGLE OF LIFE ..... *Beattie*, 432
VII. ANTIQUITY ..... *Colton*, 432
VIII. BEAUTY ..... *Shakspeare*, 433
IX. CUNNING AND DISCRETION ..... *Addison*, 433
X. PROCRASTINATION ..... *Persius*, 434
140. ALL NATURE SPEAKS OF A SPIRIT-WORLD ..... *Anon.*, 434
141. "HOW MANIFOLD ARE THY WORKS!" ..... *Miss A. Arnold*, 436
142. TIMES AND SEASONS ..... *L. H. Grindon*, 437
143. EARTH, AIR, AND SEA ..... *Maury*, 440
144. THE CLOUD ..... *Shelley*, 443
145. EULOGY ON DANIEL WEBSTER ..... *Lewis Gaylord Clark*, 446
146. SCENERY OF PALESTINE ..... *Rev. J. P. Newman*, 452
147. BIRTH-DAY REFLECTIONS ..... *George D. Prentice*, 456
148. PAUL AT ATHENS ..... *John Angell James*, 459
149. PAUL AT ATHENS (*continued*) ..... *John Angell James*, 460
150. TRUTH AND FREEDOM ..... *William D. Gallagher*, 464
151. NOT DEAD, BUT SLEEPING ..... *H. A. Gere*, 465
152. THE SPHINX AND THE GREAT PYRAMID ..... *Rev. S. I. Prime*, 467
153. ANTIQUITY OF EGYPT ..... *Mrs. E. Oakes Smith*, 471
154. CHOICE EXTRACTS :—
I. BUGLE SONG ..... *Tennyson*, 474
II. THE AGE OF PROGRESS ..... *Charles Sumner*, 475
III. CLEAR THE WAY 475
IV. OUR SAGES AND HEROES ..... *Charles Sprague*, 476
V. THE AMERICAN UNION ..... *Webster*, 477
VI. EXPULSION FROM PARADISE ..... *Milton*, 477
VII. WASHINGTON'S MONUMENT ..... *R. C. Winthrop*, 478
VIII. THE LORD OUR PROVIDER ..... *Wordsworth*, 479
IX. MORAL AND REPUBLICAN PRINCIPLES ..... *Edward Everett*, 479

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ALPHABETICAL LIST OF AUTHORS.

	PAGE.
ADDISON	348, 433
ARNOLD, MISS A.	436
ARNOTT	264
BARNES, ALBERT	204, 321
BEATTIE	351, 432
BEECHER, HENRY WARD	104, 403
BIBLE	301
BLACKWELL, ANNA	283
BLAKE	417
BOLTON, MRS. S. T.	353
BOOK OF JOB	351
BOOTH, MARY L.	341
BREWSTER, D.	308
BRIGGS, CAROLINE A.	143
BROOKE, HENRY	239
BROWNELL, H. H.	69
BURNS, ISLAY	58
BURRINGTON, E. H.	232
BURRITT, ELIHU	172
CHALMERS	273, 285
CHANNING	97, 167
CHAPIN, E. H.	117
CLARK, JAMES G.	78
CLARK, LEWIS GAYLORD	446
CLARK, WILLIS GAYLORD	318
COLTON	430, 432
CONRAD, R. T.	361
COOPER, GEORGE	408
CORWIN, THOMAS	422
CURTIS, GEORGE WILLIAM	267
DENTON, PAUL	115
DE QUINCEY, THOMAS	236
DEWEY, ORVILLE	366
DICKENS, CHARLES	357
DICKINSON, D. S.	136, 363
DRAKE, CHARLES D.	217
DUGANNE, A. J. H.	398
EATON, REV. DR. G. W.	336
EELLS, SAMUEL	410
EGGLESTON, J. L.	350
EVERETT, EDWARD	160, 479
FIELD, CYRUS W.	291
FINCH, FRANCIS M.	379
FOSTER, JOHN	165
GALLAGHER, WILLIAM D.	464
GAMAGE, G. A.	269
GERE, H. A.	465
GIBSON, WESTBY	313
GOULD, HANNAH F.	122
GREELEY, HORACE	420
GREENWOOD	62, 329
GRIFFIN, G.	348
GRINDON, L. H.	178, 437
GUYOT, PROF. ARNOLD	262
HALL, REV. NEWMAN	47
HEADLEY, J. T.	372, 377
HOLLAND, DR. J. G.	175
HOOD, THOMAS	145

Digitized by Google

PAGE.

HOWARTH, MRS. E. C. 328

IRVING, W. 114, 388

JAMES, JOHN ANGELL 459

LINEN, JAMES 246
LOW, A. A. 288
LYNCH, ANNE C. 414

MAGAZINE, BLACKWOOD'S 190
MAGAZINE, HARPER'S 180
MAGAZINE, LONDON BRITISH . . 118
MANN, HORACE 254
MANNING, REV. J. M. 401
MASSEY, GERALD 339
MAURY 440
MAYO, MRS. S. C. 203
M'CARTHY, D. F. 311, 368
MICHELET, FRENCH OF . . . 153, 353
MILTON 477
MITCHEL, O. M. 275, 277
MITCHELL, HELEN 235
MOODIE 205
MORRIS, GEORGE P. 347
MORSE, E. M. 315
MOSES, M. A. 396
MULOCK, MISS 86

NEWMAN, REV. J. P. 452

OBSERVER, N. Y. 81
O'HARA, COL. 405
OSBORNE 258

PALMER, WILLIAM PITT 281
PEABODY, EPHRAIM 138
PERSIUS 434
PHELPS, REV. S. D. 359
POPE 430

PAGE.

POST, SATURDAY EVENING . 90, 249
PRENTICE, GEORGE D. 456
PRIME, REV. S. I. 467
PROCTER, ADELAIDE A. 171

REVIEW, DEMOCRATIC 183
RICHARDSON, N. K. 131

SAXE, J. G. 56, 156, 295
SCHENK, LINNA 66
SHAKSPEARE 349, 433
SHELLEY 443
SIGOURNEY, MRS. L. H. 384
SMILES 352
SMITH, MRS. E. OAKES . . . 333, 471
SMITH, SYDNEY 220
SPRAGUE, CHARLES 200, 476
STARBUCK, R. 147
SUMNER, CHARLES 475

TAYLOR, B. F. 386
TAYLOR, REV. GEO. LANSING . . 297
TAYLOR, S. W. 304
TENNYSON 474
TODD, JOHN 94, 125, 128
TROWBRIDGE, R. F. 213

WARE, HENRY, JUN. 205
WASTELL, S. 201
WAYLAND 349
WEBSTER 345, 381, 428, 477
WELBY, AMELIA B. 133
WHIPPLE, BISHOP 412
WHITE, HENRY KIRKE 326
WHITEHEAD 100
WHITNEY, L. H. 394
WILSON, DR. GEORGE 50, 225
WINTHROP, R. C. 478
WORDSWORTH 479

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SANDERS'

UNION READER.

NUMBER FIVE.

PART FIRST.

ELOCUTION.

ELOCUTION is the art of delivering written or extemporaneous composition with force, propriety, and ease.

It deals, therefore, with words, not only as individuals, but as members of a sentence, and parts of a connected discourse: including every thing necessary to the just expression of the sense. Accordingly, it demands, in a *special* manner, attention to the following particulars; viz., ARTICULATION, ACCENT, EMPHASIS, INFLECTION, MODULATION, and PAUSES.

SECTION I.

ARTICULATION.

ARTICULATION is the art of uttering distinctly and justly the letters and syllables constituting a word.

It deals, therefore, with the elements of words, just as elocution deals with the elements of sentences: the one securing the true enunciation of each letter, or combination of letters, the other giving to each word, or combination of words, such a delivery as best expresses the meaning of the author. It is the basis of all good reading, and should be carefully practiced by the learner.

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ELEMENTARY SOUNDS OF THE LETTERS.

VOWEL SOUNDS.

TONICS.

Element.		*Power.*
1.—[1]A	as in	*A*pe.
2.—[2]A	"	*A*rm.
3.—[3]A	"	*A*ll.
4.—[4]A	"	*A*t.
5.—[5]A	"	C*a*re.
6.—[6]A	"	*A*sk.
7.—[1]E	"	*E*ve.
8.—[2]E	"	*E*nd.
9.—[1]I	"	*I*ce.
10.—[2]I	"	*I*t.
11.—[1]O	"	*O*ld.
12.—[2]O	"	D*o*.
13.—[3]O	"	*O*x.
14.—[1]U	"	*U*se.
15.—[2]U	"	*U*p.
16.—[3]U	"	P*u*ll.
17.—OI	"	*Oi*l.
18.—OU	"	*Ou*t.

CONSONANT SOUNDS.

SUB-TONICS.

19.—B	as in	*B*at.
20.—D	"	*D*un.

SUB-TONICS.

Element.		*Power.*
21.—G*	as in	*G*un.
22.—J	"	*J*et.
23.—L	"	*L*et.
24.—M	"	*M*an.
25.—N	"	*N*ot.
26.—R	"	*R*un.
27.—V	"	*V*ent.
28.—W	"	*W*ent.
29.—Y	"	*Y*es.
30.—[1]Z	"	*Z*eal.
31.—[2]Z	"	A*z*ure.
32.—NG	"	Si*ng*.
33.—TH	"	*Th*y.

A-TONICS.

34.—F	as in	*F*it.
35.—H	"	*H*at.
36.—K	"	*K*id.
37.—P	"	*P*it.
38.—S	"	*S*in.
39.—T	"	*T*op.
40.—CH	"	*Ch*at.
41.—SH	"	*Sh*un.
42.—TH	"	*Th*in.
43.—WH†	"	*Wh*en.

* Soft G is equivalent to J; Soft C to S, and hard C and Q to K. X is equivalent to K and S, as in *box*, or to G and Z, as in *exalt*.

† WH is pronounced as if the H preceded W, otherwise it would be pronounced *W-hen*. R should be slightly trilled before a vowel. For further instructions, see Sanders and Merrill's Elementary and Elocutionary Chart.

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SUBSTITUTES FOR THE VOWEL ELEMENTS.

For Long A.	*ai*	as in *sail.*
	au	" *gauge.*
	ay	" *lay.*
	ea	" *great.*
	ei	" *deign.*
	ey	" *they.*
For Flat A.	*au*	" *daunt.*
	ea	" *heart.*
	ua	" *guard.*
For Broad A.	*au*	" *pause.*
	aw	" *law.*
	eo	" *George.*
	oa	" *groat.*
	o	" *horn.*
	ou	" *sought.*
For Short A.	*ai*	" *plaid.*
	ua	" *guaranty.*
For Intermediate A.	*ai*	" *hair.*
	ea	" *bear.*
	e	" *where.*
	ei	" *their.*
For Long E.	*ea*	" *weak.*
	ei	" *seize.*
	eo	" *people.*
	ey	" *key.*
	ie	" *brief.*
	i	" *pique.*
For Short E.	*a*	" *any.*
	ai	" *said.*
	ay	" *says.*
	ea	" *dead.*
	ei	" *heifer.*
	eo	" *leopard.*
	ie	" *friend.*
	ue	" *guess.*
	u	" *bury.*
For Long I.	*ai*	" *aisle.*
	ei	" *sleight.*
	ey	" *eye.*
	ie	" *die.*
	oi	" *choir.*
	ui	" *guide.*
	uy	" *buy.*
	y	" *try.*
For Short I.	*e*	as in *English.*
	ee	" *been.*
	ie	" *sieve.*
	o	" *women.*
	u	" *busy.*
	ui	" *build.*
	y	" *symbol.*
For Long O.	*au*	" *hautboy.*
	eau	" *beau.*
	eo	" *yeoman.*
	ew	" *sew.*
	oa	" *boat.*
	oe	" *hoe.*
	ou	" *soul.*
	ow	" *flow.*
For Long Slender O.	*oe*	" *shoe.*
	ou	" *soup.*
For Short O.	*a*	" *was.*
	ou	" *hough.*
	ow	" *knowledge.*
For Long U.	*eau*	" *beauty*
	eu	" *feud.*
	ew	" *dew.*
	ieu	" *adieu.*
	iew	" *view.*
	ou	" *your.*
	ue	" *cue.*
	ui	" *suit.*
For Short U.	*e*	" *her.*
	i	" *sir.*
	oe	" *does.*
	o	" *love.*
	ou	" *young.*
For Short Slender U.	*o*	" *wolf.*
	ou	" *would.*
For the Diphthong OI.	*oy*	" *joy.*
For the Diphthong OU.	*ow*	" *now.*

There is no pure Triphthongal sound in the language. *Buoy* is equivalent to *bwoy*. *U* being a consonant.

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SUBSTITUTES FOR THE CONSONANT ELEMENTS.

F.	*gh*	as in laugh.	[1]Z.	*c*	as in suffice.
	ph	" sphere.		*s*	" was.
J.	*g*	" gem.		*x*	" Xerxes.
K.	*c*	" can.	[2]Z.	*s*	" treasure.
	ch	" chord.		*z*	" azure.
	gh	" hough.		*si*	" fusion.
	q	" quit.		*zi*	" glazier.
S.	*c*	" cent.	NG.	*n*	" conch.
T.	*d*	" faced.	SH.	*ce*	" ocean.
	phth	" phthisic.		*ci*	" social.
V.	*f*	" of.		*ch*	" chaise.
	ph	" Stephen.		*si*	" pension.
Y.	*i*	" valiant.		*s*	" sure.
				ss	" issue.
				ti	" notion.
			CH.	*ti*	" fustian.

B, D, G, H, L, M, N, P, and R, have no substitutes.

The most common faults in ARTICULATION are

I. *The suppression of a syllable; as*

cab'n	for	cab-*in*.	mem'ry	for	mem-*o*-ry.
cap'n	"	cap-*tain*.	jub'lee	"	ju-*bi*-lee.
barr'l	"	bar-*rel*.	trav'ler	"	trav-*el*-er.
ev'ry	"	ev-*e*-ry.	fam'ly	"	fam-*i*-ly.
hist'ry	"	his-*to*-ry.	vent'late	"	ven-*ti*-late.
reg'lar	"	reg-*u*-lar.	des'late	"	des-*o*-late.
sev'ral	"	sev-*er*-al.	prob'ble	"	prob-*a*-ble.
rhet'ric	"	rhet-*o*-ric.	par-tic'lar	"	par-tic-*u*-lar.

II. *The omission of any sound properly belonging to a word; as,*

read-in	for	read-in*g*.	pr'-tect	for	pro-tect.
swif-ly	"	swif*t*-ly.	b'-low	"	be-low.
com-mans	"	com-man*ds*.	p'r-vade	"	per-vade.
wam-er	"	wa*r*m-er.	srink-in	"	s*h*rink-in*g*.
um-ble	"	*h*um-ble.	th'if-ty	"	thr*i*f-ty.
ap-py	"	*h*ap-py.	as-ter-is	"	as-ter-is*k*.
con-sis	"	con-sis*ts*.	gov-er-ment	"	gov-er*n*-ment.
fa-t'l	"	fa-tal.	Feb-u-a-ry	"	Feb-*r*u-a-ry.

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III. *The substitution of one sound for another; as*

*u*f-ford	for	*a*f-ford.	mod-*i*st	for	mod-*e*st.
wil-l*e*r	"	wil-l*o*w.	*u*p-prove	"	*a*p-prove.
sock-*i*t	"	sock-*e*t.	*w*in-e-gar	"	*v*in-e-gar.
fear-l*u*ss	"	fear-less.	sep-*e*-rate	"	sep-*a*-rate.
cul-*t*er	"	cult-*u*re.	tem-per-*i*t	"	tem-per-*a*te.
prod-u*x*	"	prod-u*cts*.	croc-*e*r-dile	"	croc-*o*-dile.
judg-m*u*nt	"	judg-ment.	t*u*b-ac-c*u*r	"	*to*-bac-*co*.
chil-dr*i*n	"	chil-dren.	com-pr*u*m-ise	"	com-pr*o*-mise

IV. Produce the sounds denoted by the following combinations of consonants:—

Let the pupil first produce the sounds of the letters, and then the word or words in which they occur. Be careful to give a clear and distinct enunciation to every letter.

1. *Bd*, as in ro*b'd*; *bdst*, pro*b'dst*; *bl*, *bl*and, a*ble*; *bld*, hum-*bl'd*; *bldst*, trou*bl'dst*; *blst*, trou*bl'st*; *blz*, crum*bles*; *br*, *br*and; *bz*, ri*bs*.
2. *Ch*, as in *ch*urch; *cht*, fet*ch'd*.
3. *Dj*, as in e*dge*; *djd*, he*dg'd*; *dl*, bri*dle*; *dld*, rid*dl'd*; *dlst*, han*dl'st*; *dlz*, bun*dles*; *dn*, hard*'n*; *dr*, *dr*ove; *dth*, wi*dth*; *dths*, brea*dths*; *dz*, o*dds*.
4. *Fl*, as in *fl*ame; *fld*, ri*fl'd*; *flst*, sti*fl'st*; *flz*, ri*fles*; *fr*, *fr*om; *fs*, qua*ffs*, lau*ghs*; *fst*, lau*gh'st*, qua*ff'st*; *ft*, ra*ft*; *fts*, wa*fts*; *ftst*, gra*ft'st*.
5. *Gd*, as in beg*g'd*; *gdst*, brag*g'dst*; *gl*, *gl*ide; *gld*, strug*gl'd*; *gldst*, hag*gl'dst*; *glst*, strang*l'st*; *glz*, min*gles*; *gr*, *gr*ove; *gst*, beg*g'st*; *gz*, fi*gs*.
6. *Kl*, as in un*cle*, an*kle*; *kld*, tric*kl'd*; *kldst*, truc*kl'dst*; *klst*, chuc*kl'st*; *klz*, wrin*kles*; *kn*, blac*k'n*; *knd*, rec*k'n'd*; *kndst*, rec*k'n'dst*; *knst*, blac*k'n'st*; *knz*, rec*k'ns*; *kr*, *cr*ank; *ks*, chec*ks*; *kt*, a*ct*.
7. *Lb*, as in bu*lb*; *lbd*, bu*lb'd*; *lbs*, bu*lbs*; *lch*, fi*lch*; *lcht*, be*lch'd*; *ld*, hol*d*; *ldst*, fo*ld'st*; *ldz*, hol*ds*; *lf*, se*lf*; *lfs*, gu*lfs*; *lj*, bu*lge*; *lk*, e*lk*; *lks*, si*lks*; *lkt*, mi*lk'd*; *lkts*, mu*lkts*; *lm*, e*lm*; *lmd*, whe*lm'd*; *lmz*, fi*lms*; *ln*, fa*ll'n*;

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lp, he*lp*; *lps*, sca*lps*; *lpst*, he*lp'st*; *ls*, fa*l*se; *lst*, ca*ll'st*; *lt*, me*lt*; *lth*, he*alth*; *lths*, ste*alths*; *lts*, colts; *lv*, de*lve*; *lvd*, she*lv'd*; *lvz*, e*lves*; *lz*, ha*lls*.

8. *Md*, as in doom'*d*; *mf*, triu*mph*; *mp*, he*mp*; *mpt*, te*mpt*; *mpts*, atte*mpts*; *mst*, ento*mb'st*; *mz*, to*mbs*.

9. *Nch*, as in be*nch*; *ncht*, pi*nch'd*; *nd*, a*nd*; *ndst*, e*nd'st*; *ndz*, e*nds*; *ng*, su*ng*; *ngd*, ba*ng'd*; *ngth*, le*ngth*; *ngz*, so*ngs*; *nj*, ra*nge*; *njd*, ra*ng'd*; *nk*, i*nk*; *nks*, ra*nks*; *nkst*, tha*nk'st*; *nst*, wi*nc'd*; *nt*, se*nt*; *nts*, re*nts*; *ntst*, we*nt'st*; *nz*, ru*ns*.

10. *Pl*, as in *pl*ume; *pld*, ripp*l'd*; *plst*, ripp*l'st*; *plz*, ap*ples*; *pr*, *pr*ince; *ps*, si*ps*; *pst*, rap*p'st*; *pt*, ripp*'d*.

11. *Rb*, as in he*rb*; *rch*, se*arch*; *rcht*, chu*rch'd*; *rbd*, o*rb'd*; *rbdst*, ba*rb'dst*; *rbst*, distu*rb'st*; *rbz*, o*rbs*; *rd*, ha*rd*; *rdst*, hea*rd'st*; *rdz*, wo*rds*; *rf*, tu*rf*; *rft*, sca*rf'd*; *rg*, bu*rg*; *rgz*, bu*rgs*; *rj*, di*rge*; *rjd*, u*rg'd*; *rk*, a*rk*; *rks*, a*rks*; *rkst*, wo*rk'st*; *rkt*, di*rk'd*; *rktst*, emba*rk'dst*; *rl*, gi*rl*; *rld*, wo*rld*; *rldst*, hu*rld'st*; *rlst*, whi*rl'st*; *rlz*, hu*rls*; *rm*, a*rm*; *rmd*, a*rm'd*; *rmdst*, ha*rm'dst*; *rmst*, a*rm'st*; *rmz*, cha*rms*; *rn*, tu*rn*; *rnd*, tu*rn'd*; *rndst*, ea*rn'dst*; *rnst*, lea*rn'st*; *rnz*, u*rns*; *rp*, ca*rp*; *rps*, ha*rps*; *rpt*, wa*rp'd*; *rs*, ve*rse*; *rsh*, ha*rsh*; *rst*, fi*rst*; *rsts*, bu*rsts*; *rt*, da*rt*; *rth*, ea*rth*; *rths*, bi*rths*; *rts*, ma*rts*; *rtst*, da*rt'st*; *rv*, cu*rve*; *rvd*, ne*rv'd*; *rvdst*, cu*rv'dst*; *rvst*, swe*rv'st*; *rvz*, ne*rves*; *rz*, e*rrs*.

12. *Sh*, as in *sh*ip; *sht*, hu*sh'd*; *sk*, *sc*an, *sk*ip; *sks*, tu*sks*; *skst*, fri*sk'st*; *skt*, ri*sk'd*; *sl*, *sl*ow; *sld*, ne*stl'd*; *slz*, wre*stles*; *sm*, *sm*ile; *sn*, *sn*ag; *sp*, *sp*ort; *sps*, li*sps*; *spt*, cla*sp'd*; *st*, *st*ag; *str*, *str*ike; *sts*, re*sts*; *sw*, *sw*ing.

13. *Th*, as in *th*ine, *th*in; *thd*, brea*th'd*; *thr*, *thr*ee; *thst*, brea*th'st*; *thw*, *thw*ack; *thz*, wri*thes*; *tl*, ti*tle*; *tld*, se*ttl'd*; *tldst*, se*ttl'dst*; *tlst*, se*ttl'st*; *tlz*, ne*ttles*; *tr*, *tr*unk; *ts*, fi*ts*; *tw*, *tw*irl.

14. *Vd*, as in cu*rv'd*; *vdst*, li*v'dst*; *vl*, dri*v'l*; *vld*, gro*v'l'd*; *vldst*, gro*v'l'dst*; *vlst*, dri*v'l'st*; *vn*, dri*v'n*; *vst*, li*v'st*; *vz*, li*ves*.

15. *Wh*, as in *wh*en, *wh*ere.

16. *Zd*, as in mus'*d*; *zl*, da*zzle*; *zld*, muz*zl'd*; *zldst*, daz*zl'dst*; *zlst*, daz*zl'st*; *zlz*, mu*zzles*; *zm*, spa*sm*; *zmz*, cha*sms*; *zn*, ris'*n*; *znd*, rea*s'n'd*; *znz*, pris'*nz*; *zndst*, impris'*n'dst*.

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V. Avoid blending the termination of one word with the beginning of another, or suppressing the final letter or letters of one word, when the next word commences with a similar sound.

EXAMPLES.

His small eyes	instead of	His small lies.
She keeps pies	"	She keeps spies.
His hour is up	"	His sour is sup.
Dry the widow's tears	"	Dry the widow steers.
Your eyes and ears	"	Your rise sand dears.
He had two small eggs	"	He had two small legs.
Bring some ice cream	"	Bring some mice scream.
Let all men praise Him	"	Let tall men pray sim.
He was killed in war	"	He was skilled in war.
Water, air, and earth	"	Water rare rand dearth.
Come and see me once more	"	Come mand see me one smore.

NOTE.—By an indistinct Articulation the sense of a passage is often liable to be perverted.

EXAMPLES.

1. Will he attempt to conceal his *acts?*
   Will he attempt to conceal his *sacks?*
2. The man had *o*ars to row her *o*ver.
   The man had *d*oors to row her *r*over.
3. Can there be a*n a*im more lofty?
   Can there be *a n*ame more lofty?
4. The judges *o*ught to arrest the culprits.
   The judges *s*ought to arrest the culprits.
5. His *ire* burned when she told him her *age*.
   His *sire* burned when she told him her *rage*.
6. He was *a*wed at the works of labor a*nd a*rt.
   He was *s*awed at the works of labor a*n d*art.
7. He was *tr*ained in the religion of his fathers.
   He was *str*ained in the religion of his fathers.

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MISCELLANEOUS EXAMPLES.

1. *Bravely* o'er *the boisterous billows,*
His gallant bark was borne.

2. *Can craven cowards expect* to *conquer the country?*

3. *Click, click, goes the clock; clack, clack, goes the mill.*

4. *Did* you *desire* to *hear his dark and doleful dreams?*

5. "*Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,*
Still as the breeze; but dreadful as the storm."

6. *The flaming fire flashed fearfully in his face.*

7. *The glassy glaciers gleamed in glowing light.*

8. *How high his honors heaved his haughty head!*

9. *He drew long, legible lines along the lovely landscape.*

10. *Masses* of *immense magnitude move majestically through the vast empire* of *the solar system.*

11. *Round the rough and rugged rocks the ragged rascal ran.*

12. *The stripling stranger strayed straight toward the struggling stream.*

13. *She uttered a sharp, shrill shriek, and then shrunk from the shriveled form that slumbered in the shroud.*

14. *For fear of offending* the *frightful* fugitive, *the vile vagabond ventured to vilify the venerable veteran.*

15. *Amidst the mists, with angry boasts,*
He thrusts his fists against the posts,
And still insists he sees the ghosts.

16. Peter Prangle, the prickly prangly pear picker, picked three pecks of prickly prangly pears, from the prangly pear trees, on the pleasant prairies.

17. Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle sifter, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb; now, if Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle sifter, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of *his* thumb, see that *thou*, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust not three thousand thistles through the thick of *thy* thumb. Success to the successful thistle sifter.

18. We travel *sea* and *soil;* we *pry*, we *prowl;*
We *progress*, and we *prog* from *pole* to *pole.*

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SECTION II.

ACCENT AND EMPHASIS.

ACCENT and EMPHASIS both indicate some special stress of voice.

ACCENT is that stress of voice by which one *syllable* of a word is made more prominent than others; EMPHASIS is that stress of voice by which one or more *words* of a sentence are distinguished above the rest.

ACCENT.

The accented syllable is sometimes designated thus: (′); as, *com-mand′-ment.*

NOTE I.—Words of more than two syllables generally have two or more of them accented.

The more forcible stress of voice is called the *Primary Accent;* and the less forcible, the *Secondary Accent.*

EXAMPLES OF PRIMARY AND SECONDARY ACCENT.

In the following examples the Primary Accent is designated by double accentual marks, thus:

Ed′′-u-cate′, ed′-u-ca′′-tion, mul′′-ti-ply′, mul′-ti-pli-ca′′-tion, sat′′-is-fy′, sat′-is-fac′′-tion, com′-pre-hend′′, com′-pre-hen′′-sion, rec′-om-mend′′, rec′-om-mend-a′′-tion, mo′′-ment-a′-ry, com-mu′′-ni-cate′, com′-pli-ment′′-al, in-dem′-ni-fi-ca′′-tion, ex′-tem-po-ra′′-ne-ous, coun′-ter-rev′-o-lu′′-tion-a-ry.

NOTE II.—The change of accent on the same word often changes its meaning.

EXAMPLES.

col′-league, *a partner.*	col-league′, *to unite with.*
con′-duct, *behavior.*	con-duct′, *to lead.*
des′-cant, *a song or tune.*	des-cant′, *to comment.*
ob′-ject, *ultimate purpose.*	ob-ject′, *to oppose.*
in′-ter-dict, *a prohibition.*	in-ter-dict′, *to forbid.*
o′-ver-throw, *ruin; defeat.*	o-ver-throw′, *to throw down.*

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NOTE III.—Emphatic words are often printed in *Italics*. When, however, different degrees of emphasis are to be denoted, the higher degrees are designated by the use of Capitals, LARGER or SMALLER, according to the degree of intensity.

EXAMPLES.

1. Our motto shall be, *our country*, OUR WHOLE COUNTRY, and NOTHING BUT OUR COUNTRY.

2. *Thou Child of Joy!* SHOUT round me: let me HEAR *thy shouts, thou happy Shepherd Boy!*

3. Freedom calls you! *quick*, be ready,
Think of what your sires have done;
Onward, ONWARD! strong and steady,
Drive the tyrant to his den;
ON, and let the watchword be,
Country, HOME, and LIBERTY.

NOTE IV.—Emphasis, as before intimated, varies in degrees of intensity.

EXAMPLES OF INTENSIVE EMPHASIS.

1. He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted: "VICTORY!"
Charge, Chester, CHARGE! *On*, Stanley, ON!"

2. A *month!* O, for a single WEEK! I ask not for *years'*, though an AGE were *too little* for the *much* I have to do.

3. *Now* for the FIGHT! *now* for the CANNON PEAL!
ONWARD! through *blood*, and *toil*, and *cloud*, and *fire!*
Glorious—the SHOUT, the SHOCK, the CRASH of STEEL,
The VOLLEY'S ROLL, the ROCKET'S BLAZING SPIRE!

4. Hear, O HEAVENS! and give ear, O EARTH!

NOTE V.—Emphasis sometimes changes the seat of accent from its ordinary position.

EXAMPLES.

There is a difference between *pos'*sibility and *prob'*ability.

And behold, the angels of God *as'*cending and *dè'*scending on it.

For this corruptible must put on *in'*corruption, and this mortal must put on *im'*mortality.

Does his conduct deserve *ap'*probation, or *rep'*robation?

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NOTE VI.—There are two kinds of Emphasis:—*Absolute* and *Antithetic*. ABSOLUTE EMPHASIS is used to designate the important words of a sentence, without any direct reference to other words.

EXAMPLES OF ABSOLUTE EMPHASIS.

1. OH, speak to passion's raging tide,
Speak and *say:* "PEACE, BE STILL!"

2. The UNION, it MUST and SHALL BE PRESERVED!

3. HUSH! *breathe it not aloud,*
The wild winds must not hear it! Yet, again,
I tell thee—WE ARE FREE! KNOWLES.

4. When my country shall take her place among the nations of the earth, THEN and not TILL then, let my epitaph be written. EMMETT.

5. If you are MEN, *follow* ME! STRIKE DOWN *yon guard, and gain the mountain passes.*

6. OH! *shame on us,* countrymen, SHAME *on us* ALL,
If WE CRINGE to so dastard a race.

7. This doctrine *never was received;* it NEVER CAN, *by any* POSSIBILITY, BE RECEIVED; and, if admitted at ALL, it *must be by* THE TOTAL SUBVERSION OF LIBERTY!

8. Are you *Christians,* and, by upholding duelists, will you *deluge the land with blood,* and *fill it with widows and orphans?* BEECHER.

9. LIBERTY *and* UNION, NOW *and* FOREVER, ONE *and* INSEPARABLE. WEBSTER.

10. *Treason!* cried the speaker; *treason,* TREASON, TREASON, re-echoed from every part of the house.

11. The *war* is *inevitable,*—and LET IT COME! I repeat it, Sir,—LET IT COME! PATRICK HENRY.

12. Be we *men,*
And suffer such dishonor? MEN, and wash not
The stain away in BLOOD? MISS MITFORD.

13. O SACRED FORMS! how *proud* you look!
How *high* you lift your heads into the sky!
How *huge* you are! how *mighty* and how *free!* KNOWLES.

14. I shall know but *one* country. The ends *I* aim at, shall be "My COUNTRY'S, my GOD'S, and TRUTH'S." WEBSTER.

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NOTE VII.—ANTITHETIC EMPHASIS is that which is founded on the contrast of one word or clause with another.

EXAMPLES OF ANTITHETIC EMPHASIS.

1. The faults of *others* should always remind us of our *own*.

2. He desired to *protect* his friend, not to *injure* him

3. But *yesterday*, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; *now* lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence. SHAKSPEARE.

4. A *good name* is rather to be chosen than *great riches*. BIBLE.

5. We can do nothing *against* the truth; but *for* the truth. BIBLE.

6. He that is *slow to anger*, is better than the *mighty;* and he that *ruleth his spirit*, than he that *taketh a city*. BIBLE.

NOTE VIII.—The following examples contain two or more sets of Antitheses.

1. *Just men* are only *free*, the *rest* are *slaves*.

2. *Beauty* is like the *flower of spring; virtue* is like the *stars of heaven*.

3. *Truth* crushed to earth shall *rise* again,
The eternal years of God are hers;
But *error*, wounded, *writhes* in pain,
And *dies* amid her worshipers. BRYANT.

4. A *false balance* is *abomination to the Lord;* but a *just weight* is *his delight*. BIBLE.

5. A *friend* can not be *known* in *prosperity;* and an *enemy* can not be *hidden* in *adversity*.

6. It is my *living sentiment*, and, by the blessing of God, it shall be my *dying sentiment;* INDEPENDENCE NOW, and INDEPENDENCE FOREVER. WEBSTER.

7. We live in *deeds*, not *years*,—in *thoughts*, not *breaths*,—in *feelings*, not in *figures on a dial*. We should count time by *heart-throbs*. He *most lives*, who THINKS THE MOST,—FEELS THE NOBLEST,—ACTS THE BEST.

8 *You* have done the *mischief*, and *I* bear the *blame*.

9. The *wise man* is happy when he gains his *own* approbation; the *fool*, when he gains that of *others*.

10. We must hold *them* as we hold the *rest* of mankind—*enemies* in *war*,—in *peace*, *friends*. JEFFERSON.

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NOTE IX.—The sense of a passage is varied by changing the place of the emphasis

EXAMPLES.

1. Has *James* seen his brother to-day? No; but *Charles* has.
2. Has James *seen* his brother to-day? No; but he has *heard* from him.
3. Has James seen *his* brother to-day? No; but he saw *yours*.
4. Has James seen his *brother* to-day? No: but he has seen his *sister*.
5. Has James seen his brother *to-day?* No; but he saw him *yesterday*.

REMARK.—To determine the emphatic words of a sentence, as well as the *degree* and *kind* of emphasis to be employed, the reader must be governed wholly by the *sentiment* to be expressed. The idea is sometimes entertained that emphasis consists merely in *loudness* of tone. But it should be borne in mind, that the most *intense* emphasis may often be effectively expressed, even by a whisper.

SECTION III.

INFLECTIONS.

INFLECTIONS are turns or slides of the voice, made in reading or speaking; as, Will you go to New York, or to Boston?

All the various sounds of the human voice may be comprehended under the general appellation of *tones*. The principal modifications of these tones are the MONOTONE, the RISING INFLECTION, the FALLING INFLECTION, and the CIRCUMFLEX.

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The Horizontal Line (—) denotes the Monotone.
The Rising Slide (/) denotes the Rising Inflection.
The Falling Slide (\) denotes the Falling Inflection.
The Curve (◡) denotes the Circumflex.

The MONOTONE is that sameness of sound, which arises from repeating the several words or syllables of a passage in one and the same general tone.

REMARK.—The Monotone is employed with admirable effect in the delivery of a passage that is solemn or sublime.

EXAMPLES.

1. O thōū thāt rōllēst ābōve, rōund ās thē shīēld ōf mȳ fāthērs: whēnce āre thȳ bēāms, O sūn, thȳ ēvērlāstīng līght? OSSIAN.

2. 'Tīs mīdnīght's hōly hōūr, ānd sīlēnce nōw
Is brōōdīng, līke ā gēntlē spīrīt, ō'ēr
Thē stīll ānd pūlselēss wōrld. Hārk! ōn thē wīnds
Thē bēlls' dēēp tōnes āre swēllīng; 'tīs thē knēll
Of thē dēpārtēd yēār. PRENTICE.

3. Gōd cāme frōm Tēmān, ānd thē Hōly One frōm Mōūnt Pārān. Sēlāh. Hīs glōry cōvēred thē hēavens, ānd thē ēarth wās fūll ōf Hīs prāise.

4. Bēfōre Hīm wēnt thē pēstīlēnce, ānd būrnīng cōals wēnt fōrth āt Hīs fēēt. Hē stōōd ānd mēasūred thē ēarth: Hē bēhēld, ānd drōve āsūndēr thē nātīons; ānd thē ēvērlāstīng mōūntaīns wēre scāttēred, thē pērpētūāl hīlls dīd bōw: Hīs wāys āre ēvērlāstīng. BIBLE.

5. Thē hēavens dēclāre thē glōry ōf Gōd, ānd thē fīrmāmēnt shōwēth Hīs hāndȳ wōrk. Dāy ūntō dāy ūttērēth spēēch, ānd nīght ūntō nīght shōwēth knōwlēdge. Thēre īs nō spēēch nōr lānguāge, whēre thēir vōīce īs nōt hēard. ID.

6. Hōw brīēf īs līfe! hōw pāssīng brīēf!
Hōw brīēf īts jōȳs ānd cāres!
It sēēms tō bē īn lēague wīth tīme,
And lēaves ūs ūnāwāres.

7. Thē thūndēr rōlls: bē hūshed thē prōstrāte wōrld,
While clōūd tō clōūd rētūrns thē sōlēmn hȳmn. THOMSON.

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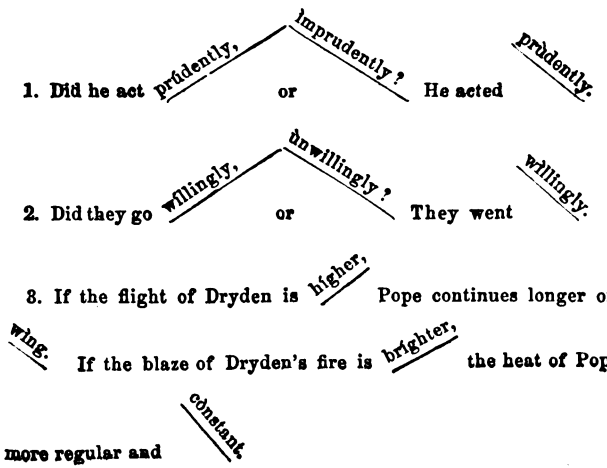
REMARK.—The inappropriate use of the monotone,—a fault into which young people naturally fall,—is a very grave and obstinate error. It is always tedious, and often even ridiculous. It should be studiously avoided.

The RISING INFLECTION is an upward turn, or slide of the voice, used in reading or speaking; as, Are you prepared to recite your lessons?

The FALLING INFLECTION is a downward turn, or slide of the voice, used in reading or speaking; as, What are you doing?

In the falling inflection, the voice should not sink below the *general pitch;* but in the rising inflection, it is raised above it.

The two inflections may be illustrated by the following diagrams:


1. Did he act prudently, imprudently? or He acted prudently.
2. Did they go willingly, unwillingly? or They went willingly.
3. If the flight of Dryden is higher, Pope continues longer on the wing. If the blaze of Dryden's fire is brighter, the heat of Pope's is more regular and constant.

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4. Is honor's lofty soul forever fled′?
Is virtue lost′? Is martial ardor dead′?
Is there no heart where worth and valor dwell′?
No patriot WALLACE′? No undaunted TELL′?
Yes\, Freedom, yes\! thy sons, a noble band,
Around thy banner, firm, exulting stand\.

REMARK.—The same *degree* of inflection is not, at all times, used, or indicated by the notation. The due degree to be employed, depends on the *nature* of what is to be expressed. For example; if a person, under great excitement, asks another:

Are you in earnest? the degree of inflection would be much greater, than if he playfully asks: Are you in earnest? The former inflection may be called *intensive*, the latter, *common*.

RULES FOR THE USE OF INFLECTIONS.

RULE I.

Direct questions, or those which may be answered by *yes* or *no*, usually take the rising inflection; but their answers, generally, the falling.

EXAMPLES.

1. Will you meet me at the depot′? Yes\; or, I will\.
2. Did you intend to visit Boston′? No\; or, I did not\.
3. Can you explain this difficult sentence′? Yes\; I can.
4. Are they willing to remain at home′? They are\.
5. Is this a time for imbecility and inaction′? By no means\.
6. King Agrippa, believest thou the prophets′? I know that thou believest\.
7. Were the tribes of this country, when first discovered, making any progress in arts and civilization′? By no means\.

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8 To purchase heaven has gold the power'?
Can gold remove the mortal hour'?
In life, can love be bought with gold'?
Are friendship's pleasures to be sold'?
No\; all that's worth a wish, a thought,
Fair virtue gives unbribed, unbought.

9. What would content you\? Talents'? No\. Enterprise'? No\. Courage'? No\. Reputation'? No\. Virtue'? No\. The man whom you would select, should possess not one, but all of these\.

NOTE I.—When the direct question becomes an appeal, and the reply to it is anticipated, it takes the intense *falling* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. *Is*\ he not a bold and eloquent speaker\?
2. *Can*\ such inconsistent measures be adopted\?
3. *Did*\ you ever hear of such cruel barbarities\?
4. *Is* this reason\? *Is* it law\? *Is* it humanity\?
5. *Was*\ not the gentleman's argument conclusive\?

RULE II.

Indirect questions, or those which can not be answered by *yes* or *no*, usually take the *falling* inflection, and their answers the same.

EXAMPLES.

1. How far did you travel yesterday\? Forty miles\.
2. Which of you brought this beautiful bouquet\? Julia\.
3. Where do you intend to spend the summer\? At Saratoga\.
4. When will Charles graduate at college\? Next year\.
5. What is one of the most delightful emotions of the heart\? Gratitude\.

NOTE I.—When the indirect question is one asking a repetition of what was not, at first, understood, it takes the *rising* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. When do you expect to return? Next week.
When did you say'? Next week.
2. *Where* did you say William had gone'? To New York.

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NOTE II.—Answers to questions, whether direct or indirect, when expressive of indifference, take the *rising* inflection, or the circumflex.

EXAMPLES.

1. Did you admire his discourse? Not much′.
2. Which way shall we walk? I am not particular′.
3. Can Henry go with us? If he chŏoses′.
4. What color do you prefer? I have no particular choice′.

NOTE III.—In some instances, direct questions become indirect by a change of the inflection from the rising to the falling.

EXAMPLES.

1. Will you come to-morrow′ or next day′? Yes.
2. Will you come to-morrow,′ or next day\? I will come to-morrow.

REMARK.—The first question asks if the person addressed will *come* within the two days, and may be answered by *yes* or *no;* but the second asks on *which* of the two days he will come, and it can not be thus answered.

RULE III.

When questions are connected by the conjunction *or*, the first requires the *rising*, and the second, the *falling* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. Does he study for amusement′, or improvement\?
2. Was he esteemed for his wealth′, or for his wisdom\?
3. Sink′ or swim\, live′ or die\, survive′ or perish\, I give my hand and heart to this vote. WEBSTER.
4. Is it lawful to do good on the Sabbath-days′, or to do evil\? to save life′, or to kill\? BIBLE.
5. Was it an act of moral courage′, or cowardice\, for Cato to fall on his sword\?

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RULE IV.

Antithetic terms or clauses usually take opposite inflections; generally, the former has the *rising*, and the latter the *falling* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. If you seek to make one rich, study not to increase his stores′; but to diminish his desires\.

2. They have mouths′,—but they speak not\:
Eyes have they′,—but they see not\:
They have ears′,—but they hear not\:
Noses have they′,—but they smell not\:
They have hands′,—but they handle not\:
Feet have they′,—but they walk not\. BIBLE.

NOTE I.—When one of the antithetic clauses is a *negative*, and the other an *affirmative*, generally the negative has the *rising*, and the affirmative the *falling* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. I said an elder soldier\, not a better′.

2. His acts deserve punishment\, rather than commiseration′.

3. This is no time for a tribunal of justice′, but for showing mercy\; not for accusation′, but for philanthropy\; not for trial′, but for pardon\; not for sentence and execution′, but for compassion and kindness\.

RULE V.

The Pause of Suspension, denoting that the sense is incomplete, usually has the *rising* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. Although the fig-tree shall not blossom′, neither shall fruit be in the vine′; the labor of the olive shall fail′, and the fields shall yield no meat′; the flocks shall be cut off from the fold′, and there shall be no herd in the stalls′; yet will I rejoice in the Lord\, I will joy in the God of my salvation\. BIBLE.

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NOTE I.—The ordinary direct address, not accompanied with strong emphasis, takes the *rising* inflection on the principle of the pause of suspension.

EXAMPLES.

1. Men′, brethren′, and fathers′, hear ye my defense which I make now unto you. BIBLE.

2. Ye living flowers′, that skirt the eternal frost′!
Ye wild goats′, sporting round the eagle's nest′!
Ye eagles′, playmates of the mountain storm′!
Ye lightnings′, the dread arrows of the clouds′!
Ye signs′ and wonders′ of the elements′!
Utter forth God‵, and fill the hills with praise‵! COLERIDGE.

NOTE II.—In some instances of a pause of suspension, the sense requires an intense *falling* inflection.

EXAMPLE.

1. The prodigal, if he does not become a *pauper*‵, will, at least, have but little to bestow on others.

REMARK.—If the *rising* inflection is given on *pauper*, the sense would be perverted, and the passage made to mean, that, in order to be able to bestow on others, it is necessary that he should become a pauper.

RULE VI.

Expressions of tenderness, as of grief, or kindness, commonly incline the voice to the *rising* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. Mother′,—I leave thy dwelling′;
Oh! shall it be forever′?
With grief my heart is swelling′,
From thee′,—from thee′,—to sever′.

2. O my son Absalom′! my son′, my son Absalom′! Would God I had died for thee′, Absalom′, my son′, my son′! BIBLE.

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RULE VII.

The Penultimate Pause, or the last but one, of a passage, is usually preceded by the *rising* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. Diligence\', industry\', and proper improvement of time/, are material duties of the young.\'

2. These through faith subdued kingdoms\', wrought righteousness\', obtained promises\', stopped the mouths of lions\', quenched the violence of fire\', escaped the edge of the sword\', out of weakness were made strong\', waxed valiant in fight/, turned to flight the armies of the aliens\'.

REMARK.—The rising inflection is employed at the penultimate pause in order to promote variety, since the voice generally falls at the end of a sentence.

RULE VIII.

Expressions of strong emotion, as of anger or surprise, and also the language of authority and reproach, are expressed with the *falling* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. On YOU\', and on your CHILDREN\', be the peril of the innocent blood which shall be shed this day\'.

2. What a piece of workmanship is MAN\'! How noble in REASON\'! How infinite in FACULTIES\'!

3. O FOOLS\'! and *slow of heart* to believe all that the prophets have written concerning me\'! BIBLE.

4. HENCE\', HOME\', *you idle creatures*\', GET YOU HOME\',
YOU BLOCKS\', YOU STONES\', YOU WORSE THAN USELESS THINGS\'!

5. Avaunt\'! and quit my sight\'! let the earth hide thee\'! Thy bones are marrowless\'; thou hast no speculation in thine eyes which thou dost glare\' with. SHAKSPEARE.

6. Slave, do thy office\'! Strike\', as I struck the foe\'!
Strike\', as I would have struck the tyrants\'!
Strike deep as my curse\'! Strike\', and but once\'! ID.

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RULE IX.

An emphatic succession of particulars, and emphatic repetition, require the *falling* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. *Beware*\ what earth calls happiness; BEWARE\
All joys but joys that never can expire\.

2. A great mind\, a great heart\, a great orator\, a great career have been consigned to history\. BUTLER.

REMARK.—The stress of voice on each successive particular, or repetition, should gradually be increased as the subject advances.

The CIRCUMFLEX is a union of the two inflections on the same word, beginning either with the *falling* and ending with the *rising*, or with the *rising* and ending with the *falling;* as, If he goes to [illegible] I shall go to [illegible]

The circumflex is mainly employed in the language of irony, and in expressing ideas implying some condition, either expressed or understood.

EXAMPLES.

1. Yoŭ, a beardless yoŭth, pretend to teach a British gĕneral.
2. Whât! shear a wŏlf? a prowling wŏlf?
3. Mў father's trăde? ah, really, that's too bad?
Mў father's trăde? Why, blockhead, are you măd?
Mў father, sir, did never stoôp so low,—
Hĕ was a gĕntleman, I'd have you know.
4. Whât! confer a crŏwn on the author of the public calămities?
5. But yoŭ are very wîse men, and deeply learned in the trŭth; wĕ are wĕak, contĕmptible, mĕan persons.
6. They pretend they come to imprŏve our stăte, enlărge our thŏughts, and freĕ us from ĕrror.
7. But yoŭth, it seems, is not my ŏnly crime; I have been accused of acting a theâtrical part.
8. And this man has become a gŏd, and Cassius a wrĕtched creature.

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SECTION IV.

MODULATION.

MODULATION implies those variations of the voice, heard in reading or speaking, which are prompted by the feelings and emotions that the subject inspires.

EXAMPLES.

EXPRESSIVE OF COURAGE AND CHIVALROUS EXCITEMENT.

FULL TONE.
Once more unto the breach, dear friends, *once more*,
Or close the wall up with our English dead!

MIDDLE TONE.
In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
As modest stillness and humility;

SHORT AND QUICK.
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favored rage.

HIGH AND LOUD.
On, ON, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fetched from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument.

QUICK, AND VERY LOUD.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot;
Follow your spirits, and, upon this charge,
CRY—HEAVEN FOR HARRY! ENGLAND! AND ST. GEORGE!

SHAKSPEARE.

REMARK.—To read the foregoing example in one dull, monotonous tone of voice, without regard to the sentiment expressed, would render the passage extremely insipid and lifeless. But by a proper modulation of the voice, it infuses into the mind of the reader or hearer the most animating and exciting emotions.

The voice is modulated in *three* different ways. *First*, it is varied in PITCH; that is, from *high* to *low* tones, and the reverse. *Secondly*, it is varied in QUANTITY, or in *loudness* or *volume* of sound. *Thirdly*, it is varied in QUALITY, or in the *kind* of sound expressed.

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PITCH OF VOICE.

PITCH OF VOICE has reference to its degree of elevation.

Every person, in reading or speaking, assumes a certain pitch, which may be either *high* or *low*, according to circumstances, and which has a governing influence on the variations of the voice, above and below it. This degree of elevation is usually called the KEY NOTE.

As an exercise in varying the voice in pitch, the practice of uttering a sentence on the several degrees of elevation, as represented in the following scale, will be found beneficial. First, utter the musical syllables, then the vowel sound, and lastly, the proposed sentence,—ascending and descending.

8.—do—●—*e*–in–*me*.—Virtue alone survives.

7. si ● *i* in *die*. Virtue alone survives.

6.—la—●—*o*–in–*do*.—Virtue alone survives.

5. sol ● *o* in *no*. Virtue alone survives

4.—fa—●—*a*–in–*at*.—Virtue alone survives.

3. mi ● *a* in *ate*. Virtue alone survives.

2.—re—●—*a*–in–*far*.—Virtue alone survives.

1. do ● *a* in *all*. Virtue alone survives.

Although the voice is capable of as many variations in speaking, as are marked on the musical scale, yet for all the purposes of ordinary elocution, it will be sufficiently exact if we make but *three* degrees of variation, viz., the *Low*, the *Middle*, and the *High*.

1. THE LOW PITCH is that which falls below the usual speaking key, and is employed in expressing emotions of *sublimity*, *awe*, and *reverence*.

EXAMPLE.

Silence, how dead! darkness, how profound!
Nor eye, nor list'ning ear, an object finds;
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause,—
An awful pause! prophetic of her end. YOUNG.

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2. THE MIDDLE PITCH is that usually employed in common conversation, and in expressing *unimpassioned thought* and *moderate emotion.*

EXAMPLES.

1. It was early in a summer morning, when the air was cool, the earth moist, the whole face of the creation fresh and gay, that I lately walked in a beautiful flower garden, and, at once, regaled the senses and indulged the fancy. HERVEY.

2. "*I love to live,*" said a prattling boy,
As he gayly played with his new-bought toy,
And a merry laugh went echoing forth,
From a bosom filled with joyous mirth.

3. THE HIGH PITCH is that which rises above the usual speaking key, and is used in expressing *joyous* and *elevated feelings*

EXAMPLE.

Higher, *higher*, EVER HIGHER,—
Let the watchword be "ASPIRE!"
Noble Christian youth;
Whatsoe'er be God's behest,
Try to do that duty best,
In the strength of Truth. M. F. TUPPER.

QUANTITY.

QUANTITY is two-fold;—consisting in FULLNESS or VOLUME of sound, as *soft* or *loud;* and in TIME, as *slow* or *quick.* The former has reference to STRESS; the latter, to MOVEMENT.

The degrees of variation in quantity are numerous, varying from a slight, soft whisper to a vehement shout. But for all practical purposes, they may be considered as *three*, the same as in pitch;—the *soft*, the *middle*, and the *loud.*

For exercise in quantity, let the pupil read any sentence, as,

"Beauty is a fading flower,"

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first in a slight, soft tone, and then repeat it, gradually increasing in quantity to the full extent of the voice. Also, let him read it first very slowly, and then repeat it gradually increasing the movement. In doing this, he should be careful not to vary the pitch.

In like manner, let him repeat any vowel sound, or all of them, and also inversely. Thus:

o o o o o o o o o O O

O O o o o o o o o o o

REMARK.—Quantity is often mistaken for Pitch. But it should be borne in mind that quantity has reference to *loudness* or *volume* of sound, and pitch to the *elevation* or *depression* of a tone. The difference may be distinguished by the slight and heavy strokes on a bell:—both of which produce sounds alike in *pitch;* but they differ in *quantity* or *loudness*, in proportion as the strokes are light or heavy.

RULES FOR QUANTITY.

1. SOFT, OR SUBDUED TONES, are those which range from a whisper to a complete vocality, and are used to express *fear, caution, secrecy, solemnity*, and all *tender emotions.*

EXAMPLES.

1. We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro. HOOD.

2. Softly, peacefully,
Lay her to rest;
Place the turf lightly,
On her young breast. D. E. GOODMAN.

3. The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered,—"No."

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2. A MIDDLE TONE, or medium loudness of voice, is employed in reading *narrative*, *descriptive*, or *didactic sentences*.

EXAMPLE.

I love my country's pine-clad hills,
Her thousand bright and gushing rills,
Her sunshine and her storms;
Her rough and rugged rocks that rear
Their hoary heads high in the air,
In wild fantastic forms.

3. A LOUD TONE, or fullness and stress of voice is used in expressing *violent passions* and *vehement emotions*.

EXAMPLES.

1. STAND! *the ground's your own, my* braves,—
Will ye give it up to *slaves?*
Will ye look for *greener graves?*
Hope ye mercy still?
What's the mercy *despots* feel?
Hear it in that *battle-peal,*—
Read it on yon *bristling steel,*—
Ask it—*ye who will!* PIERPONT.

2. "HOLD!" Tyranny cries; but their resolute breath
Sends back the reply: "INDEPENDENCE OR DEATH!"

QUALITY.

QUALITY has reference to *the kind of sound* uttered.

Two sounds may be alike in quantity and pitch, yet differ in quality. The sounds produced on the clarinet and flute, may agree in pitch and quantity, yet be unlike in quality. The same is true in regard to the tones of the voice of two individuals. This difference is occasioned mainly by the different positions of the vocal organs.

The qualities of voice mostly used in reading or speaking, and which should receive the highest degree of culture, are the *Pure Tone*, the *Orotund*, the *Aspirated*, and the *Guttural*.

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RULES FOR QUALITY.

1. THE PURE TONE is a clear, smooth, sonorous flow of sound, usually accompanied with the middle pitch of voice, and is adapted to express emotions of *joy*, *cheerfulness*, *love*, and *tranquillity*.

EXAMPLE.

Hail! beauteous stranger of the wood,
Attendant on the spring,
Now heaven repairs thy vernal seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

2. THE OROTUND is a full, deep, round, and pure tone of voice, peculiarly adapted in expressing *sublime* and *pathetic emotions*.

EXAMPLE.

It thunders! Sons of dust, in reverence bow!
Ancient of Days! Thou speakest from above:
Almighty! trembling, like a timid child,
I hear thy awful voice. Alarmed—afraid—
I see the flashes of thy lightning wild,
And in the very grave would hide my head.

3. THE ASPIRATED TONE of voice is not a pure, vocal sound, but rather a forcible breathing utterance, and is used to express *amazement*, *fear*, *terror*, *anger*, *revenge*, *remorse*, and *fervent emotions*.

EXAMPLE.

Oh, coward conscience, how dost thou affright me!
The lights burn blue. It is now dead midnight;
Cold, fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.

4. THE GUTTURAL QUALITY is a deep, aspirated tone of voice, used to express *aversion*, *hatred*, *loathing*, and *contempt*.

EXAMPLE.

Tell me I *hate* the bowl?
HATE is a feeble word:
I *loathe*, ABHOR, my very soul
With strong disgust is stirred,
Whene'er I see, or hear, or tell,
Of the dark beverage of hell.

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NOTATION IN MODULATION.

(°) high.	(*p.*) soft.
(° °) high and loud.	(*pp.*) very soft.
(ₒ) low.	(*f.*) loud.
(ₒ ₒ) low and loud.	(*ff.*) very loud.
(=) quick.	(*pl.*) plaintive.
(″) short and quick.	(<) increase.
(*sl.*) slow.	(>) decrease.

EXAMPLES FOR EXERCISE IN MODULATION.

(*p.*) Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
(*f.*) But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.

(*sl.*) When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line, too, labors, and the words move slow;
(=) Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main. POPE

(°=) Go ring the bells and fire the guns,
And fling the starry banner out;
(*ff.*) Shout "FREEDOM" till your lisping ones
Give back the cradle shout. WHITTIER.

(*pl.*) "And now, farewell! 'Tis hard to give thee up,
With death so like a gentle slumber on thee!—
And thy dark sin!—oh! I could drink the cup,
If from this woe its bitterness had won thee.
May God have called thee, like a wanderer, home,
My lost boy, Absalom!" WILLIS.

(*sl.*) The sun hath set in folded clouds,—
Its twilight rays are gone,
(ₒ) And, gathered in the shades of night,
The storm is rolling on.
(*pl.*) Alas! how ill that bursting storm
(>) The fainting spirit braves,
(*p.*) When they,—the lovely and the lost,—
(*pl.*) Are gone to early graves!

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(°) On! onward still! o'er the land he sweeps,
(<) With wreck, and ruin, and rush, and roar,
Nor stops to look back
On his dreary track,
(″) But speeds to the spoils before. MISS J. H. LEWIS.

From every battle-field of the revolution—from Lexington and Bunker Hill—from Saratoga and Yorktown—from the fields of Eutaw—from the cane-brakes that sheltered the men of Marion—the repeated, long-prolonged echoes came up—(*f.*) "THE UNION: IT MUST BE PRESERVED." (<) From every valley in our land—from every cabin on the pleasant mountain sides—from the ships at our wharves—from the tents of the hunter in our westernmost prairies—from the living minds of the living millions of American freemen—from the thickly coming glories of futurity—the shout went up, like the sound of many waters, (*ff.*) "THE UNION: IT MUST BE PRESERVED." BANCROFT.

(*p.*) Hark!
(*sl.*) Along the vales and mountains of the earth
(o) There is a deep, portentous murmuring,
(=) Like the swift rush of subterranean streams,
Or like the mingled sounds of earth and air,
When the fierce tempest, with sonorous wing,
Heaves his deep folds upon the rushing winds,
(<) And hurries onward, with his night of clouds,
Against the eternal mountains. 'Tis the voice
Of infant FREEDOM,—and her stirring call
Is heard and answered in a thousand tones
(<) From every hill-top of her western home;
And lo! it breaks across old Ocean's flood,—
(°°) And "FREEDOM! FREEDOM!" is the answering shout
Of nations, starting from the spell of years. G. D. PRENTICE.

(>) The thunders hushed,—
The trembling lightning fled away in fear,—
(*p.*) The foam-capt surges sunk to quiet rest,—
The raging winds grew still,—
(*pp.*) There was a calm.

(°,°,) "Quick! Man the boat!" (=) Away they spring
The stranger ship to aid,
(*f.*) And loud their hailing voices ring,
As rapid speed they made.

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(*p.*) Hush! lightly tread! still tranquilly she sleeps;
I've watched, suspending e'en my breath, in fear
To break the heavenly spell. (*pp.*) Move silently.

Can it be?
Matter immortal? and shall spirit die?
Above the nobler, shall less nobler rise?
(<) Shall man alone, for whom all else revives,
No resurrection know? (°<) Shall man alone,
Imperial man! be sown in barren ground,
Less privileged than grain, on which he feeds? YOUNG.

(=) Away! away to the mountain's brow,
Where the trees are gently waving;
(″) Away! away to the vale below,
Where the streams are gently laving.

An hour passed on;—the Turk awoke;—
That bright dream was his last;—
He woke—to hear his sentry's shriek,
(∞) "To ARMS! they come! (*ff.*) THE GREEK! THE GREEK!"
(*pl.*) He woke—to die, midst flame and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and saber-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band;—
(∞) "*Strike*—till the last armed foe expires!
Strike—for your altars and your fires!
Strike—for the green graves of your sires!
God, and your native land!" HALLECK.

He said, and on the rampart hights arrayed
His trusty warriors, few, but undismayed;
(*sl.*) Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
(*pp.*) Still as the breeze, (oo) but dreadful as the storm!
(*po.*) Low, murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
(*ff.*) REVENGE, or DEATH!—the watchword and reply;
(∞) Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to charm,
(*f.*) And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm! CAMPBELL.

(*sl.* °) His speech was at first low-toned and slow. Sometimes his voice would deepen, (oo) like the sound of distant thunder; and anon, (″) his flashes of wit and enthusiasm would light up the anxious faces of his hearers, (<) like the far-off lightning of a coming storm.

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(>) Receding now, the dying numbers ring
(*p.*) Fainter and fainter, down the rugged dell:
(*pp.*) And now—'tis silent all—enchantress, fare thee well.

(=) Oh, joy to the world! the hour is come,
When the nations to freedom awake,
When the royalists stand agape and dumb,
And monarchs with terror shake!
Over the walls of majesty,
"Upharsin" is writ in words of fire,
And the eyes of the bondmen, wherever they be,
Are lit with their wild desire.
(<) Soon, soon shall the thrones that blot the world,
Like the Orleans, into the dust be hurl'd,
And the world roll on, like a hurricane's breath,
Till the farthest nation hears what it saith,—
(*ff.*) "ARISE! ARISE! BE FREE!" T. B. READ.

(*p.* °) Tread softly—bow the head,—
In reverent silence bow,—
No passing bell doth toll,—
(*pl.*) Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now. MRS. SOUTHEY.

(°*f.*) SPEAK OUT, my friends; would you exchange it for the DEMON'S DRINK, (*ff.*) ALCOHOL? A *shout*, like the *roar* of a tempest, answered, (°°` NO!

(°°) The combat deepens! (*ff.*) ON! YE BRAVE!
(=) Who rush to GLORY, (*p.*) or the GRAVE!
(*ff.*) WAVE, *Munich*, all thy banners WAVE!
And CHARGE with all thy CHIVALRY!
(*pl.*) Ah! few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
(°*l.*) Shall be a soldier's sepulcher! CAMPBELL.

(*sl.*) At length, o'er Columbus slow consciousness breaks,
(°°) "LAND! LAND!" cry the sailors; (*ff.*) "LAND! LAND!"—he awakes,—
(″) He runs,—yes! behold it! it blesseth his sight!
THE LAND! *O, dear spectacle! transport! delight!*

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SECTION V.

THE RHETORICAL PAUSE.

RHETORICAL PAUSES are those which are frequently required by the voice in reading and speaking, although the construction of the passage admits of no grammatical pause.

These pauses are as manifest to the ear, as those which are made by the comma, semicolon, or other grammatical pauses, though not commonly denoted in like manner by any visible sign. In the following examples they are denoted thus, (||).

EXAMPLES.

1. In slumbers of midnight || the sailor-boy lay,
His hammock swung loose || at the sport of the wind;
But watch-worn and weary, || his cares flew away,
And visions of happiness || danced o'er his mind. DIMOND.

2. There is a land, || of every land the pride,
Beloved of heaven || o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns || dispense serener light,
And milder moons || imparadise the night.
O, thou shalt find, || howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, || and that spot thy home!

This pause is generally made before or after the utterance of some important word or clause, on which it is especially desired to fix the attention. In such cases it is usually denoted by the use of the dash (—).

EXAMPLES.

1. God said—"*Let there be light!*"

2. All dead and silent was the earth,
In deepest night it lay;
The Eternal spoke creation's word,
And called to being—Day!

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No definite rule can be given with reference to the length of the rhetorical, or grammatical pause. The correct taste of the reader or speaker must determine it. For the voice should sometimes be suspended much longer at the same pause in one situation than in another; as in the two following

EXAMPLES.

LONG PAUSE.

Pause a moment. I heard a footstep. Listen now. I heard it again; but it is going from us. It sounds fainter,—still fainter. It is gone.

SHORT PAUSE.

John, be quick. Get some water. Throw the powder overboard. "It can not be reached." Jump into the boat, then. Shove off. There goes the powder. Thank Heaven. We are safe.

REMARKS TO TEACHERS.

It is of the utmost importance, in order to secure an easy and elegant style in reading, to refer the pupil often to the more important principles involved in a just elocution. To this end, it will be found very advantageous, occasionally to review the rules and directions given in the preceding pages, and thus early accustom him to apply them in the subsequent reading lessons. For a wider range of examples and illustrations, it is only necessary to refer to the numerous and various exercises which form the body of this book. They have been selected, in many cases, with a special view to this object.

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PART SECOND.

LESSON I.

Vi' a duct, (via, *a way;* duct, *lead;*) a structure, usually of masonry, for carrying a railway across a valley or river; a bridge.

ACHIEVEMENTS AND DIGNITY OF LABOR.

REV. NEWMAN HALL.

THE dignity of Labor! Consider its achievements! Dismayed by no difficulty, shrinking from no exertion, exhausted by no struggle, ever eager for renewed efforts in its persevering promotion of human happiness, "clamorous Labor knocks with its hundred hands at the golden gate of the morning," obtaining each day, through succeeding centuries, fresh benefactions for the world!

2. Labor clears the forest, and drains the morăss, and makes the wilderness rejoice and blossom as the rose. Labor drives the plow, scatters the seed, reaps the harvest, grinds the corn, and converts it into bread, the staff of life. Labor, tending the pastures, as well as cultivating the soil, provides with daily sustenance the *one thousand millions of the family of man.*

3. Labor gathers the gossamer web of the caterpillar, the cotton from the field, and the fleece from the flock, and weaves them into raiment, soft, and warm, and beautiful, — the purple robe of the prince, and the gray gown

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of the peasant, being alike its handiwork. Labor molds the brick, splits the slate, quarries the stone, shapes the column, and rears, not only the humble cottage, but the gorgeous palace, the tapering spire, and the stately dome.

4. Labor, diving deep into the solid earth, brings up its long-hidden stores of coal, to feed ten thousand furnaces, and, in millions of habitations, to defy the winter's cold. Labor explores the rich veins of deeply-buried rocks, extracting the gold, the silver, the copper, the tin, and the oil. Labor smelts the iron, and molds it into a thousand shapes for use and ornament,—from the massive pillar to the tiniest needle,—from the ponderous anchor to the wire-gauze,—from the mighty fly-wheel of the steam-engine to the polished purse-ring or the glittering bead.

5. Labor hews down the gnarled oak, shapes the timber, builds the ship, and guides it over the deep, plunging through the billows, and wrestling with the tempest, to bear to our shores the produce of every clime. Labor brings us India spices and American cotton; African ivory and Greenland oil; fruits from the sunny South, and furs from the frozen North; tea from the East, and sugar from the West; carrying, in exchange, to every land, the products of industry and skill. Labor, by the universally-spread ramifications of trade, distributes its own treasures from country to country, from city to city, from house to house, conveying to the doors of all, the necessaries and luxuries of life; and, by the pulsations of an untrammeled commerce, maintaining healthy life in the great social system.

6. Labor, fusing opaque particles of rock, produces transpârent glass, which it molds, and polishes, and combines so wondrously, that sight is restored to the blind; while worlds, before invisible from distance, are brought so

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near as to be weighed and measured with an unĕrring exactness; and atoms, which had escaped all detection from minuteness, reveal a world of wonder and beauty in themselves. Labor, laughing at difficulties, spans majestic rivers, carries viaducts[1] over marshy swamps, suspends aërial bridges above deep ravines, pierces the solid mountain with its dark, undeviating tunnel, — blasting rocks and filling hollows; and, while linking together with its iron but loving grasp all nations of the earth, verifying, in a literal sense, the ancient prophecy, "Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low."*

7. Labor draws forth its delicate iron thread, and, stretching it from city to city, from province to province, through mountains, and beneath the sea, realizes more than fancy ever fabled, while it constructs a chariot on which speech may outstrip the wind, compete with the lightning, and fly as rapidly as thought itself. Labor seizes the thoughts of Genius, the discoveries of Science, the admonitions of Piety, and, with its magic types impressing the vacant page, renders it pregnant with life and power, perpetuating truth to distant ages, and diffusing it to all mankind. Labor sits enthroned in Palaces of Crystal, whose high-arched roofs proudly sparkle in the sunshine which delighteth to honor it, and whose ample courts are crowded with the trōphies of its victories in every country, and in every age.

8. Labor, a mighty Magician, walks forth into a region uninhabited and waste: he looks earnestly at the scene, so quiet in its desolation; then, waving his wonder-working wand,† those dreary valleys smile with golden harvests;

* Isa., 40th chap., 4th verse.

† In the phrase, "*Waving his wonder-working wand,*" the reader will notice a beautiful example of alliteration. Alliteration is the repetition of the same letter at the commencement of two or more words, immediately succeeding each other, or at short intervals.

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those barren mountain slopes are clothed with foliage; the furnace blazes; the anvil rings; the busy wheels whirl round; the town appears,—the mart of Commerce, the hall of Science, the temple of Religion, rear high their lofty fronts; a forest of masts, gay with varied pennons, rises from the harbor; the wharves are crowded with commercial spoils,—the peaceful spoils which enrich both him who receives and him who yields.

9. Representatives of far-off regions make it their resort; Science enlists the elements of earth and heaven in its service; Art, awaking, clothes its strength with beauty; Literature, newborn, redoubles and perpetuates its praise; Civilization smiles; Liberty is glad; Humanity rejoices; Piety exults,—for the voice of Industry and Gladness is heard on every hand. And *who*, contemplating *such achievements*, will deny that there is DIGNITY IN LABOR?

LESSON II.

[1] TEL' E SCOPE, (TELE, *far off;* SCOPE, *view* or *sight,*) an instrument to view things far off.

[2] MI' CRO SCOPE, (MICRO, *small;* SCOPE, *view* or *sight,*) an instrument to view things minute or small.

[3] TEL' E GRAPH, (TELE, *far off;* GRAPH, *writing* or *marking,*) a machine to convey news far off. See SANDERS' UNION SPELLER, pages 146, 147.

POWERS OF THE HAND.

DR. GEORGE WILSON.

IN many respects, *the organ of touch*, as embodied in the hand, is the most wonderful of the senses. The organs of the other senses are *passive:* the organ of touch alone is *active.* The eye, the ear, and the nostril, stand simply

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open: light, sound, and fragrance enter, and we are compelled to see, to hear, and to smell; but the hand *selects* what it shall touch, and *touches* what it pleases. It puts away from it the things which it hates, and beckons toward it the things which it desires; unlike the eye, which must often gaze transfixed at horrible sights from which it can not turn; and the ear, which can not escape from the torture of discordant sounds; and the nostril, which can not protect itself from unpleasant odors

2. Moreover, the hand cares not only for its *own* wants, but, when the *other* organs of the senses are rendered useless, takes their duties upon it. The hand of the blind man goes with him as an *eye* through the streets, and safely threads for him all the devious way. It looks for him at the faces of his friends, and tells him whose kindly features are gazing on him. It peruses books for him, and quickens the long and tedious hours by its silent readings. It ministers as willingly to the deaf; and when the tongue is dumb, and the ear stopped, its fingers *speak eloquently* to the eye, and enable it to discharge the unwonted office of a listener.

3. The organs of all the *other* senses, also, even in their greatest perfection, are beholden to the hand for the enhancement and the exaltation of their powers. It constructs for the eye a copy of itself, and thus gives it a *telescope*[1] with which to range among the stars; and by another copy on a slightly different plan, furnishes it with a *microscope*,[2] and introduces it into a new world of wonders. It constructs for the ear the *instruments* by which it is educated, and sounds them in its hearing till its powers are trained to the full. It plucks for the nostril the flower whose odors it delights to inhale, and distills for it the fragrance which it covets.

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4. As for the tongue, if it had not the hand to serve it, it might abdicate its throne as the lord of Taste. In short, the organ of *touch* is the minister of its sister senses, and is the handmaid of them all. And, if the hand thus munificently serves the body, not less amply does it give expression to the genius and the wit, the courage and the affection, the will and the power, of man. Put a sword into it, and it will fight for him; put a plow into it, and it will till for him; put a harp into it, and it will play for him; put a pencil into it, and it will paint for him; put a pen into it, and it will speak for him, plead for him, pray for him. What will it *not* do? What has it *not* done?

5. A steam-engine is but a larger hand, made to extend its powers by the little hand of man! An electric telegraph[8] is but a long pen for that little hand to write with! All our huge cannons and other weapons of war, with which we conquer our enemies, are but the productions of the wonder-working hand! What, moreover, is a ship, a railway, a lighthouse, or a palace, — what, indeed, is a whole city, a whole continent of cities, all the cities of the globe, nay, the very globe itself, in so far as man has changed it, but the *work of that giant hand*, with which the human race, acting as one mighty man, has executed its will!

6. When I think of all that man and woman's hand has wrought, from the day when Eve put forth her erring hand to pluck the fruit of the forbidden tree, to that dark hour when the pierced hands of the Savior of the world were nailed to the predicted tree of shame, and of all that human hands have done of good and evil since, I lift up my hand, and gaze upon it with wonder and awe. What an instrument for good it is! What an instrument for evil! and all the day long it is never idle. There is no implement

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which it can not wield, and it should never, in working hours, be without one.

7. We unwisely restrict the term handicraftsman, or hand-worker, to the more laborious callings; but it belongs to all honest, earnest men and women, and is a title which each should covet. For the queen's hand there is the scepter, and for the soldier's hand the sword; for the carpenter's hand the saw, and for the smith's hand the hammer; for the farmer's hand the plow; for the miner's hand the spade; for the sailor's hand the oar; for the painter's hand the brush; for the sculptor's hand the chisel; for the poet's hand the pen; and for woman's hand the needle. But for *all* there is the command, "*Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.*" *

LESSON III.

THERE'S WORK ENOUGH TO DO.

ANON.

1. THE blackbird early leaves its rest
To meet the smiling morn,
And gather fragments for its nest,
From upland, wood, and lawn.
The busy bee, that wings its way
'Mid sweets of varied hue,
At every flower would seem to say,
"*There's work enough to do.*"

2. The cowslip and the spreading vine,
The daisy in the grass,

* Eccl., 9th chap., 10th verse.

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The snow-drop and the eglantine,
Preach sermons as we pass.
The ant, within its cavern deep,
Would bid us labor too,
And writes upon its tiny heap,
"*There's work enough to do.*"

3. The planets, at their Maker's will,
Move onward in their cars;
For nature's wheel is never still,—
Progressive as the stars!
The leaves that flutter in the air,
And summer breezes woo,
One solemn truth to man declare,
"*There's work enough to do.*"

4. Who then can sleep, when all around
(<) Is active, fresh, and free?
Shall Man, creation's lord, be found
Less busy than the bee?
Our courts and alleys are the field,
If men would search them through,
That best the sweets of labor yield,
And "*work enough to do.*"

5. The time is short,—the world is wide,
And much has to be done;
This wondrous earth, and all its pride,
Will vanish with the sun!
The moments fly on lightning's wings,
And life's uncertain too;
We've none to waste on foolish things,
"*There's work enough to do.*"

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LESSON IV.

FIELDS FOR LABOR.

1. IF you can not on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet,
You can stand among the sailors,
Anchored yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them
As they launch their boats away.

2. If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain steep and high,
You can stand within the valley
While the multitudes go by;
You can chant in happy measures
As they slowly pass along;
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

3. If you have not gold or silver
Ever ready to command,
If you can not toward the needy
Reach an ever-open hand,
You can visit the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep;
You can be a true disciple
Sitting at the Master's feet.

4. If you can not in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true,

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If, where fire and smoke are thickest,
There's no work for you to do,
When the battle-field is silent
You can go with careful tread,
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.

5. Do not then stand idly waiting
For some *greater work* to do:
Fortune is a lazy goddess,
She will never come to you.
Go and toil in *any* vineyard,
Do not fear to do or dare;
If you want a field of labor,
You can find it *anywhere*.

LESSON V.

[1] HEL'I CON, a mountain in Bœotia, Greece, supposed by the Greeks to be the residence of Apollo and the Muses.

A POL'LO, among the Greeks and Romans, was the presiding deity of archery, prophecy, music, and medicine; and president and protector of the Muses.

MU'SES, the fabled goddesses who presided over literary, artistic, and scientific matters and labors; the geniuses of art, literature, or music.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL, THERE'S A WAY.

J. G. SAXE.

1. IT was a noble Roman,
In Rome's imperial day,
Who heard a coward croaker,
Before the castle, say,

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"They 're safe in such a fortress;
There is no way to shake it!"
"*On!* ON!" exclaimed the hero,
"*I'll find a way, or make it!*"

2. Is Fame your aspiration'?
Her path is steep and high;
In vain you seek her temple,
Content to gaze and sigh:
The shining throne is waiting,
But he alone can take it,
Who says, with Roman firmness,
"*I'll find a way, or make it!*"

3. Is Learning your ambition'?
There is no royal road;
Alike the peer and peasant
Must climb to her abode;
Who feels the thirst for knowledge
In Helicon[1] may slake it,
If he has still the Roman will,
To "*find a way, or make it!*"

4. Are Riches worth the getting'?
They must be bravely sought;
With wishing and with fretting,
The boon can not be bought;
To *all* the prize is open,
But only *he* can take it,
Who says, with Roman courage,
"I'LL FIND A WAY, OR MAKE IT!"

QUESTION. — What rule for the rising inflections, as marked at the first line in the 2d, 3d, and 4th stanzas? See page 28.

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LESSON VI.

[1] CURL' ER, a player at the game called *curling*, which consists in propelling by the hand a heavy weight, as a large stone or mass of iron, along the surface of the ice, so as to strike another heavy weight, and drive it in any given direction.

THE OFFICES OF MEMORY.

ISLAY BURNS.

MAN alone, of all the creatures on the earth, carries about with him a *three-fold life*. He exists at once in the *past*, in the *present*, and in the *future*. Memory, on the one hand, and hope, on the other, reveal, each of them, a world of its own, besides the world of *real passing existence*, and in all these worlds every one of us lives. The one looks backward, the other forward; the one lives in yesterday, the other in to-morrow. The one watches the setting sun of the past, the other salutes the dawning morn of the future. Hope, in short, sanguine and light-hearted, builds airy castles in the future sky; memory wanders, thoughtful and sad, amid the moldering ruins and withered leaves of the past.

2. You have all a great deal to do, my young friends, with *memory*. Every day you have to make use of it, if in no other way, at least, in the *learning of those appointed tasks*, in which now the main business of your life consists. You have, in fact, as much to do with your memory, as the workman has to do with his tools, and should, therefore, not only *know* a great deal about it, but be interested to know more. But it may be, that while daily using, you have not thought enough of this wondrous gift of God,—of its nature, its uses, its reponsibilities, its blessings. What then *is* the memory?

3. MEMORY IS AN HISTORIAN.—Every human being,

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like every nation, has his history, and memory writes that history. Each of you has a history, and memory is writing it. It sits alone and silent within your bosom, and writes. With quick, observant eye it watches all that is passing around, hears every word, marks every deed, and, with busy hand, transfers it to its secret register. It makes no remark on what it sees or hears, gives no sign either of approval or of blame, but simply marks and records. It says nothing, but *writes every thing.*

4. Would you not start sometimes if you saw a silent stranger always watching you, a glistening eye always upon you, a quick hand writing all about you'? And yet this is what your own memory is doing every hour. Day after day it pursues this task unceasingly. Page after page is filled with the mystic writing, and the great volume grows, slowly but steadily. Each day completes a page, each year a chapter, each successive stage in life a volume, of the awful scroll. Sometimes it is written in faint dim lines, sometimes in broad glaring characters, sometimes in letters of light, and sometimes of inky blackness.

5. There are black days and white days, — days bright with blessing, and days dark with woe and sin, as in our real life, so in this its faithful register. How interesting, then, must this history be! What tale to me so absorbing and so instructive as that which is all about *myself!* What stirring incidents too, and thrilling scenes, does the life even of the humblest often present! what vicissitudes of joy and sorrow, light and darkness! what touches of pathos and bursts of passion! what agonies, and battles, and wounds!

6. Memory is a Painter. — It not only makes notes of the past, but *pictures* of the past. It photographs the events and scenes of the passing hour, and preserves them

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in its faithful volume for evermore. The history of our life, which memory is writing, is an *illustrated history*, — in which there are not only the printed words, but the living faces and forms of the men and things we read about. An *illustrated history* memory is now writing of you, only that in *your* history the facts are all true, and the pictures are all drawn fresh from the life. Or, I might say, that your mind is a chamber hung all round with pictures, — and it is *memory* that drew those pictures, and is always standing by to explain them, and to tell you all about them.

7. Every one of you has already a great many of these pictures in his heart. Here is your mother's face, which you can still look at, when away from home, and see her looking at, and smiling on you. Here is a brother or a sister, now far away in a distant land, and whom you may never see, save in the heart's living pictures, in this world again. Here is your old school, and your old play-ground, and the merry faces and forms of your old playmates.

8. Here is the pleasant cottage on the coast, where you spent last summer, — with the fair wooded shore, the bright sea, the boats, and the ships. Here are the great snow-wreaths of last winter, and the misty lake, and the skaters, and the curlers.[1] (*pl.*) And here is your little brother's grave, — and here is his own fair form as he lay silent in his coffin before its lid was closed forever! Yes; you can see him yet, — you can stand by once more, — you can lay your hand on the cold marble brow, and gently, reverently, touch the golden locks that cluster around it! What a wonderful thing, then, is memory! How kind it is of God to bestow upon us such a faculty!

9. We have all of us our family Album, containing the faces and forms of those whom we know and love. But we sometimes forget that every one of us has his *own per-*

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sonal album, too, laid up within the secret chamber of his heart, and which no hand can unclasp, no eye can look upon, but his own. Oh! it is pleasant sometimes to close one's eyes, and, in the calm, bright, holy light of the heart, look at those pictures one by one!

10. MEMORY IS A TREASURER. — It is the soul's wise and careful store-keeper, gathering together from day to day all manner of precious and useful things, and safely keeping them. Useful facts, wise maxims and rules, precious and holy truths, improving examples, sacred memories of home and friends, and kind, loving looks and words, — all these this wondrous faculty catches up, and keeps, and stores away, that they may minister to the use or the blessing of future days.

11. Thus we become truly rich, — rich in the treasures and hived stores of the memory; and truly there is no kind of riches like them, except one, and that is better still, — the treasures of the heart, the treasures of holy feeling and affection. Are you rapidly gathering such a treasure? *Now* is the time to do it. The great faculty of youth is the *memory*, and the great business of youth is the *use* of the memory. You are now taking in stock, — gathering all manner of valuable stores, which you will learn to arrange, and turn to use in after years.

12. MEMORY IS A COMFORTER, AND A REPROVER. — It is a most sweet comforter, and a most sharp and terrible reprover. And how does it comfort or reprove? Just by opening its book again, and reading out what is written there. When one page of the book is finished, it is turned over, and another is begun; but the folded page may be turned up again, and laid open before our eyes. I said there are *bright pages* and *dark pages* in memory's book. It comforts us by turning up the one, — it rebukes us by turning up the other.

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13. *Make good use of your memory.* *Now* is the time to do it. Youth is the time for *remembering.* In youth we remember most easily, and we longest retain what we have learned. Facts early learned, lessons early taught, impressions early received, solemn seasons and scenes early witnessed, live on in the memory through a lifetime, and retain all their vivid freshness and reality, when the things of intervening years are forgotten.

14. *Never do anything which you would like to forget.* There are things which people would fain forget, but can not; dark pages and frightful pictures in the book of memory, which they would fain cover up from sight forever, but which will not be covered up, but which keep turning up ever afresh before their eyes. The things we would fain forget, are those *very things* we are most sure to remember. And, even though it were not so in this world, there is a day coming, when *all* "the books shall be opened," and when "God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil." *

LESSON VII.

[1] SYM' PA THIZE, (SYM, *together* or *with;* PATH, *feeling;* IZE, to *make, have;*) to have a common feeling, or fellow-feeling.

[2] RE' TRO SPECT, (RETRO, *back;* SPECT, *view;* a *looking;*) a looking back on things past.

THE MEMORY OF JOY.

GREENWOOD.

HOW bountifully gifted is man! He lives not only in the *present*, but in the *past* and *future.* The days of his childhood belong to him, even when his hair is white

* Eccl., 12th chap., 14th verse.

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and his eyes are clouded; and Heaven itself may open on his vision, while he is wandering among the shadows of earth, and dwelling in a tabernacle of clay. He may look *back* to the rosy dawn and faint glimmerings of his intellectual day, and *forward* till his unchecked sight discerns the dwelling-place of God, and grows familiar with eternity.

2. The greater part of our mental pleasures is drawn from the sources of *memory* and *hope;* for, while Hope is constantly adorning the future with her fresh colors and bright images, Memory is as active in bringing back to us the joys of the past. But Hope and Memory are to be consulted on the *real business*, as well as the meditative delights, of existence; for, what would be the excitement of labor without the encouragements of Hope? and where could Experience go for his treasures, if the storehouse of Memory should fail?

3. Let us attend to the instructive voice of Memory. Let us lend a careful ear to the moral of her tales. Let us, like the Psalmist, when we remember the days of old, hallow our reminiscences by meditating on the works of God, — by tracing the hand of a merciful Providence through the varied fortunes of our course.

4. *The memory of joy reaches far back in the annals of every one's life.* Indeed, there are many who persuade themselves that they never experienced true pleasure, except in the earliest stages of their career; who complain that, when the hours of childhood flew away, they bore off the best joys of life upon their wings, leaving passion to be the minister of youth, and care to be the portion of manhood, and regret and pain to drag old age into the grave.

5. I can not sympathize[1] in these gloomy views. I consider them in a high degree unjust to the happiness which

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God has spread out liberally through every division of our days, and which can be missed or forfeited in hardly any other manner than through our willful sins. But I do not the less share the visions and participate in the pleasures of those who love to retrace the green paths of their early years, and refresh their hearts with the retrospect[2] of guileless innocence, of sun-bright hopes, of delights that the merest trifle could purchase, and of tears that any kind hand could wipe away.

6. How many scenes exist in the remembrance of each one of us, soft, and dim, and sacred, beyond the painter's art to copy, but hung up, as in an ancient gallery, for the visits and contemplation of our maturer minds! Mellowed they are, and graced, like other pictures, by the slow and tasteful hand of Time.

7. The groves, through which we ran as free as our playmate, the wind, wave with a more graceful foliage, and throw a purer shade: the ways which our young feet trod, have lost their ruggedness, and are bordered everywhere with flowers; and no architecture that we have since seen, though we may have wandered through kings' palaces, can equal the beauty of the doors which our hands first learned to open, and of the apartments which once rang with the echoes of our childish glee.

8. There was joy in our hearts *when we first began to take a part in the serious business of life*, and felt that we were qualifying ourselves for a station — perhaps an *honorable* one — among our seniors. We were joyful when we won the prize of exertion, or received the praise and the smiles of those whose praise and smiles were worth to us more than any other reward. Joy was our companion when we first went out a little way upon the broad face of the Earth, and saw how fair and grand she was, covered

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with noble cities, and artful monuments, and various productions, and the busy tribes of men. Joy came with friendship, and affection, and confidence, and the pure interchange of hearts and thoughts.

9. And more than this, we were joyful when we were *virtuous* and *useful;* when we strove against a besetting temptation, and knew that our spirit was strong to subdue it; when we came out boldly, and denounced injustice, and defended the right; when we gave up a selfish gratification, and received a blessing; when we forbore to speak ill of a rival, though by so doing we might have advanced our own claims; when we dismissed envy from our bosoms, and made it give place to a generous admiration; when we forgave an enemy, and prayed from our hearts that God might forgive him too; when we stretched out a willing hand to heal, to help, to guide, to protect, to save; in short, whenever we discharged an obligation and performed a duty, and earned the approbation of conscience.

10. The recollection of our joys will show us how *beneficent* our Creator has been to us, in furnishing each age with its appropriate pleasures, and filling our days with a variety, as well as a multitude, of blessings. It will teach us to keep an account of our enjoyments, and to avoid the fault of those who minutely reckon up their pains and misfortunes, but ungratefully pass over the kind allotments of Providence. We shall find, if our moral taste is not entirely perverted, that the joys which afford the greatest delight to our memory, are those which flowed in childhood from its *innocence*, and, in after life, from our *good deeds*. If we take pleasure in recurring to the innocence of our first years, let it be our watchful care to retain and preserve it; for it is not necessarily destroyed by knowledge, nor does it invariably depart at the approach of maturity.

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11. A similar improvement may be made of the memory of our *good deeds*. We should use all diligence in adding to their store; for, if they are now the most precious treasures of the soul, they certainly will not diminish in price, when the common enjoyments of life are losing their relish, and its bustle no longer engages us, and the tide of our energies is fast ebbing away, and we *only wait* for the summons of departure. What solace is there to an aged man like the memory of his *virtuous actions?* What medicine is there so healing to his wasted, solitary heart? What ground of hope is there so sure to his spirit, next to the mercy of his God?

LESSON VIII.

THE HOUSE BY THE ROLLING RIVER.

LINNA SCHENK.

1. THERE stood, in the beautiful olden time,
A house by the rolling river;
Behind it there towered a bluff old hill,
And by it wandered a murmuring rill,
On its way to the rolling river.

2. 'Twas a happy house in the olden time,—
That house by the rolling river,
And happy the children who lived in it then,—
Happier far than they *can* be again,
In the house by the rolling river.

3. 'Twas beautiful, too, in the olden time,—
That spot by the rolling river,—

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With the maple bough shading its lowly eaves,
Where the little ones played with the falling leaves,
Near by the rolling river.

4. But time rolled on o'er the old brown house
That stood by the rolling river;
And the gray rats raced through the crumbling wall,
And the wild winds wailed through the vacant hall,
Of the house by the rolling river.

5. And the little ones all have passed away
(*pl.*) From the house by the rolling river;
"Some are married and some are dead,—
All are scattered now and fled"
Away from the rolling river.

6. One 'neath southern skies is sleeping,
Far from the rolling river;
And none can weep o'er the place of his fall,—
He was dearest and best beloved of all
In the house by the rolling river.

7. But *now* there standeth a town in its pride,
On the banks of the rolling river;
The whiz of the mill-wheel is noisy and loud,
And the church-spire points aloft to the cloud,
By the side of the rolling river.

8. And the busy young town will grow old in its time,
That stands by the rolling river;
The spire and the mill-wheel will go to decay,
And all the people will pass away,
That dwell by the rolling river.

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9. Thus Time, the Destroyer, shall desolate all
That stand by the rolling river;
But not until time shall be no more,
Will the wave of the river cease to roar,—
The beautiful, rolling river.

LESSON IX.

This piece should be read quite slowly, and in a low tone of voice.

THE LIGHT AT HOME.

1. THE Light at Home! how bright it beams
When evening shades around us fall,
And from the lattice far it gleams,
To love, and rest, and comfort, call!
When wearied with the toils of day,—
The strife for glory, gold, or fame,
How sweet to seek the quiet way,
Where loving lips will lisp our name,
Around the Light at Home!

2. When, through the dark and stormy night,
The wayward wanderer homeward hies,
How cheering is that twinkling light
Which through the forest gloom he spies!
It is the Light at Home,—he feels
That loving hearts will greet him there,
And softly through his bosom steals
That joy and love which banish care,
Around the Light at Home!

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3. The Light at Home, whene'er at last
It greets the seaman through the storm,
He feels no more the chilling blast
That beats upon his manly form.
Long years upon the sea have fled,
Since last he saw the parting light;
But the sad tears which then he shed
Will now be paid with sweet delight,
Around the Light at Home!

4. The Light at Home! how still and sweet
It peeps from yonder cottage door, —
The weary laborer to greet, —
When the rough toils of day are o'er!
Sad is the soul that does not know
The blessings that its beams impart, - -
The cheerful hopes and joys that flow,
And lighten up the heaviest heart,
AROUND THE LIGHT AT HOME.

LESSON X.

THE SOLDIER BIRD.*

H. H. BROWNELL.

IN the spring of 1861, Chief Sky, a Chippewa Indian, living in the northern wilds of Wisconsin, found an eagle's nest. To make sure of his prize he cut the tree down, and caught the eaglets as they were sliding from the

* Col. J. W. Jefferson, who led the valiant Eighth Wisconsin Regiment in the Red River expedition, has given a similar account of this wonderful Bird; thus corroborating the truthfulness of this narrative.

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nest to run and hide in the grass. One died. He carried the other home, and built a nest in a tree close by his wigwam. The eaglet was as large as a hen, and covered with soft down. The red children were delighted with their new pet; and, as soon as he became acquainted, he would sit down in the grass, and see them play with the dogs.

2. But Chief Sky was poor, and he was obliged to sell the noble bird to a white man for a bushel of corn. The white man brought him to Eau Claire,* a small village, where the enlisted soldiers were busy in preparing to go to the war. "Here 's a recruit," said the man. "AN EAGLE! AN EAGLE!" shouted the soldiers: "LET HIM ENLIST!" and sure enough, he was sworn into the service, with ribbons around his neck, — red, white, and blue.

3. On a perch surmounted by stars and stripes, the company took him to Madison, the Capital of the State. As they marched into Camp Randall, with colors flying, drums beating, and the people cheering, the eagle seized the flag in his beak, and spread his wings, his bright eye kindling with the spirit of the scene. Shouts rent the air: — "THE BIRD OF COLUMBIA! THE EAGLE OF FREEDOM FOREVER!"

4. The State made him a new perch, and the boys named him "Old Abe;" and the Eighth Wisconsin Regiment was henceforth called, "The Eagle Regiment." On the march he was carried at the head of the company, and everywhere was greeted with delight. At St. Louis, a gentleman offered five hundred dollars for him, and another his farm. No, no; the boys had no notion of parting with their bird. He was above all price, — an emblem of battle and of victory. Besides, he interested their minds, and made them think less of hardships and of home.

* Pronounced *O Claire*.

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5. It was really amusing to witness the strange freaks and droll adventures of this bird during his three years' service, — his flights in the air, his fights with the guinea-hens, and his race with the boys. When the regiment was in summer quarters at Clear Creek, the eagle was allowed to run at large, and every morning went to the river, half a mile off, where he splashed and played in the water to his heart's content, faithfully returning to camp when he was satisfied.

6. Old Abe's favorite place of resort was the sutler's tent, where a live chicken found "no quarter" in his presence. But rations became scarce, and, for two days, Abe had nothing to eat. Hard-tack he objected to; fasting was disagreeable; and Thomas, his bearer, could not get beyond the pickets to a farm-yard. At last, pushing his way to the colonel's tent, he pleaded for poor Abe. The colonel gave him a pass, and Thomas procured for him an excellent dinner.

7. One day a farmer asked Thomas to come and show the eagle to his children. Satisfying the curiosity of the family, Thomas set him down in the barn-yard. Oh, what a screeching and scattering among the fowls! for Abe pounced upon one, and gobbled up another, to the great amazement of the farmer, who declared that such wanton behavior was not in the bargain. Abe, however, thought there was no harm in "confiscating" in time of war.

8. Abe was in twenty battles, besides thirty skirmishes. He was at the siege of Vicksburg, the storming of Corinth, and marched with Sherman up the Red River. The whiz of bullets and the scream of shells were his delight. As the battle grew hotter and hotter, he would flap his wings, and mingle his wildest notes with the thundering din

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around him. He was very fond of music, especially Yankee Doodle and John Brown. Upon parade he always gave heed to the word, "ATTENTION!" With his eye on the commander, he would listen and obey orders, noting time accurately. After parade he would put off his soldierly air, flap his wings, and make himself at home.

9. The enemy called him "Yankee Buzzard," "Old Owl," and other hard names; but his eagle nature was quite above noticing it. One General gave orders to his men to be sure and capture the eagle of the Eighth Wisconsin; saying, he "would rather have him than a dozen battle-flags." But for all that, he scarcely lost a feather,—only one from his right wing. At last the war was over, and the brave Wisconsin Eighth, with their live eagle and torn and riddled flags, were welcomed back to Madison. They went out a thousand strong, and returned a little band, scarred and toil-worn, having fought and won.

10. And what of the Soldier Bird? In the name of the gallant veterans, Captain Wolf presented him to the State. Governor Lewis accepted the illustrious gift, and ample quarters are provided for him in the beautiful State-house grounds, where may he long live to tell us

> "What heroes from the woodland sprang,
> When, through the fresh awakened land,
> The thrilling cry of Freedom rang."

11. Nor is the end yet. At the great fair in Chicago, an enterprising gentleman invited "Abe" to attend. He had colored photographs of the old hero struck off, and sold sixteen thousand seven hundred dollars' worth for the benefit of poor and sick soldiers. Has not the American Eagle done his part? May not the Venerable Veteran rest upon his honors?

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12. "'Tis many a stormy day
Since, out of the cold, bleak North,
Our great war Eagle sailèd forth
To swoop o'er battle and fray.
Many and many a day,
O'er charge and storm hath he wheeled, —
Foray and foughten-field, —
Tramp, and volley, and rattle! —
Over crimson trench and turf,
Over climbing clouds of surf,
Through tempest and cannon-rack,
Have his terrible pinions whirled; —
(A thousand fields of battle!
A million leagues of foam!)
But our Bird shall yet come back,
He shall soar to his aerie-home, —
And his thunderous wings be furled,
In the gaze of a gladdened world,
On the Nation's loftiest dome!"

LESSON XI.

[1] DOUB' LE-QUICK, the fastest time or step, in marching, next to the run, requiring one hundred and sixty-five steps, each thirty-three inches in length, to be taken in one minute.

[2] AID'-DE-CAMP, (*ād'-de-kŏng,*) an officer selected by a general officer to assist him in his military duties.

[3] MET A MOR' PHO SIS, (META, *over;* MORPHOSIS, *forming,*) a forming over; change; transformation.

THE BATTLE-FIELD.

NO person who was not upon the ground, and an eye-witness of the stirring scenes which there transpired, can comprehend, from a description, the *terrible realities* of a battle; and even those who participated are competent

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to speak only of their own *personal experience.* Where friends and foes are falling by scores, and every species of missile is flying through the air, threatening each instant to send one or more into eternity, little time is afforded for more observation or reflection than is required for personal safety.

2. The scene is one of the most *exciting* and *exhilarating* that can be conceived. Imagine a regiment passing you at "doŭble-quick,"[1] the men cheering with enthusiasm, their teeth set, their eyes flashing, and the whole in a frenzy of resolution. You accompany them to the field. They halt. An Aid-de-camp[2] passes to or from the commanding General. The clear voices of the officers ring along the line in tones of passionate eloquence; their words burning, thrilling, and elastic. The word is given to march, and the body moves into action.

3. For the first time in your life, you listen to the whizzing of iron. Grape and canister fly into the ranks, bomb-shells burst overhead, and the fragments fly around you. A friend falls; perhaps a dozen or twenty of your cŏmrades lie wounded or dying at your feet; a strange, involuntary shrinking steals over you, which it is impossible to resist. You feel inclined neither to advance nor recede, but are spell-bound by the contending emotions of the moral and physical man. The cheek blanches, the lips quiver, and the eye almost hesitates to look upon the appalling scene.

4. In this attitude you may, perhaps, be ordered to stand an hour inactive; havoc, meanwhile, marking its footsteps with blood on every side. Finally the order is given to advance, to fire, or to charge. And now, what a metamorphosis![3] With your first shot, you become a new man. Personal safety is your least concern. Fear has

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no existence in your bosom. Hesitation gives way to an uncontrollable desire to rush into the thickest of the fight, and to vie with others in deeds of daring.

5. The dead and dying around you, if they receive a passing thought, only serve to stimulate you to revenge. You become cool and deliberate, and watch the effect of the bullets, the shower of bursting shells, the passage of cannon-balls, as they rake their murderous channels through your ranks, the plunging of wounded horses, the agonies of the dying, and the clash of contending arms which follows the dashing charge, with a feeling so callous by surrounding circumstances, that your soul seems dead to every sympathizing and selfish thought. *Such* is the spirit which carries the soldier through the exciting scenes of the battle-field.

6. But when the excitement has passed, when the roll of musketry has ceased, the thunderings of the cannons are stilled, the dusky pall of sulphureous smoke has risen from the field, and you stroll over the theater of carnage, hearing the groans of the wounded, discovering *here*, shattered almost beyond recognition, the form of some dear friend whom, only an hour before, you met in the full flush of life and happiness, *there* another perforated by a bullet, a *third* with a limb shot away, a *fourth* with his face disfigured, a *fifth* almost torn to fragments, a *sixth* a headless corpse, the *ground* plowed up and stained with blood, *human brains* splashed around, *limbs* without bodies, and *bodies* without limbs, scattered here and there, and the same picture duplicated scores of times, — THEN *you begin to realize the horrors of war*, and experience a reäction of nature.

7. The heart opens its flood-gates, humanity asserts herself again, and you begin to feel. Friend and foe alike

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now receive your *kindest ministerings*. The enemy, whom, but a short time before, full of hate, you were doing all in your power to kill, you now endeavor to save. You supply him with water to quench his thirst, with food to sustain his strength, and with sympathizing words to soothe his troubled mind. All that is humane or charitable in your nature now rises to the surface, and you are animated by that spirit of mercy "which blesseth him that gives, and him that takes." A battle-field is eminently a place that tries men's souls.

LESSON XII.

[1] TOUR' NA MENT, (*tur' na ment.*) A mock-fight or military sport, in which a number of combatants are engaged, for an exhibition of their address and bravery.

[2] GUER' DON, (*ger' don,*) reward; recompense; requital.

[3] BAS' TION, (*bast' yun,*) a part of the main inclosure of a fortress, which projects toward the exterior, consisting of *faces* and *flanks*.

SONG OF THE CANNON-BALL.

ANON.

1. I COME from the ether, cleft hotly aside,
Through the air of the soft summer morning;
I come with a song as I dash on my way,—
Both a dirge and a message of warning:
No sweet, idle dreams, nor romance of love,
Nor Poet's soft balm-breathing story
Of armor-clad knight, at tournament[1] gay,
Where a scarf was the guerdon[2] of glory;—
Whistling so airily
Past the ear warily,
Watching me narrowly,
Crashing I come!

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2. Swift-hurled from the bastion,[3] 'mid volumes of smoke,
I dash a grim messenger flying;
Before me the living — behind me — alas!
(*pl.*) There are wounded men gasping and dying.
I carry dispatches, written in blood,
With a death-wound I seal and deliver.
Is it strange that a destiny fearful as this
Makes the song of the cannon-ball quiver[4]? —
Whistling so wearily,
Sighing so airily,
Hymning* so dreamily
A dirge for the dead!

3. I swerve from the track, when the stout ashen lance
Is crowned with the banner of glory;
I kiss the bright folds as I dash on my way,
While the flag to the wind tells the story.
Evermore 'tis my errand to knock at the door,
Where life keeps its watch o'er the portal;
I batter the clay, — but the tenant within
Deserts to the army immortal:
None ever flying there,
Nevermore sighing there,
Nevermore dying there, —
Yonder — in Heaven!

4. I turn me aside from the young soldier lad,
Where the angels their bright robes fold o'er him;
I see their bright wings as they ward me aside, —
'Tis the *prayer* of the faithful who love him.
Close, close to his temples, I brush the bright locks,
He laughs at my song, never guessing

* Pronounced *hym'ning* with the n sounded.

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How his mother, bent low at the foot of the cross,
Brings down for him safety and blessing:
Yielding him tearfully,
Watching so fearfully,
Trusting yet cheerfully,—
God keep her boy!

5. How I laugh when the oak to his rugged old breast
Takes me home with a sigh and a quiver;
Or, splashing, I sink in the welcoming wave
Closing over me, for aye and forever.
Nay — better than this — when I've written my name
On the walls of the fortress all over,
I'll rest me at last, when around me shall grow
Green grass, starry daisies, and clover;—
Sweet in the summer air,
Waving their blossoms fair,
Cover the minstrel there,
Silent forever!

LESSON XIII.

THE CHILDREN OF THE BATTLE-FIELD.

JAMES G. CLARK.

The following touching stanzas received the prize offered by the Philadelphia Christian Commission for a poem on the death of Sergeant Humiston, of Portville, N.Y., who was found dead at Gettysburg several days after the battle, with his eyes fixed upon the ambrotype of his three children.

1. UPON the field of Gettysburg
The summer sun was high,
When Freedom met her haughty foe,
Beneath a Northern sky;

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Among the heroes of the North,
Who swelled her grand array,
And rushed, like mountain eagles forth,
From happy homes away,
There stood a *man* of humble name,
A sire of children three,
And gazed within a little frame,
Their pictured forms to see;
And blame him not, if in the strife
He breathed a soldier's prayer: —
"*Oh, Father! guard the soldier's wife,*
And for his children care!"

2. Upon the field of Gettysburg
When morning shone again,
The crimson cloud of battle burst
In streams of fiery rain;
Our legions quelled the awful flood
Of shot, and steel, and shell,
While banners, marked with ball and blood,
Around them rose and fell;
And *none* more nobly won the name
Of Champion for the Free
Than *he* who pressed the little frame
That held his children three;
And *none* were braver in the strife
Than he who breathed the prayer: —
"*Oh, Father! guard the soldier's wife,*
And for his children care!"

3. Upon the field of Gettysburg
The full moon slowly rose;
She looked and saw ten thousand brows
All pale in death's repose;

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And, down beside a silver stream,
From other forms away,
Calm as a warrior in a dream
Our fallen comrade lay;
(sl. o) His limbs were cold, his sightless eyes
Were fixed upon the three;
Sweet stars that rose in memory's skies
To light him o'er death's sea.
Then *honored* be the soldier's life,
And hallowed be his prayer: —
"*Oh, Father! guard the soldier's wife,*
And for his children care!"

LESSON XIV.

THE BRAVE AT HOME.

ANON.

1. THE Maid who binds her warrior's * sash,
With a smile that well her grief dissembles,
The while beneath her drooping lash
One starry tear-drop hangs and trembles,
Though Heaven alone record the tear,
And Fame shall never know her story,
Her heart doth shed a drop as dear
As ever dewed the field of glory.

2. The Wife who girds her husband's sword,
'Mid little ones who weep and wonder,
And bravely speaks the cheering word,
What though her heart be rent asunder, —

* Pronounced *wôr' yur.*

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Doomed night.
The bolts of
Hath shed as sa
Was poured u

3. The Mother who
When to her hea
Then breathes a few
Kissing the patriot
With no one but her
To know the pain t
Sheds holy blood as e'e
Received on Freedom's field of honor.

LESSON XV.

THE SOLDIER'S REPRIEVE.

N. Y. OBSERVER.

"I THOUGHT, Mr. Allan, when I gave my Bennie to his country, that not a father in all this broad land made so precious a gift, — no, not one. The dear boy only slept a minute, *just one little minute*, at his post: I *know* that was all, for Bennie never dozed over a duty. How prompt and reliable he was! I *know* he only fell asleep one little second; — he was so *young*, and not strong, that boy of mine! Why, he was as tall as I, and only eighteen! and now they shoot him because he was found asleep when doing sentinel duty! Twenty-four hours, the telegram said, — only twenty-four hours. *Where is Bennie now?*"

2. "We will hope with his heavenly Father," said Mr. Allan, soothingly.

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And, down be[illegible]hope: God is very merciful!
From o[illegible]ashamed, father!' Bennie said, 'when I
Calm [illegible] think I never used this great right arm,'
[illegible]held it out so proudly before me, — 'for my
(sl. [illegible], when it needed it! Palsy it rather than keep
at the plow!'

"'Go, then go, my boy,' I said, 'and God keep you!' God *has* kept him, I think, Mr. Allan!" and the farmer repeated these last words slowly, as if, in spite of his reason, his heart doubted them.

"Like the apple of his eye, Mr. Owen, doubt it not!"

3. Blossom had sat near them listening, with blanched cheek. She had not shed a tear. Her anxiety had been so concealed that no one had noticed it. She had occupied herself mechanically in the household cares. Now she answered a gentle tap at the kitchen door, opening it to receive from a neighbor's hand a letter. "It is from *him*," was all she said.

It was like a message from the dead! Mr. Owen took the letter, but could not break the envelope, on account of his trembling fingers, and held it toward Mr. Allan, with the helplessness of a child.

4. The minister opened it, and read as follows: —

"*Dear Father:* — When this reaches you, I shall be in eternity. At first, it seemed awful to me; but I have thought about it so much now, that it has no terror. They say they will not bind me, nor blind me; but that I may meet my death like a man. I thought, father, it might have been on the battle-field, for my country, and that, when I fell, it would be fighting gloriously; but to be shot down like a dog for nearly betraying it, — to die for neglect of duty! O, father, I wonder the very thought does not kill me! But I shall not disgrace *you* I am going to

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write you all about signing important pa-
my comrades. I can cement, the door

5. "You know I es, and folded
would look after her bc
could for him. He wa
back into the ranks, and
all his luggage, besides
night we went in on doubl
began to feel very heavy, e
as for Jemmie, if I had not ,
he would have dropped by all tired out
when we came into camp, an was Jemmie's turn to
be sentry, and I *would* take his place; but I was too tired, father. I could not have kept awake if a gun had been pointed at my head; but I did not know it until — well, until it was *too late.*"

6. "God be thanked!" interrupted Mr. Owen, reverently. "I knew Bennie was not the boy to sleep carelessly at his post."

"They tell me to-day that I have a short reprieve, — given to me by circumstances, — 'time to write to you,' our good Colonel says. Forgive him, father, he only does his duty; he would gladly save me if he could: and do not lay my death up against Jemmie. The poor boy is broken-hearted, and does nothing but beg and entreat them to let *him* die in my stead.

7. "I can't bear to think of mother and Blossom. Comfort them, father! Tell them I die as a brave boy should, and that, when the war is over, they will not be ashamed of me, as they *must* be now. God help me; it is very hard to bear! Good-by, father! God seems near and dear to me, not at all as if He wished me to perish forever, but as if He felt sorry for his poor, sinful, broken-hearted child,

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And, down by the river, be with Him and my Savior in a
From ot[illegible]
Calm [illegible] burst from Mr. Owen's heart. "Amen," (sl.) emnly,—"Amen."

-night, in the early twilight, I shall see the cows all ming home from pasture, and precious little Blossom stand on the back stoop, waiting for me,—but I shall never—*never* come! God bless you all! Forgive your poor Bennie."

8. Late that night the door of the "back stoop" opened softly, and a little figure glided out, and down the foot-path that led to the road by the mill. She seemed rather flying than walking, turning her head neither to the right nor the left, looking only now and then to Heaven, and folding her hands, as if in prayer. Two hours later, the same young girl stood at the Mill Depot, watching the coming of the night train; and the conductor, as he reached down to lift her into the car, wondered at the tear-stained face that was upturned toward the dim lantern he held in his hand. A few questions and ready answers told him all; and no father could have cared more tenderly for his only child, than *he* for our little Blossom.

9. She was on her way to Washington, to ask President Lincoln for her brother's life. She had stolen away, leaving only a note to tell her father *where* and *why* she had gone. She had brought Bennie's letter with her: no good, kind heart, like the President's, could refuse to be melted by it. The next morning they reached New York, and the conductor hurried her on to Washington. Every minute, now, might be the means of saving her brother's life. And so, in an incredibly short time, Blossom reached the Capital, and hastened immediately to the White House.

10. The President had but just seated himself to his

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morning's task, of overlooking and signing important papers, when, without one word of announcement, the door softly opened, and Blossom, with downcast eyes, and folded hands, stood before him.

"Well, my child," he said in his pleasant, cheerful tones, "what do you want so bright and early in the morning?"

"Bennie's life, please, sir," faltered Blossom.

"Bennie'? Who is Bennie?"

"My brother, sir. They are going to shoot him for sleeping at his post."

11. "Oh, yes," and Mr. Lincoln ran his eye over the papers before him. "I remember! It was a fatal sleep. You see, child, it was at a time of special danger. Thousands of lives might have been lost for his culpable negligence."

"So my father said," replied Blossom gravely, "but poor Bennie was so *tired*, sir, and Jemmie so *weak*. He did the work of two, sir, and it was *Jemmie's* night, not his; but Jemmie was *too* tired, and Bennie never thought about *himself*, that *he* was tired too."

"What is this you say', child? Come here; I do not understand," and the kind man caught eagerly, as ever, at what seemed to be a justification of an offense.

12. Blossom went to him: he put his hand tenderly on her shoulder, and turned up the pale, anxious face toward his. How tall he seemed, and he was President of the United States too! A dim thought of this kind passed for a moment through Blossom's mind; but she told her simple and straightforward story, and handed Mr. Lincoln Bennie's letter to read.

He read it carefully; then, taking up his pen, wrote a few hasty lines, and rang his bell.

Blossom heard this order given: "SEND THIS DISPATCH AT ONCE."

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13. The President then turned to the girl and said,— "Go home, my child, and tell that father of yours, who could approve his country's sentence, even when it took the life of a child like that, that Abraham Lincoln thinks *the life far too precious to be lost.* Go back, or — wait until to-morrow; Bennie will need a *change* after he has so bravely faced death; he shall go with you."

"God bless you, sir," said Blossom; and who shall doubt that God heard and registered the request?

14. Two days after this interview, the young soldier came to the White House with his little sister. He was called into the President's private room, and a strap fastened "upon the shoulder." Mr. Lincoln then said, — "The soldier that could carry a sick comrade's baggage, and die for the good act so uncomplainingly, deserves well of his country." Then Bennie and Blossom took their way to their Green Mountain home. A crowd gathered at the Mill Depot to welcome them back; and, as farmer Owen's hand grasped that of his boy, tears flowed down his cheeks, and he was heard to say fervently, — "THE LORD BE PRAISED!"

QUESTION. — Why the rising inflection on *Bennie* and *say*, as marked in the 10th and 11th paragraphs? See page 29, Note I. under Rule II.

LESSON XVI.

THE LAST RIDE.

MISS MULOCK.

"YOU must let me remain out a good while to-day, I feel so strong; and, perhaps, I might stay a little later, to watch the sunset. I never can see it from my room, you know; which seems rather hard, now the even-

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ings are so beautiful and spring-like." Philip soothed him as an elder brother might have done, and promised all, provided he felt strong enough. Then he took Lēigh in his arms like a child, and carried him down stairs to the gay carriage.

2. "Now, where shall we go, Leigh?" was the first question proposed, as they drove along High Street. Leigh pleaded for some quiet road: he wanted to go far out in the country, — to that beautiful lane which runs along by the river side. He had been there once at the beginning of his illness, and had often talked of the place since. It haunted him, he said, with its overhanging trees, and the river view breaking in between them, — its tiny wavelets all sparkling in the sun. He knew it would look just the same this calm, bright May afternoon. So, accordingly, they went thither.

3. It was one of those spring days when the Earth seems to rest from her joyful labor of budding and blossoming, and to be dreaming of summer. The birds in the trees, the swans in the water, the white clouds in the sky, were alike still; and upon all things had fallen the spell of a blessed silence — a silence full of happiness, and hope, and love. Happiness, hope, and love, what words, what *idle* words, they would sound unto the two who were passing slowly under the shadow of the trees! Oh, Earth! beautiful, cruel mother! How canst thou smile with a face so fair, when sorrow or death is on thy children! But the Earth answers softly: — "I smile with a calm and changeless smile to tell my frail children that if in *me*, made but for *their* use, is such ever-renewed life and joy, shall it not be so with *them*! ? And even while they gaze upon me, I pour into their hearts my deep peace!"

4. It was so with Philip and Leigh. They sat silent,

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hand in hand, and looked on this beautiful scene: from both the bitterness passed away — the bitterness of life, and that of death. Which was the greater? On the bridge, Leigh spoke. He begged that the carriage might rest a moment, to let him look at the sunset, which was very lovely. He half lifted himself up, and the large, brown eyes seemed drinking in all the beauty that was in land, river, and sky: they rested longest *there*. Then they turned to meet Philip's: that mute gaze between the two was full of solemn meaning. "Are you content?" whispered Philip. "Yes, quite: now let us go home."

5. Leigh's eyes closed, and his voice grew faint. "You seem tired," said the other anxiously. "Yes, a little. Take me home soon, will you, Philip?" His head drooped on the young man's shoulder heavily — so heavily that Philip signed to the coachman to drive on at his utmost speed. Then he put his arm around the boy, who lay with closed eyes, his white cheek looking gray and sunken in the purple evening light. Once Philip spoke, almost trembling lest no answer should come. "Are you quite easy, dear Leigh?" The eyes opened, and the lips parted with a faint smile. "Yes, thank you; only weary: I can hardly keep awake; but I *must* till I have seen my mother."

6. And still the dying head sank heavier on Philip's shoulder, and the hands, which he drew in his to warm them, were already growing damp and rigid. He sat with this solemn burden in his arms, and the carriage drove homeward until they entered the square. The mother stood at the door! "Take her away, only one minute," whispered Philip to the servant; but she had sprung already to the carriage. "Leigh! how is my darling Leigh?" Her voice seemed to pierce even through the

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shadows of another world, and to reach the dying boy. He opened his eyes, and smiled tenderly upon her. "Leigh is tired — almost asleep. Take the cushion, and I will carry him in," said Philip hastily to the mother. She obeyed without a word; but her face grew deadly white, and her hands trembled.

7. When the boy was placed, as he seemed to wish, in his mother's arm-chair, she came and knelt before him, looking into his face. There was a shadow there. She saw it, and felt that the time was come when not even the mother could stand between her child and death. Philip thought she would have shrieked, or fainted; but she did neither. She only gazed into the dim eyes with a wild, earnest, almost beseeching gaze. "Mother, will you let me go?" murmured Leigh. She drew a long sigh, as if repressing an agony so terrible that the struggle was like that of a soul parting; and then said, — "Yes, my darling!"

8. He smiled, — what a heaven is there in the happy smile of the dying! — and suffered her fond ministering hands — unwilling even yet to give up their long tendance — to unfasten the cloak, and put the wine to his lips. Then she sat down beside him, laid his head on her bosom, and awaited — oh, mighty strength of a mother's love! — awaited, tearless and calm, the passing away of the life which she had given. "He is quite content — quite happy — he told me so," Philip whispered in her ear, with his soft comforting voice. She turned round one moment with a startled air: — "Yes, yes, I know. (*p.*) Hush!" and she bent down again over her child, whose faint lips seemed trying to frame, scarcely louder than a sigh, the last word, — "MOTHER!"

9. Then there fell over the twilight-shadowed room a

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solemn silence, long and deep, in the midst of which the spirit passed. They only knew that it was so, when, as the moon rose, the pale, spiritual light fell on the calm face of the dead boy, still pillowed on the mother's breast. She turned and looked upon it without a tear, or a moan, so beautiful, so heavenly was it! At that moment, had they put to her the question of old,—"Is it well with the child?"* she would have answered like the Shunamite,—"IT IS WELL!"

LESSON XVII.

[1] SU PER' NAL, (SUPER, *above*;) relating to things above; celestial; heavenly.

PASSING TO THE SUPERNAL.[1]

SAT. EVE. POST.

1. I AM drifting, slowly drifting,
With the changing waves of time;
Every scene around me shifting,
And each moment more sublime,
As I near the great eternal,
Passing on to the supernal,
Through the grave.

2. On each shore are hidden treasures,
'Neath the waves rare jewels play;
Time bears on in rapid measures;
I, to seek them, may not stay;
For my home is the eternal,
And I pass to the supernal,
Through the grave.

* 2 Kings, 4th chap., 26th verse.

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3. Sometimes on the foamy billow,
Sometimes in the sinking sand,
Weary head can find no pillow,
Weary feet can find no land;
But I 'm nearer the eternal,
Passing on to the supernal,
Through the grave.

4. Dark the clouds that float above me,
Fierce the winds that round me play;
Changing waves that ever move me,
Drifting — here I may not stay;
For I see the great eternal,
And I press to the supernal,
Through the grave.

5. Darker still the skies that cover,
Icy chill the waters now;
Angel wings above me hover,
Angels smooth the death-pale brow.
Lo! I enter the eternal,
And I pass to joys supernal,
Through the grave!

LESSON XVIII.

SUNSHINE AND SHOWERS.

1. TWO children stood at their father's gate,
Two girls with golden hair;
And their eyes were bright, and their voices glad,
Because the morn was fair.

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For they said, — "We will take that long, long walk
In the hawthorn copse to-day;
And gather great bunches of lovely flowers
From off the scented May;
And oh! we shall be *so* happy there
'Twill be sorrow to come away!"

2. As the children spoke, a little cloud
Passed slowly across the sky;
And one looked up in her sister's face
With a tear-drop in her eye.
But the other said, — "Oh! heed it not;
'Tis far too fair to rain;
That little cloud may search the sky
For other clouds, in vain."
And soon the children's voices rose
In merriment again.

3. But ere the morning hours waned,
The sky had changed its hue,
And that one cloud had chased away
The whole great heaven of blue.
The rain fell down in heavy drops,
The wind began to blow,
And the children, in their nice warm room,
Went fretting to and fro;
For they said, — "When we have aught in store,
It *always* happens so!"

4. Now these two fair-haired sisters
Had a brother out at sea;
A little midshipman, aboard
The gallant "Victory."

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And on that self-same morning,
When they stood beside the gate,
His ship was wrecked! and on a raft
He stood all desolate,
With the other sailors round him,
Prepared to meet their fate.

5. Beyond they saw the cool, green land,—
The land with her waving trees,
And her little brooks, that rise and fall
Like butterflies in the breeze.
But above, the burning noontide sun
With scorching stillness shone;
Their throats were parched with bitter thirst,
And they knelt down, one by one,
And prayed to God for a drop of rain,
And a gale to waft them on.

6. And then that little cloud was sent,—
That shower in mercy given!
And, as a bird before the breeze,
Their bark was landward driven.
And some few mornings after,
When the children met once more,
And their brother told the story,
They knew it was the hour
When *they had wished for sunshine,*
And God had sent the shower.

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LESSON XIX.

[1] BA' CON, FRANCIS, usually known as Lord Bacon, was born in London, England, Jan. 22, 1560, and died 1626. He was famous as a scholar, a wit, a lawyer, a judge, a statesman, a politician, but chiefly as a philosopher.

NEW' TON, SIR ISAAC, the greatest of English philosophers, was born in Lincolnshire, Dec. 25, 1642, and died March 20, 1727. His three great discoveries, of fluxions, the nature of light and colors, and the law of gravitation, were conceived before he was twenty-five years of age. On witnessing the fall of an apple, he led into a train of reflection, which resulted in his theory of gravitation. He was a profound mathematician, and a sincere Christian. Certain prophecies in the Bible led him to infer that men would, one day, be able *to travel at the rate of fifty miles an hour*. How marvelously has his belief been verified!

EDUCATION, OUR OWN WORK.

JOHN TODD.

THE human mind is the brightest display of the power and skill of the Infinite Mind with which we are acquainted. It is created and placed in this world to be educated for a higher state of existence. *Here* its faculties begin to unfold, and those mighty energies, which are to bear it forward to unending ages, begin to discover themselves. The *object* of training such a mind should be, to enable the soul to fulfill her duties well here, and to stand on high vantage-ground, when she leaves this cradle of her being, for an eternal existence beyond the grave.

2. Most students need encouragement to sustain, instruction to aid, and direction to guide them. Few, probably, ever accomplish any thing like as much as they expected or ought; and perhaps *one reason* is, that they waste a vast amount of time in acquiring that experience which they need. Doubtless, multitudes are now in the process of education, who will never reach any tolerable

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standard of excellence. Probably some never could; but, in most cases, they might. The exceptions are few. In most cases young men do feel a desire, more or less strong, of fitting themselves for respectability and usefulness.

3. You may converse with any man, however distinguished for attainments, or habits of application, or power of using what he knows, and he will sigh over the remembrance of the past, and tell you that there have been many fragments of time which he has wasted, and many opportunities which he has lost forever. If he had only seized upon the fleeting advantages, and gathered up the fragments of time, he might have pushed his researches out into new fields, and, like the immortal Bacon,[1] have amassed vast stores of knowledge. The mighty minds which have gone before us have left treasures for our inheritance; and the choicest gold is to be had for the digging.

4. The object of hard study is not to draw out *genius*, but to take *minds* such as are formed of common mold, and fit them for active and decisive usefulness. Nothing is so much coveted by a young man as the reputation of being a *genius;* and many seem to feel that the want of patience for laborious application and deep research is such a mark of genius as can not be mistaken: while a *real genius*, like Sir Isaac Newton,[2] with great modesty says, that the great and only difference between *his* mind and the minds of others consisted solely in his having more patience.

5. You may have a good mind, a sound judgment, a vivid imagination, or a wide reach of thought and views; but you can never become distinguished without *severe application.* Hence, all that you ever have must be the result of labor, — *hard, untiring labor.* You have friends

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to cheer you on, and you have books and teachers to aid you; but, after all, disciplining and educating your mind must be *your own work*. No one can do this but *yourself*. And nothing in this world is of any worth which has not labor and toil as its price.

6. The first and great object of education is, to *discipline the mind*, — to fit it for future acquisition and usefulness. Make it the first object to be able to fix and hold your attention upon your studies. He who can do this, has mastered many and great difficulties; and he who can not do it, will in vain look for success in any department of study. To effect any purpose in study, the mind must be concentrated. If any other object plays on the fancy than that which ought to be *exclusively* before it, the mind is divided, and both are neutralized, so as to lose their effect.

7. *Patience* is a virtue kindred to attention; and without it, the mind can not be said to be disciplined. Patient labor and investigation are not only essential to success in study, but are an unfailing guarantee to success. The student should learn to think and act for himself. True originality consists in doing things *well*, and doing them in our own way. A mind, half-educated, is generally imitating others. No man was ever great by imitation. Let it be remembered that we can not copy greatness or goodness by any effort. We must acquire them, if ever attained, by our own patience and diligence.

8. Students are in danger of neglecting the *memory*. It is too valuable to be neglected; for, by it, wonders are sometimes accomplished. He who has a memory that can seize with an iron grasp, and retain what he reads, — the ideas, simply, without the language, — and judgment to compare and balance, will scarcely fail of being distin-

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guished. Why has that mass of thought, observation, and experience, which is embodied in books by the multitude of minds which have gone before us, been gathered, if not that we may use it, and stand on high ground, and push our way still farther into the boundaries and regions of knowledge?

9. Let every student reflect, that this is the time to form habits, and to begin a course of mental discipline, which, in a few years, will raise him high in the esteem and the honors of his fellow-men. Every distinguished man has traveled the same path. There is no other road to knowledge, to improvement, to distinction. This very discipline is the only thing that can bring the mind under proper subjection.

LESSON XX.

SELF-CULTURE.

CHANNING.

SELF-CULTURE is something possible. It is not a dream. It has foundations in our nature. Without this conviction, the speaker will but declaim, and the hearer listen, without profit. There are two powers of the human soul which make self-culture possible, — the *self-searching* and the *self-forming* power. We have first the faculty of turning the mind on itself; of recalling its past and watching its present operations; of learning its various capacities and susceptibilities, — what it can do and bear, what it can enjoy and suffer; and of thus learning in general what our nature is, and what it is made for.

2. It is worthy of observation, that we are able to discern not only what we *already* are, but what we *may* become;

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to see in ourselves germs and promises of a growth to which no bounds can be set; and that, by using the powers which God has given us, we can dart beyond what we have actually gained. But self-culture is possible, not only because we can enter into and search ourselves, but because we have a still *nobler power*, that of acting on, determining, and forming ourselves. This is a fearful as well as glorious endowment; for it is the ground of human responsibility. We have the power not only of tracing our powers, but of guiding and impelling them; not only of watching our passions, but of controlling them; not only of seeing our faculties grow, but of applying to them means and influences to aid their growth.

3. We can stay or change the current of thought. We can concentrate the intellect on objects which we wish to comprehend. We can fix our eyes on perfection, and make almost every thing speed us toward it. Of all the discoveries which men need to make, the most important, at the present moment, is that of the *self-forming power* treasured up in themselves. They little suspect its extent, — as little as the savage apprehends the energy which the mind is created to exert on the material world. It transcends in importance all our power over outward nature. There is more divinity in it than in the force which impels the outward universe; and yet how little we comprehend it! How it slumbers in most men unsuspected, unused! This makes self-culture possible, and binds it on us as a solemn duty.

4. To cultivate any thing — be it a plant, an animal, or a mind — is to make it grow. Growth, expansion, is the end. Nothing admits culture but that which has a principle of life capable of being expanded. He, therefore, who does what he can to unfold all his powers and

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capacities, especially his nobler ones, so as to become a well-proportioned, vigorous, excellent, happy being, practices self-culture.

5. Self-culture is moral. When a man looks into himself, he discovers two distinct orders or kinds of principles, which it behooves him especially to comprehend. He discovers desires, appetites, passions, which terminate in *himself;* which crave and seek his own interest, gratification, distinction; and he discovers another principle, in opposition to these, which is impartial, disin'terested, universal, — enjoining on him a regard to the rights and happiness of *other beings*, and laying on him obligations which must be discharged, cost what they may, or however they may clash with his particular pleasure or gain.

6. No man, however narrowed to his own interest, however hardened by selfishness, can deny that there springs up within him a great idea, in opposition to interest, — the idea of *duty;* that an inward voice calls him, more or less distinctly, to revere and exercise impartial justice and universal good will. This disin'terested principle in human nature we call sometimes *reason*, sometimes *conscience*, sometimes the *moral sense* or *faculty.*

7. But, be its name what it may, it is a *real principle* in each of us, and it is the supreme power within us, to be cultivated above all others; for on its culture the right development of all others depends. The passions, indeed, may be stronger than the conscience, — may lift up a louder voice; but their clamor differs wholly from the tone of command in which the conscience speaks. They are not clothed with its authority, its binding power. In their very triumphs they are rebuked by the moral principle, and often cower before its still, deep, menacing voice.

8. No part of self-knowledge is more important than to

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discern clearly these two great principles, — the *self-seeking* and the *disinterested;* and the most important part of self-culture is to depress the former and to exalt the latter, or to enthrone the sense of duty within us. There are no limits to the growth of this moral force in man, if he will cherish it faithfully. There have been men whom no power in the universe could turn from the right; to whom death, in its most dreadful forms, has been less dreaded than transgression of the inward law of universal justice and love.

LESSON XXI.

THE SKATER AND THE WOLVES.

WHITEHEAD.

DURING the winter of 1844, being in the northern part of Maine, I had much lēisure to devote to the sports of a new country. To none of these was I more passionately addicted than to skating. The deep and sequestered lakes, frozen by the intense cold of a northern winter, present a wide field to the lover of this pastime. Often would I bind on my skates, glide away up the glittering river, and wind each mazy streamlet that flowed, beneath its fetters, on toward the parent ocean, with exultant joy and delight. Sometimes these excursions were made by moonlight; and it was on one of these latter occasions that I had a rencounter, which even now I can not recall without a thrill of horror.

2. I had left my friend's house one evening just before dusk, with the intention of skating a short distance up the Kennebec, which glided directly before the door. The night was beautifully clear. The peerless moon rode

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through an occasional fleecy cloud, the stars twinkled in the sky, and every frost-covered tree and shrub sparkled with rare brilliancy. Light also came glinting from ice, and snow-wreath, and incrusted branches, as the eye followed for miles the broad gleam of the river, that, like a jeweled zone, swept between the mighty forests that bordered its banks.

3. And yet all was still. The cold seemed to have frozen tree, air, water, and every living thing. Even the ringing of my skates echoed back from the hill with a startling clearness; and the crackle of the ice, as I passed over it in my course, seemed to follow the tide of the river with lightning speed. I had gone up the river nearly two miles, when, coming to a little stream which empties into the larger, I turned into it to explore its course. Fir and hemlock of a century's growth met overhead, and formed an archway radiant with frost-work. All was dark within; but I was young and fearless, and, as I peered into an unbroken forest that reared itself on the borders of the stream, I laughed with very joyousness.

4. My wild hurrah rang through the silent woods, and I stood listening to the echo that reverberated again and again, until all was hushed. Suddenly a sound arose! It seemed to me to come from the ice beneath my feet. It was low and tremulous at first; but it ended in one long wild yell. I was appalled. Never before had such a noise met my ears. Presently I heard the brushwood on shore crash, as though from the tread of some animal. The blood rushed to my forehead. My energies returned, and I looked around me for some means of escape. The moon shone through the opening, at the mouth of the creek, by which I had entered the forest; and, considering this the best way of escape, I darted toward it like an arrow.

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5. The opening was hardly a hundred yards distant, and the swallow could scarcely have excelled me in flight; yet, as I turned my eyes to the shore, I could see two dark objects dashing through the brushwood, at a pace nearly double in speed to my own. By their great speed, and the short yells which they occasionally gave, I knew at once that these were the much-dreaded gray wolves. I had never met with these ferocious animals; but, from the description given of them, I had little pleasure in making their acquaintance. Their untamable fierceness and untiring strength render them objects of dread to every benighted traveler.

6. The bushes that skirted the shore now seemed to rush past me with the velocity of lightning, as I dashed on in my flight to pass the narrow opening. The outlet was nearly gained; a few seconds more, and I would be comparatively safe; but in a moment my pursuers appeared on the bank above me, which here rose to the hight of ten or twelve feet. There was no time for thought. I bent my head, and dashed wildly forward. The wolves sprang; but, miscalculating my speed, fell behind, while their intended prey glided out upon the river!

7. I turned toward home. The light flakes of snow spun from the iron of my skates, and I was some distance from my pursuers, when their fierce howl told me I was still their fugitive. I did not look back, nor feel afraid. I thought of home, of the bright faces awaiting my return, and then all the energies of body and mind were exerted for escape. I was perfectly at home on the ice. Many were the days that I had spent on my good skates, never thinking that they would thus prove my only means of safety in such imminent peril.

8. Every half minute a furious yelp from my fierce at-

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tendants made me but too certain that they were in close pursuit. Nearer and nearer they came. I heard their feet pattering on the ice; I even felt their very breath, and heard their snuffing scent! Every nerve and muscle in my frame was stretched to the utmost tension. The trees along the shore seemed to dance in an uncertain light, and my brain turned with my own breathless speed; yet still my pursuers seemed to hiss forth their breath with a sound truly horrible, when an involuntary motion on my part turned me out of my course.

9. The wolves, close behind, unable to stop, and as unable to turn on the smooth ice, slipped and fell, still going on far ahead. Their tongues were lolling out; their white tusks were gleaming from their bloody mouths; their dark shaggy breasts were fleeced with foam; and, as they passed me, their eyes glared, and they howled with fury. The thought flashed on my mind, that, by this means, I could avoid them, — namely, by turning aside whenever they came too near; for, by the formation of their feet, they are unable to run on ice except in a straight line.

10. I immediately acted upon this plan. The wolves, having regained their feet, sprang directly toward me. The race was renewed for many yards up the stream: they were already close on my back, when I glided round and dashed directly past them. A fierce yell greeted my evolution, and the wolves, slipping on their haunches, again sailed onward, presenting a perfect picture of helplessness and baffled rage. Thus I gained nearly a hundred yards at each turning. This was repeated two or three times, every moment the animals becoming more excited and baffled.

11. At one time, by delaying my turning too long, my sanguinary antagonists came so near that they threw their

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white foam over my dress as they sprang to seize me, and their teeth clashed together like the spring of a fox-trap! Had my skates failed for one instant, — had I tripped on a stick, or had my foot been caught in a fissure of the ice, — the story I am now telling would never have been told. I thought all the chances over. I thought how long it would be before I died, and then of the search for my body; for oh! how fast man's mind traces out all the dread colors of death's picture, only those, who have been near the grim original, can tell!

12. But I soon came opposite the house, and my hounds — I knew their deep voices — roused by the noise, bayed furiously from their kennels. I heard their chains rattle: how I wished they would break them! — then I should have had protectors to match the fiercest denizens of the forest. The wolves, taking the hint conveyed by the dogs, stopped in their mad career, and, after a few moments, turned and fled. I watched them until their forms disappeared over a neighboring hill; then, taking off my skates, I wended my way to the house with feelings which may be better imagined than described. But even yet, I never see a broad sheet of ice by moonlight without thinking of that snuffing breath and those ferocious objects that followed me so closely down that frozen river.

LESSON XXII.

PURITY OF CHARACTER.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

OVER the beauty of the plum and apricot there may be seen a bloom and beauty more exquisite than the fruit itself, — a soft, delicate flush that overspreads its blushing

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cheek. Now, if you strike your hand over that, and it is once gone, it is *gone forever;* for it never grows but once. The flower that hangs in the morning, impearled with dew, arrayed with jewels, — once shake it, so that the beads roll off, and you may sprinkle water over it as you please, yet it can never be made again what it was when the dew fell lightly upon it from heaven.

2. On a frosty morning, you may see the panes of glass covered with landscapes, mountains, lakes, and trees, blended in a beautiful, fantastic picture. Now, lay your hand upon the glass, and, by the scratch of your fingers, or by the warmth of the palm, all the delicate tracery will be immediately obliterated. *So, in youth, there is a purity of character*, which, when once touched and defiled, can never be restored, — a fringe more delicate than frost-work, and which, when torn and broken, will never be re-embroidered.

3. A man who has spotted and soiled his garments in youth, though he may seek to make them white again, can never wholly do it, even were he to wash them with his tears. When a young man leaves his father's house, with the blessing of his mother's tears still wet upon his forehead, if he once loses that early purity of character, it is a loss that he can never make whole again. Such is the consequence of crime. Its effects can not be eradicated; they can only be forgiven.

LESSON XXIII.

AL'LE GO RY is a word of Greek origin. It is made up of two parts, — ALL, *other;* and EGORY, *discourse;* the literal meaning of the compound being *discourse* about *other* things; that is, things *other* than those expressed by the words, literally interpreted. Allegory is, therefore, the

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general name for that class of compositions, as *Fables, Apologues, Parables,* and *Myths,* in which there is a *double* meaning, one *literal* and the other *figurative;* the literal being designed merely to give a more clear and impressive view of that which is figurative.

[2] SHAK'SPEARE, WILLIAM, was born in Stratford on the Avon, England, April, 1564; and died 1616. He is accounted, by all, the greatest dramatic writer of any age. He has been styled the Poet of Nature, the poet who holds up to his readers the mirror of manners and of life.

[3] HO'MER, the great Grecian poet, flourished about nine hundred years before the Christian era. He is supposed to have been a strolling bard, poor and blind. His chief works are the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey." The Iliad is a poem descriptive of the siege of Troy, in Asia Minor; and the Odyssey describes the wanderings of Ulysses on his return from Troy to his own kingdom in the Island of Ithaca.

THE THREE SISTERS.

AN ALLEGORY.[1]

1. MADAM Virtue and Miss Genius,
With their sister, Reputation,
Traveled once through foreign countries,
On a tour of observation.

2. Ere they started, Genius hinted
That, by some unlucky blunder,
While they journeyed through the kingdoms,
They might chance to get asunder;

3. "And," she said, "it seems but prudent,
Should we break our pleasant tether,
Some device should be suggested
That may bring us three together.

4. "As for *me*, if, from my sisters,
I should chance to prove a roamer,
Seek me at the tomb of Shakspeare,[2]
Or before the shrine of Homer."[3]

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5. Virtue said, "If I am missing,
And you deem me worth the trouble,
Seek me in the courts of monarchs,
Or the dwellings of the noble.

6. "If, among the high and mighty,
You shall fail to find me present,
You may meet with better fortune
In the cottage of the peasant."

7. "Ah!" said Reputation, sighing,
"It is easy of discerning,
Each of you may freely wander
With a prospect of returning!

8. "But, I pray you, *guard me closely;*
For, despite your best endeavor,
If you miss me for a moment,
I am lost, — AND LOST FOREVER!"

LESSON XXIV.

[1] MIL' TON, JOHN, one of the great poets of England, was born in London, Dec. 9, 1608, and died Nov. 8, 1675. His life was pure and spiritual. His sympathies and best efforts were freely given to all the noblest interests of humanity. He hated every form of oppression, was the eloquent advocate of the freedom of the press, and the bold champion of human rights. When fifty-six years of age, he became totally blind. He now sat down in poverty, affliction, and obscurity, to work out the immortality which had been the object of his earliest aspirations. His latter years were employed in the compositions of "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained."

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[3] How' ARD, JOHN, a celebrated English philanthropist, was born 1726, and died 1790, from a malignant fever caught in visiting a sufferer. He did much to reform the prisons and hospitals of Europe.

[3] HAR' VEY, WILLIAM, a celebrated physician, was born in England, 1578, and died 1657. He was the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, of which he published an account in 1628.

[4] MARL' BOR OUGH, JOHN CHURCHILL, afterwards the Duke of Marlborough, was the greatest general England ever produced before the Duke of Wellington, and one of the greatest of modern Europe. He was born at Ashton, July 5, 1650, and died Aug. 6, 1722.

[4] WEL' LING TON, ARTHUR WELLESLEY, Duke of Wellington, was born in Ireland, May 1, 1769, and died 1852. He is regarded as the greatest English general. He won the battle of Waterloo against Napoleon in 1815.

DESERVE IT!

ANON.

1. NE'ER droop your head upon your hand,
And wail the bitter times;
The self-same bell
That tolls a knell
Can ring out merry chimes.
And we have still the elements
That made up fame of old;
The wealth to prize
Within us lies,
And not in senseless gold.
Yes; there exists a certain plan,
If you will but observe it,
That opes success to any man;
The secret is — *deserve it!*

2. What use to stand by Fortune's hill
And idly sigh and mope?
Its sides are rough,
And steep enough,
'Tis true; but if you hope

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To battle 'gainst impediments
That rudely stop your way,
Go boldly to't;
Strike at the root:
You'll surely gain the day.
Prate not about new-fangled plans,—
Mine's best, if you'll observe it:
I say success is *any* man's
If he will but *deserve it!*

3. Homer and Milton[1] reign supreme
With Shakspeare — worthy band;
And Howard's[2] name,
And Harvey's[3] claim,
Are sung throughout the land;
And Marlborough[4] and Wellington[5]
Illustrious stand in fight;
And Newton gleams
Amid the beams
Of an undying light!
What did they do to gain a name?
What did they to preserve it
With an untarnished, *deathless* fame?
They simply *did* — *deserve it!*

4. And thus may you — and *you* — and YOU —
From depths the most profound,
Your wishes teach
Success to reach
Up to the topmost round.
But if, from some unreckoned cause,
(Say, market overstocked,)
Your hoped-for spoil
Pay *others'* toil,

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Think not your efforts mocked:
If Fortune's smile so faintly beam
That you can scarce preserve it,
Remember, there is One above,
Who knows that you deserve it!

LESSON XXV.

THE BRIDAL WINE-CUP.

"PLEDGE with wine — pledge with wine!" cried the young and thoughtless Harvey. "Pledge with wine!" ran through the bridal party.

The beautiful bride grew pale. She pressed her hands together, and the leaves of her bridal wreath trembled on her brow; her breath came quicker, and her heart beat wilder.

"Yes, Marion, lay aside your scruples for this once," said the judge, in a low tone, "the company *expect* it. Do not so seriously infringe upon the rules of etiquette:* in your *own* home do as you please; but in *mine*, for this once, please *me*."

2. Every eye was turned toward the bridal pair. Marion's principles were well known. Harvey had been a convivialist; but of late his friends noticed the change in his manners, and the difference in his habits.

Pouring a brimming cup, they held it with tempting smiles toward Marion. She was very pale, though now more composed. Smiling, she accepted the crystal tempter, and raised it to her lips. But scarcely had she done so,

* Pronounced *Et i ket'*.

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when every hand was arrested by her piercing exclamation of "*Oh, how terrible!*"

"What is it?" cried one and all, thronging together; for she had slowly carried the glass at arm's-length, and was regarding it as though it was some hideous object.

3. "Wait," she answered, "wait, and I will tell you. I see," she added, slowly pointing one of her jeweled fingers at the sparkling liquid, "a sight that beggars all description; and yet listen, — I will paint it for you, if I can. It is a lovely spot; tall mountains, crowded with verdure, rise in awful sublimity around; a river runs through, and bright flowers grow to the water's edge. There is a thick, warm mist that the sun seeks vainly to pierce. Trees, lofty and beautiful, wave to the motion of the breeze. But there a group of Indians gather, and flit to and fro with something like sorrow upon their dark brows; and in their midst lies a *manly form* — but his cheek, how deathly! — his eyes, how wildly they glare around with the fitful fire of fever!

4. "One friend stands beside him, — I should say kneels, — for see! he is pillowing that poor head upon his breast. Genius in ruins on the high, holy-looking brow! *Why* should Death mark it, and he *so* young? Look! how he throws back the damp curls! See him clasp his hands! hear his shrieks for life! how he clutches at the form of his companion, imploring to be saved! Oh, hear him call piteously his father's name! see him twine his fingers together, as he shrieks for his sister, — the twin of his soul, — weeping for him in his distant native land! See! his arms are lifted to Heaven! how wildly he prays for mercy! But fever rushes through his veins. The friend beside him is weeping! Awe-stricken, the dark men

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move silently away, and leave the living and the dying together!"

5. There was a hush in that princely parlor, broken only by what seemed a smothered sob from some manly bosom. The bride stood yet upright, with quivering lip, and tears streaming down her pallid cheek. Her arm had lost its extension; and the glass, with its contents, came slowly toward the range of her vision. She spoke again. Every lip was mute; her voice was low, faint, yet distinct. Still she fixed her sorrowful glance upon the wine-cup.

"It is evening now: the great white moon is coming up, and her beams fall gently on his forehead. He moves not; his eyes are rolling in their sockets, and dim are the piercing glances. (*p.*) In vain his friend whispers the name of father and sister. No soft hand and no gentle voice bless and soothe him. His head sinks back; one convulsive shudder — HE IS DEAD!"

6. A groan ran through the assembly. So vivid was her description, so unearthly her look, so inspired her manner, that what she described seemed actually to have taken place *then* and *there*. They noticed, also, that the bridegroom had hid his face, and was weeping.

(*pl.*) "Dead!" she repeated again, her lips quivering faster, and her voice more broken, — "and there they scoop him a grave; and there, without a shroud, they lay him down in the damp, reeking earth, — *the only son* of a proud father, the *idolized brother* of a fond sister; and he sleeps to-day, in that distant country, with no stone to mark the spot. There he lies, — *my father's son, my own twin-brother*, — a victim of this deadly poison! Father," she exclaimed, turning suddenly, while the tears rolled down her beautiful cheeks, — "father, shall I drink the poison now?"

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7. The form of the judge was convulsed with agony. He raised not his head; but, in a smothered voice, he faltered, — "No, no, my child! — for Heaven's sake, NO!"

She lifted the glittering goblet, and, letting it fall suddenly to the floor, it was dashed to pieces. Many a tearful eye watched her movement, and instantaneously every glass was transferred to the marble table. Then, as she looked at the fragments of crystal, she turned to the company, saying, —

"Let no friend hereafter, who loves me, tempt me to peril my soul for wine, or any other poisonous venom. Not firmer are the everlasting hills than my resolve, God helping me, *never to touch or taste the terrible poison.* And *he*, to whom I have given my hand — who watched over my brother's dying form in that land of gold — will sustain me in this resolve. Will you not, my husband?"

8. His glistening eyes, his sad, sweet smile, was his answer. The judge had left the room; but when he returned, and, with a more subdued manner, took part in the entertainment of the bridal guests, no one could fail to see that *he*, too, had determined to banish the enemy at once and forever from that princely home.

Reader, this is no fiction. *I* was there and heard the words, which I have penned, as nearly as I can recollect them. This bride, her husband, and her brother who died in the gold regions of California, were schoolmates of mine. Those who were present at that wedding of my associates never forgot the impression so solemnly made, and *all*, from that hour, *forsook the social glass.*

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LESSON XXVI.

EN THU' SI ASM, (from two Greek words, EN, *in*, or *within*; and THEOS, *a god*;) signifies, literally, the state or condition of having *a god within us*; that is, being under the inspiration of a god: hence, strong mental excitement; ardent feeling.

DESOLATING EFFECTS OF INTEMPERANCE.

W. IRVING.

THE depopulating pestilence that walketh at noon-day, the carnage of cruel and devastating war, can scarcely exhibit their victims in a more terrible array, than exterminating drunkenness. I have seen a promising family spring from a parent trunk, and stretch abroad its populous limbs, like a flowering tree covered with green and healthy foliage. I have seen the unnatural decay beginning upon the yet tender leaf, and gnawing like a worm in an unopened bud, while they dropped off, one by one, and the scathed and ruined shaft stood desolate and alone, until the winds and rains of many a sorrow laid that, too, in the dust.

2. On one of those holy days when the patriarch, rich in virtue as in years, gathered about him the great and the little ones of the flock — his sons with their sons, and his daughters with their daughters — I, too, sat at the festive board. I, too, pledged them in the social wine-cup, and rejoiced with them round the hospitable hearth, and expatiated with delight upon the eventful future; while the good old man, warmed in the genial glow of youthful enthusiasm,[1] wiped the tear of joy from his glistening eye. He was happy!

3. I met with them again when the rolling year brought the festive season round. But they were not all there. The kind old man sighed as his suffused eye dwelt upon

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the then unoccupied seat. But joy yet came to his relief, and he was happy. A parent's love knows no diminution, — time, distance, poverty, shame, but give *intensity* and strength to that passion, before which all others dissolve and melt away.

4. Another elapsed. The board was spread; but the guests came not. The old man cried, — "*Where are my children?*" And Echo answered, — "*Where?*" His heart broke; for they were not. Could not Heaven have spared his gray hairs this affliction'? Alas! the demon of Drunkenness had been there! They had fallen victims to his spell. And one short month sufficed to cast the vail of oblivion over the old man's sorrow, and the young men's shame. — THEY ARE ALL DEAD!

LESSON XXVII.

[1] Eu' lo gy, (eu, *well;* logy, *a speaking;*) signifies *a speaking well of,* that is, a speech in praise of some particular person or thing; a laudatory address. See Sanders' Analyzer, page 74.

EULOGY[1] ON COLD WATER.

PAUL DENTON.

The following eloquent speech was delivered by Paul Denton, a missionary of the M. E. Church in Texas, at a barbecue camp-meeting, many years ago. In a previous notice of the meeting, the preacher had announced that preparations would be made to suit all tastes, — that there would be "a splendid barbecue, better liquor, and the best of gospel." After partaking of the repast, a voice was heard to exclaim, — "*Paul Denton, where is the liquor you promised us?*" To which he made the following reply: —

"THERE," replied the speaker, pointing to a sparkling fountain that bubbled up from the mountain's base, "THERE is the liquor which God, the Eternal, brews for all his children! Not in the simmering still, over smoking

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fires, choked with poisonous gases, and surrounded with the stench of sickening odors and rank corruption, doth your Father in Heaven prepare the precious essence of life — PURE COLD WATER!

2. "But in the green glades and grassy dell, where the red deer wanders, and the child loves to play, *there* God Himself brews it; and down, low down in the deepest valleys, where the fountains murmur, and the rills sing; and high upon the mountain-tops, where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun, where the storm-cloud broods, and the thunder-storms crash; and away far out on the wide, wide sea, where the hurricane howls music, and big waves roar the chorus, 'sweeping the march of God!' THERE He brews it, that beverage of life, *health-giving water!*

3. "And *everywhere* it is a thing of beauty: gleaming in the dew-drop; singing in the summer-rain; shining in the ice-gem, till the trees seem turned to living jewels; spreading a golden vail over the setting sun, or a white gauze around the midnight moon; sporting in the cataract; sleeping in the glacier; glancing in the hail-shower; folding bright snow-curtains softly above the wintery world, and weaving the many-colored rainbow — that seraph's zone of the sky, whose warp is the rain of earth, whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven, all checkered over with celestial flowers by the mystic hand of refraction; still *always it is beautiful, that blessed cold water!*

4. "No poison bubbles on its brink; its foam brings not madness and murder; no blood stains its liquid glass; pale widows and starving orphans weep not burning tears in its clear depths; no drunkard's shrieking ghost from the grave curses it in words of despair! But *everywhere*, diffusing all around life, vigor, and happiness, it is the purest emblem

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of the Water of Life, of which, if a man drink, he shall never thirst. *Speak out, my friends; would you exchange it for the demon's drink, alcohol'?*" A shout, like the roar of a tempest, answered, — "No!"

LESSON XXVIII.

PROFANENESS.

E. H. CHAPIN.

PROFANENESS is a low, *groveling vice*. He who indulges it is no gentleman. I care not what his stamp may be in society, — I care not what clothes he wears, or what culture he boasts, — despite all his refinement, the light and habitual taking of God's name in vain betrays a coarse nature and a brutal will.

2. Profaneness is an *unmanly* and *silly vice*. It certainly is not a grace in conversation; and it adds no strength to it. There is no organic symmetry in the narrative which is ingrained with oaths; and the blasphemy which bolsters an opinion does not make it any more correct. Nay, the use of profane oaths argues a limited range of ideas, and a consciousness of being on the wrong side; and, if we can find no other phrases through which to vent our choking passion, we had better repress that passion.

3. Profaneness is a *mean vice*. It indicates the grossest ingratitude. According to general estimation, he who repays kindness with contumely, he who abuses his friend and benefactor, is deemed pitiful and wretched. And yet, O profane one! whose name is it you handle so lightly? It is that of your best Benefactor! You, whose blood would boil to hear the venerable names of your earthly

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parents hurled about in scoffs and jests, abuse, without compunction and without thought, the name of your Heavenly Father!

4. Profaneness is an *awful vice!* Once more, I ask, whose name is it you so lightly use? That holy name of God! Have you ever pondered its meaning? Have you ever thought what it is that you mingle thus with your passion and your wit? It is the name of Him whom the angels worship, whom the Heaven of heavens can not contain!

5. Profane young man! though habit be ever so stringent with you, when the word of mockery and of blasphemy is about to leap from your lips, think of these considerations, think of God, and, instead of that wicked oath, cry out in reverent prayer, — "HALLOWED BE THY NAME!"

LESSON XXIX.

[1] SA'BI AN, of or pertaining to Saba, an ancient town of Arabia, celebrated for frankincense, myrrh, and aromatic plants.

VOICES OF GOD.

LON. BRIT. MAGAZINE.

1. THERE are voices of God for the careless ear, —
A low-breathed whisper when none is near;
In the silent watch of the night's calm hours,
When the dews are at rest in the deep-sealed flowers;
When the wings of the zephyr are folded up,
When the violet bendeth its azure cup;
'Tis a breath of *reproval* — a murmuring tone,
Like music remembered, or ecstasies gone.

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2. 'Tis a voice that sweeps through the evening sky,
When the clouds o'er the pale moon are hurrying by;
While the fickle gusts, as they come and go,
Wake the forest boughs on the mountain's brow;
It speaks in the shadows that swiftly pass, —
In the waves that are roused from the lake's clear glass,
Where the summer shores, in their verdant pride,
Were pictured but late in the stainless tide.

3. And that voice breaks out in the tempest's flight,
When the wild winds sweep in their fearful might;
When the lightnings go forth on the hills to play,
As they pass on their pinions of fire away;
While they fiercely smile through the dusky sky,
As the thunder-peals to their glance reply;
As the bolts leap out from the somber cloud,
While midnight whirlwinds sing wild and loud!

4. 'Tis a voice which comes in the early morn,
When the matin hymns of the birds are born;
It steals from the fold of the painted cloud, —
From the forest draperies, sublime and proud!
Its tones are blent with the running stream,
As it sweeps along, like a changeful dream,
In its light and shade, through the checkered vale,
While the uplands are fanned by the viewless gale.

5. In the twilight hour, when the weary bird
On its nest is sleeping, that voice is heard;
While mist-robes are drawn o'er the green earth's breast,
And the sun hath gone down from the faded west;
In the hush of that silence — when winds are still,
And the light wakes no smile in the babbling rill;
Through the wonderful depths of the purple air,
O'er the landscape trembling — that voice is there!

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6. There are whispers of God in the cataract's roar, —
In the sea's rude wail on its sounding shore, —
In the waves that melt on her azure isles,
Where the sunny south on their verdure smiles, —
In the ocean-ward wind from the orange trees,
In the Sabian[1] odors that load the breeze;
'Midst the incense that floats from Arabia's strand,
That tone is there, with its whispers bland!

7. And it saith to the cold and the careless heart,
How long wilt thou turn from "*the better part*"?
I have called from the infinite depths of heaven, —
I have called, — but no answer to me was given;
From many a hallowed and glorious spot,
I have called by my Spirit, — *and ye would not!*
Thou art far from the haven, and tempest-tossed, —
Hear the cry of thy Pilot, or thou art lost!

LESSON XXX.

BETTER THAN GOLD.

ANON.

1. BETTER than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank and titles, a thousand fold,
Is *a healthy body, a mind at ease,*
And simple pleasures that always please; —
A heart that can feel for another's woe,
And share his joys with a genial glow,
With sympathies large enough to infold
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

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2. Better than gold is *a conscience clear*,
Though toiling for bread in a humble sphere;
Doubly blessed with content and health,
Untried by the lusts or cares of wealth;
Lowly living and lofty thought
Adorn and ennoble a poor man's cot;
For mind and morals, in Nature's plan,
Are the genuine test of a gentleman.

3. Better than gold is *the sweet repose*
Of the sons of toil when their labors close;
Better than gold is a poor man's sleep,
And the balm that drops on his slumber deep.
Bring sleeping draughts to the downy bed
Where Luxury pillows his aching head;
His simple opiate labor deems
A shorter road to the land of dreams.

4. Better than gold is *a thinking mind*,
That, in the realm of books, can find
A treasure surpassing Australian ore,
And live with the great and good of yore.
The sage's lore, and the poet's lay,
The glories of empires passed away,
The world's great drama, will thus unfold,
And yield a pleasure better than gold.

5. Better than gold is *a peaceful home*,
Where all the fireside charities come,—
The shrine of love, the heaven of life,
Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife.
However humble the home may be,
Or tried with sorrow by Heaven's decree,
The blessings that never were bought or sold,
And center there, are better than gold.

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LESSON XXXI.

THE ANGEL OF THE LEAVES: AN ALLEGORY.

HANNAH F. GOULD.

"ALAS! alas!" said the sorrowing Tree, "my beautiful robe is gone! It has been torn from me. Its faded pieces whirl upon the wind; they rustle beneath the squirrel's foot, as he searches for his nut. They float upon the passing stream, and on the quivering lake. Woe is me! for my fair, green vesture is gone. It was the gift of the Angel of the Leaves! I have lost it, and my glory has vanished; my beauty has disappeared. My summer hours have passed away. My bright and comely garment, alas! it is rent in a thousand parts.

2. "Who will weave me such another? Piece by piece, it has been stripped from me. Scarcely did I sigh for the loss of one, ere another wandered off on the air. The sound of music cheers me no more. The birds that sang in my bosom were dismayed at my desolation. They have flown away with their songs.

3. "I stood in my pride. The sun brightened my robe with his smile. The zephyrs breathed softly through its glossy folds; the clouds strewed pearls among them. My shadow was wide upon the earth. My arms spread far on the gentle air; my head was lifted high; my forehead was fair to the heavens. But now, how changed! Sadness is upon me; my head is shorn, my arms are stripped; I can not now throw a shadow on the ground. Beauty has departed; gladness is gone out of my bosom; the blood has retired from my heart, it has sunk into the earth.

4. "I am thirsty; I am cold. My naked limbs shiver in the chilly air. The keen blast comes pitiless among them.

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The winter is coming; I am destitute. Sorrow is my portion. Mourning must wear me away. How shall I account to the Angel who clothed me, for the loss of his beautiful gift?"

5. The Angel had been listening. In soothing accents he answered the lamentation. "My beloved Tree," said he, "be comforted. I am with thee still, though every leaf has forsaken thee. The voice of gladness is hushed among thy boughs; but let my whisper console thee. Thy sorrow is but for a season. Trust in me; keep my promise in thy heart. Be patient and full of hope. Let the words I leave with thee abide and cheer thee through the coming winter. Then I will return and clothe thee anew.

6. "The storm will drive over thee, the snow will sift through thy naked limbs. But these will be light and passing afflictions. The ice will weigh heavily on thy helpless arms; but it shall soon dissolve into tears. It shall pass into the ground, and be drunken by thy roots. Then it will creep up in secret beneath thy bark. It will spread into the branches it has oppressed, and help me to adorn them; for I shall be here to use it.

7. "Thy blood has now only retired for safety. The frost would chill and destroy it. Earth will not rob her offspring. She is a careful parent. She knows the wants of all her children, and forgets not to provide for the least of them.

8. "The sap, that has for a while gone down, will make thy roots strike deeper and spread wider. It will then return to nourish thy heart. It will be renewed and strengthened. Then, if thou shalt have remembered and trusted in my promise, I will fulfill it. Buds shall shoot forth on every side of thy boughs. I will unfold for thee another robe. I will paint it and fit it in every part. It shall be a

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comely raiment. Thou shalt forget thy present sorrow. Sadness shall be swallowed up in joy. Now, my beloved Tree, fare thee well for a season!"

9. The Angel was gone. The muttering winter drew near. The wild blast whistled for the storm. The storm came and howled around the Tree. But the word of the Angel was hidden in her heart; it soothed her amid the threatenings of the tempest. The ice-cakes rattled upon her limbs; they loaded and weighed them down.

10. "My slender branches," said she, "let not this burden overcome you. Break not beneath this heavy affliction; break not, but bend, till you can spring back to your places. Let not a twig of you be lost. Hope must prop you for a while, and the Angel will reward your patience. You will move upon a softer air. Grace shall be again in your motion, and beauty hang around you."

11. The scowling face of winter began to lose its features. The raging storm grew faint, and breathed its last. The restless clouds fretted themselves to atoms; they scattered upon the sky, and were brushed away. The sun threw down a bundle of golden arrows. They fell upon the tree; the ice-cakes glittered as they came. Every one was shattered by a shaft, and unlocked itself upon the limb. They were melted and gone.

12. The reign of Spring had come. Her blessed ministers were abroad in the earth; they hovered in the air; they blended their beautiful tints, and cast a new-created glory on the face of the heavens.

13. The Tree was rewarded for her trust. The Angel was true to the object of his love. He returned; he bestowed on her another robe. It was bright, glossy, and unsullied. The dust of summer had never lit upon it; the scorching heat had not faded it; the moth had not profaned it.

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14. The Tree stood again in loveliness; she was dressed in more than her former beauty; she was very fair; joy smiled around her on every side. The birds flew back to her bosom. They sang on every branch a hymn to the Angel of the Leaves.

LESSON XXXII.

THE WORLD OF CHANCE.

JOHN TODD.

AT the foot of a noble mountain in Asia stood a beautiful cottage. Around it were walks, and shades, and fruits, such as were nowhere else to be found. The sun shone upon no spot more beautiful or luxuriant. It was the home of Hafed, the aged and prosperous. He reared the cottage; he adorned the spot; and here, for more than fourscore years, he had lived and studied.

2. During all this time, the sun had never forgotten to visit him daily; the harvest had never failed, the pestilence had never destroyed, and the mountain stream had never dried up. The wife of his youth still lived to cheer him; and his son and daughter were such as were not to be found in all that province.

3. But who can insure earthly happiness? In one short week, Hafed was stripped of all his joys. His wife took cold, and a quick fever followed; and Hafed saw that she must die. His son and daughter both returned from the burial of their mother, fatigued and sick. The nurse gave them, as she thought, a simple medicine. In a few hours, it was found to be poison. Hafed saw that they must die; for the laws of nature are fixed, and poison kills.

4. He buried them in one wide, deep grave; and it

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seemed as if in that grave he buried his reason and religion. He tore his gray hair; he cursed the light of day, and wished the moon turned into blood. He arraigned the wisdom of God in His government over this world, declaring that the laws which He had established were all wrong, useless, and worse than none. He wished the world were governed by *Chance*, or, at least, that, at his death, he might go to a world where there was no God to fix unalterable laws.

5. In the center of Hafed's garden stood a beautiful palm-tree. Under this Hafed was sitting, the second evening after he had closed the grave over his children. Before him lay the beautiful country, and above him the glorious heavens, and the bright moon just pushing up her modest face. But Hafed looked upon all this, and grief swelled in his throat; his tongue murmured; his heart was full of blasphemous thoughts of God.

6. As the night deepened, Hafed, as he thought, fell asleep with a heavy heart. When he supposed he awoke, it was in a new spot. All around him was new. As he stood wondering where he was, he saw a creature approach him, which appeared like a baboon; but, on its coming nearer, he saw that it was a creature somewhat resembling a man, but every way ill-shaped and monstrous.

7. He came up, and walked around Hafed, as if he were a superior being, exclaiming, — "Beautiful, beautiful creature!" "Shame, shame on thee!" said Hafed; "dost thou treat a stranger thus with insults? Leave off thy jests, and tell me where I am, and how I came here!" "I do not know how you came here; but here you are, in our world, which we call *Chance World*, because every thing happens here by chance."

8. "Ah! is it so? This must be delightful! This is

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just the world for me. Oh, had I always lived here, my beautiful children would not have died under a foolish and inex'orable law! Come, show me this world; for I long to see it. But have ye really no God, nor any one to make laws and govern you as he sees fit'?"

9. "I do not know what you mean by the word God. We have nothing of that kind here, — nothing but *chance*. But go with me, and you will understand all about it." As they proceeded, Hafed noticed that every thing looked queer and odd. Some of the grass was green, some red, some white, some new, and some dying; some grew with the top downward; all kinds were mingled together; and, on the whole, the sight was very painful.

10. He stopped to examine an orchard: here Chance had been at work. On a fine-looking apple-tree he saw no fruit but large, coarse cucumbers. A small peach-tree was breaking down under its load of gourds. Some of the trees were growing with their tops downward, and the roots branching out into the air. Here and there were great holes dug, by which somebody had tried to get down twenty or thirty feet, in order to get the fruit.

11. The guide told Hafed that there was no certainty about these trees, and that you could never tell what fruit a tree would happen to bear. The tree which this year bears cucumbers, may bear potatoes next year, and perhaps you would have to dig twenty feet for every potato you obtained.

12. They soon met another of the "chance men." His legs were very unequal in length: one had no knee, and the other no ankle. His ears were set upon his shoulders, and around his head was a thick, black bandage. He came groping his way, and Hafed asked him how long since he had lost his sight.

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13. "I have not lost it," said he; "but when I was born, my eyeballs happened to turn *in* instead of *out;* and the back parts, being outward, are very painful in the light, and so I put on a covering. Yet I am as well off as others. My brother has one good eye on the top of his head; but it looks directly upward, and the sun almost puts it out."

14. They stopped to look at some "chance cattle" in a yard. Some had but three legs; some were covered with wool, under which they were sweltering in a climate always tropical. Some were half horse and half ox. Cows had young camels following them instead of calves. Young elephants were there with flocks of sheep, horses with claws like a lion, and geese clamping round the yard with hoofs like horses. It was all a work of Chance.

15. "This," said the guide, "is a choice collection of cattle. You never saw the like before." "That is true—truth itself," cried Hafed. "Ah! but the owner has been at great pains and expense to collect them. I do not believe there is another such collection anywhere in all this 'Chance World.'" "I hope not," said Hafed.

LESSON XXXIII.

THE WORLD OF CHANCE.

(CONTINUED.)

JUST as they were leaving the premises, the owner came out to admire, and show, and talk over his treasures. He wanted to gaze at Hafed; but his head happened to be near the ground, between his feet, so that he had to mount upon a wall before he could get a fair view of the stranger.

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"Do not think I am a happy man," said he, "in having so many and such perfect animals. Alas! even in this perfect and happy world, there are always drawbacks. That fine-looking cow yonder happens to give nothing but warm water, instead of milk; and her calf, poor thing! died before it was a week old.

2. "Some of them are stone blind, some can not live in the light, and few of them can hear. No two of them eat the same food, and it is a great labor to take care of them. I sometimes feel as if I would almost as lief be a poor man." "I think I should rather," said Hafed.

3. While they were talking, in an instant they were in midnight darkness. The sun was gone, and Hafed could not, for some time, see his guide. "What has *happened?*" said he. "Oh, nothing uncommon," said the guide. "The sun happened to go down now. There is no regular time for him to shine; but he goes and comes just as it happens, and leaves us suddenly, as you see."

4. "As I *don't* see," said Hafed; "but I hope he will come back at the appointed time, at any rate." "That, sir, will be just as it happens. Sometimes he is gone for months, and sometimes for weeks, and sometimes only for a few minutes, *just as it happens.* We may not see him again for months, but perhaps he will come soon."

5. As the guide was proceeding, to the inexpressible joy of all, the sun at once broke out. The light was so sudden, that Hafed at first thought he must be struck with lightning, and actually put his hands to his eyes to see if they were safe. He then clapped his hands to his eyes till he could gradually bear the light. There was a splendor about the sun, which he had never before seen; and it was intolerably hot. The air seemed like a furnace.

6. "Ah," said the owner of the cattle, "we must now

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scorch for it! My poor wool ox must die at once! Bad luck, bad luck to us! The sun has come back nearer than he was before. But we hope he will happen to go away again soon, and then happen to come back farther off the next time."

7. The sun was now pouring down his heat so intensely, that they were glad to go into the house for shelter, — a miserable-looking place indeed. Hafed could not but compare it with his own beautiful cottage. Some timbers were rotten; for the tree was not, as it happened, the same in all its parts. Some of the boards happened to be like paper, and the nails torn out; and these were loose and coming off.

8. They invited Hafed to eat. On sitting down at the table, he noticed that each one had a different kind of food, and that no two could eat out of the same dish. He was told that it so happened, that the food which one could eat, was poison to another; and what was agreeable to one, was nauseating to another.

9. "I suppose that to be coffee," said Hafed, "and I will thank you for a cup." It was handed him. He had been troubled with the toothache for some hours; and how did he quail, when, on filling his mouth, he found it was ice, in little pieces about as large as pigeon-shot!

10. "Do you call ice-water coffee here?" said Hafed, pressing his hand upon his cheek, while his tooth was dancing with pain. "That is just as it happens. We put water over the fire, and sometimes it heats it, and sometimes it freezes it. It is all chance work."

11. Hafed rose from the table in anguish of spirit. He remembered the world where he had lived, and all that was past. He had desired to live in a world where there was no God, where all was governed by chance. Here he was, and here he must live.

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12. He threw himself on a bed, and recalled the past, — the beautiful world where he had once lived; his ingratitude; his murmurings against the wisdom and goodness of God. He wept like infancy. He would have prayed, and even began a prayer: but then he recollected that there was no God here; nothing to direct events; nothing but chance. He shed many and bitter tears of repentance. At last he wept himself asleep.

13. When Hafed again awoke, he was sitting under his palm-tree in his own beautiful garden. It was morning. At the appointed moment, the glorious sun rose up in the east; the fields were all green and fresh; the trees were all right end upward, and covered with blossoms; and the songsters were uttering their morning songs.

14. Hafed arose, recalled that ugly dream, and then wept for joy. Was he again in a world where Chance does not reign? He looked up, and then turned to the God of heaven, the God of laws and of order, and gave Him the glory, and confessed that His ways, to us unsearchable, are full of wisdom. He was a new man ever afterward; nothing gave him greater cause of gratitude, as he daily knelt in prayer, than the fact that he lived in a world where God ruled, and ruled by laws fixed, wise, and merciful.

LESSON XXXIV.

[1] VE'NUS is the second planet in order from the Sun, its orbit lying between that of Mercury and that of the Earth, at a mean distance from the Sun of about 66,000,000 miles. Its diameter is 7,500 miles, and its period of revolution round the sun is nearly 225 days. As the morning-star, it was called, by the ancients, *Lucifer;* as the evening-star, *Hesperus.*

[2] MARS is the fourth planet in order from the Sun, or the next beyond the

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Earth, having a diameter of about 4,300 miles, a period of 687 days, and a mean distance of 139,000,000 miles. It is conspicuous for the redness of its light.

NO GOD.

N. K. RICHARDSON.

"The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God."*

1. IS there no God'? The white rose made reply, —
"My ermine robe was woven in the sky;"
The blue-bird warbled from his shady bower, —
"My plumage fell from Hands that made the flower."

2. Is there no God'? The silvery ocean spray,
At the vile question, startles in dismay;
And, tossing mad against earth's impious clod,
Impatient thunders, — "Yes, THERE IS A GOD!"

3. Is there no God'? The dying Christian's hand,
Pale with disease, points to a better land;
And, ere his body mingles with the sod,
(*p.*) He, sweetly smiling, faintly murmurs, — "GOD."

4. "We publish God!" the towering mountains cry
"Jehovah's name is blazoned on the sky!"
The dancing streamlet and the golden grain,
The lightning gleam, the thunder and the rain;

5. The dew-drop diamond on the lily's breast,
The tender leaf by every breeze caressed;
The shell whose pearly bosom ocean laves,
And sea-weed bowing to a troop of waves; —

* Psalms, 14th, 1st verse, and 53d, 1st verse.

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6. The glow of Venus[1] and the glare of Mars,[2]
The tranquil beauty of the lesser stars;
The eagle soaring in majestic flight,
The morning bursting from the clouds of night;—

7. The child's fond prattle and the mother's prayer,
Angelic voices floating in the air,—
Mind, heart, and soul, the ever-restless breath,
And all the myriad mysteries of death.

8. Beware, ye doubting, disbelieving throng,
Whose sole ambition is to favor wrong;
There is a God; remember while ye can,
"His Spirit will not always strive with man."

LESSON XXXV.

THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

AMELIA B. WELBY.

1. O THOU, who fling'st so fair a robe
Of clouds around the hills untrod,—
Those mountain-pillars of the globe,
Whose peaks sustain Thy throne, O God!
All glittering round the sunset skies,
Their trembling folds are lightly furled,
As if to shade from mortal eyes
The glories of yon upper world;
There, while the evening star upholds
In one bright spot their purple folds,
My spirit lifts its silent prayer,
For Thou, the God of love, art there.

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2. The summer flowers, the fair, the sweet,
Upspringing freely from the sod,
In whose soft looks we seem to meet,
At every step, Thy smiles, O God!
The humblest soul their sweetness shares;
They bloom in palace-hall, or cot:
Give me, O Lord! a heart like theirs,
Contented with my lowly lot.
Within their pure ambrosial bells,
In odors sweet, Thy Spirit dwells:
Their breath may seem to scent the air;
'Tis Thine, O God! for Thou art there.

3. The birds among the summer-blooms
Pour forth to Thee their strains of love,
When, trembling on uplifted plumes,
They leave the earth and soar above.
We hear their sweet familiar airs
Where'er a sunny spot is found:
How lovely is a life like theirs,
Diffusing sweetness all around!
From clime to clime, from pole to pole,
Their sweetest anthems softly roll,
Till, melting on the realms of air,
Thy still small voice seems whispering there.

4. The stars, those floating isles of light,
Round which the clouds unfurl their sails,
Pure as a woman's robe of white
That trembles round the form it vails, —
They touch the heart as with a spell;
Yet, set the soaring fancy free,

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And oh, how sweet the tales they tell! —
They tell of peace, of love, and Thee!
Each raging storm that wildly blows,
Each balmy gale that lifts the rose,
Sublimely grand, or softly fair,
They speak of Thee, for Thou art there.

5. The spirit oft oppressed with doubt,
May strive to cast Thee from its thought;
But who can shut Thy presence out,
Thou mighty Guest, that com'st unsought?
In spite of all our cold resolves,
Whate'er our thoughts, where'er we be,
Still magnet-like the heart revolves,
And points, all trembling, up to Thee.
We can not shield a troubled breast
Beneath the confines of the blest,
Above, below, on earth, in air;
For Thou, the living God, art there.

6. Yet, far beyond the clouds outspread,
Where soaring fancy oft hath been,
There is a land where Thou hast said
The pure of heart shall enter in.
In those fair realms so calmly bright,
How many a loved and gentle one
Bathes its soft plumes in living light
That sparkles from Thy radiant throne!
There souls once soft and sad as ours,
Look up and sing 'mid fadeless flowers:
They dream no more of grief and care;
For Thou, the God of peace, art there.

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LESSON XXXVI.

INTEGRITY.

D. S. DICKINSON.

THERE is yet another rule for the guidance of the young business-men, more important than any to which I have adverted, and without which the subtle deductions of political economy and the ornate science of commercial law would be useless. It is not defined by the chapters of statutes, nor divided into sections; nor has it grown up with the progress of civilization, to suit the demands of society, or answer the exigencies of trade; but it is coëval with human existence, and is written upon the tablet of every heart.

2. It comprises a code of exquisite completeness for man's moral government, and points the pathway for his footsteps, which, carefully pursued, will place length of days in his right hand; and in his left, riches and honor: and it admonishes with startling significance of the terrible penalties which await those who disobey or seek to evade its mandates. This law is as unalterable as the renowned Medes and Persians* fancied were their far-famed edicts.

"It lives through all time,
Extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided,
Operates unspent."

3. It is not taught in the schools, nor is study requisite to its possession; but the young and the old, the ignorant and the learned, the rich and the poor, the lofty and the low,

* Daniel, vi. chap. 8 verse.

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understand it alike, by that spark of divinity which electrifies the soul, and gives the conscience intuition. It is INTEGRITY, — integrity, including all the cardinal and social virtues which form a code for the moral government of man. It is a capital which never depreciates with fluctuations, is never at a discount, but is a sure reliance in every vicissitude and trial. It points to honorable success in life's pilgrimage with unerring certainty; and is both sword and shield to him who would wage, with the true heart of manhood, the great battle of life.

4. What though the tempests howl, the storms beat, the lightnings flash, the thunders roar, and the angry ocean cast up its mire and dirt: he who holds fast to his *integrity* will outride the danger, and may laugh at the fury of the elements. His bow of promise will arch itself up again in the heavens, more beautiful than ever, as a living witness that *truth can never die.* The slaves of vice, and the votaries of indolence and fraud, may flourish for a season; but they perish by a law of being as fixed and certain as the power of gravitation; and, when they have closed their ignoble existence, the devotees of truth will rise above their ruin, like the flowers of spring upon the bleak desolations of winter.

5. Go forth, then, young man, into this broad field of labor, and hope, and reward, and peril! Be temperate, industrious, frugal, and self-reliant; and whenever temptations shall cross your pathway and seek to allure you, pause and reflect, — remember this time and occasion, your associates and him who addresses you; and remember, too, and repeat this *one word* which I give you, as a talisman or charm to shield and protect you from all evil, and bear you through life's journey in safety; and that word is — INTEGRITY!

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LESSON XXXVII.

[1] TRANS FIG' URE (from TRANS, implying *change*, and FIGURE, *a form* or *shape*) is to change the form or figure; to transform.

[2] THE SOUTHERN CROSS is a brilliant little constellation, consisting of four principal stars; too far south, however, to be seen by us in these northern regions.

[3] THE POLAR STAR is a star of the second magnitude, forming the extremity of Ursa Minor, or the Little Bear.

THE VISIBLE AND THE INVISIBLE.

EPHRAIM PEABODY.

HERE is a whaling vessel in the harbor, her anchors up, and her sails unfurled. The last boat has left her, and she is now departing on a voyage of three, and perhaps four years in length. All that the eye sees is that she is a fine ship, and that it has cost much labor to fit her out. Those on board will spend years of toil, and will then return, while the profits of the voyage will be distributed, as the case may be, to be squandered, or to be added to already existing hoards. So much *appears*. But there is an *unpublished history*, which, could it be revealed, and brought vividly before the mind, would transfigure[1] her, and enshrine her in an almost awful light.

2. There is not a stick of timber in her whole frame, not a plank or a rope, which is not, in some mysterious way, enveloped with human interests and sympathies. Let us trace this part of her history, while she circles the globe, and returns to the harbor from which she sailed. At the outset, the labor of the merchant, the carpenter, and of all employed on her, has not been mere sordid labor. The thought of their homes, of their children, and of what this labor may secure for them, has been in their hearts.

3. And they who sail in her, leave behind homes, wives,

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children, parents; and, years before they return, those who are dearest to them, may be in their tombs. What bitter partings, as if by the grave's brink, are those which take place when the signal to unmoor calls them on board! There are among them young men, married, perhaps, but a few weeks before, and those of maturer years, whose young children cleave to their hearts as they go.

4. How deeply, as the good ship sails out into the open sea, is she freighted with memories and affections! Every eye is turned toward the receding coast, as if the pangs of another farewell were to be endured. Fade slowly, shores that encircle their homes! Shine brightly, ye skies, over those dear ones whom they leave behind!

5. They round the capes of continents, they traverse every zone, their keel crosses every sea; but still, brighter than the Southern Cross[2] or the Polar Star,[3] shines on their souls the light of their distant home. In the calm moon-light rise before the mariner the forms of those whom he loves; in the pauses of the gale, he hears the voices of his children. Beat upon by the tempest, worn down with labor, he endures all. Welcome care and toil, if these may bring peace and happiness to those dear ones who meet around his distant fireside!

6. And the thoughts of those in that home, compassing the globe, follow him wherever he goes. Their prayers blend with all the winds which swell his sails. Their affections hover over his dreams. Children count the months and the days of a father's absence. The babe learns to love him, and to lisp his name. Not a midnight storm strikes their dwelling, but the wife starts from her sleep, as if she heard, in the wailing of the wind, the sad forebodings of danger and wreck. Not a soft wind blows, but comes to her heart as a gentle messenger from the distant seas.

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7. And, after years of absence, they approach their native shores. As the day closes, they can see the summits of the distant highlands, hanging like stationary clouds on the horizon. And long before the night is over, their sleepless eyes catch the light, glancing across the rim of the seas, from the light-house at the entrance of the bay. With the morning they are moored in the harbor.

8. The newspapers announce her arrival. But here, again, how little of her cargo is of that *material kind* which can be reckoned in dollars and cents! She is freighted with human hearts, with anxieties, and hopes, and fears. There are many there who have not dared to ask the pilot of home. The souls of many, which yesterday were full of joy, are now overshadowed with anxiety. They almost hesitate to leave the ship, and pause for some one from the shore to answer those questions of home, and of those they love, which they dare not utter. There are many joyful meetings, and some that are full of sorrow.

9. Let us follow one of this crew. He is still a youth. Years ago, of a wild and reckless and roving spirit, he left his home. He had fallen into temptations which had been too strong for his feeble virtue. His feet had been familiar with the paths of sin and shame. But, during the present voyage, sickness and reflection have "brought him to himself." Full of remorse for evil courses, and for that parental love which he has slighted, he has said, — "I will arise and go to my father's house;" they who gave me birth, shall no longer mourn over me as lost. I will smooth the pathway of age to them, and be the support of their feeble steps.

10. He is on his way to where they dwell in the country. As the sun is setting, he can see, from an eminence over which the road passes, their solitary home on a distant hill-

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side. O scene of beauty, such as, to him, no other land can show! There is the church, here a school-house, and the homes of those whom he knew in childhood. He can see the places where he used to watch the golden sunset, not, as now, with a heart full of penitence, and fear, and sorrow for wasted years, but in the innocent days of youth. There are the pastures and the woods where he wandered, full of the dreams and hopes of childhood, — fond hopes and dreams that have issued in such sad realities.

11. The scene to others would be but an ordinary one; but, to *him*, the spirit gives it life. It is covered all over with the golden hues of memory. His heart leaps forward to his home; but his feet linger. May not death have been there'? May not those lips be hushed in the silence of the grave from which he hoped to hear the words of love and forgiveness'? He pauses on the way, and does not approach till he beholds a light shining through the uncurtained windows of the humble dwelling. And even now his hand is drawn back, which was raised to lift the latch. He would see if all are there. With a trembling heart, he looks into the window; and there — blessed sight! — he beholds his mother, busy as was her wont, and his father, only grown more reverend with increasing age, reading that holy book which he had taught his son to revere, but which that son had so forgotten!

12. But there were others; and, lo! one by one they enter, — young sisters, who, when he last saw them, were but children that sat on the knee, but have now grown up almost to womanly years. And now another fear seizes him. How shall they receive him? May not he be forgotten'? May they not reject him'? But he will, at least, enter. He raises the latch; — with a heart too full for utterance, he stands, silent and timid, in the doorway.

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The father raises his head, the mother pauses and turns to look at the guest who enters. It is but a moment, when burst from their lips the fond words of recognition,— "*My son! my son!*"

13. Blessed words, which have told, so fully that nothing remains to be told, the undying strength of parental love! To a traveler who might that night have passed this cottage among the hills, if he had observed it at all, it would have spoken of nothing but daily toil, of decent comfort, of obscure fortunes. Yet, at that very hour, it was filled with thanksgivings, which rose like incense to the heavens, because that "he who was lost was found, and he that was dead was alive again."

14. Thus ever under the *visible* is the *invisible*. Through dead material forms circulate the currents of spiritual life. Desert rocks, and seas, and shores, are humanized by the presence of man, and become alive with memories and affections. There is a life which *appears*, and under it, in every heart, is a life which does *not* appear, which is to the former as the depths of the sea to the waves, and the bubbles, and the spray on its surface. There is not an obscure house among the mountains, where the whole romance of life, from its dawn to its setting, through its brightness and through its gloom, is not lived through.

15. The commonest events of the day are products of the same passions and affections, which, in other spheres, decide the fate of kingdoms. Outwardly, the ongoings of ordinary life are like the movements of machinery, lifeless, mechanical, commonplace repetitions of the same trifling events. But they are neither lifeless, nor old, nor trifling. The passions and affections make them ever new and original, and the most unimportant acts of the day reach forward, in their results, into the shadows of eternity.

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LESSON XXXVIII.

[1] LU' NA CY, a species of insanity or madness; properly, the kind of insanity which is broken by intervals of reason, formerly supposed to have been influenced by the moon, (*luna,*) from which *lunacy* is derived.

WHEN I AM OLD.

CAROLINE A. BRIGGS.

1. WHEN I am old, (and, oh! how soon
Will life's sweet morning yield to noon,
And noon's broad, fervid, earnest light
Be shaded in the solemn night,
Till, like a story well-nigh told,
Will seem my life when I am old!)

2. When I am old, this breezy earth
Will lose for me its voice of mirth;
The streams will have an undertone
Of sadness not by right their own;
And Spring's sweet power in vain unfold
In rosy charms, — when I am old.

3. When I am old, I shall not care
To deck with flowers my faded hair;
'Twill be no vain desire of mine
In rich and costly dress to shine;
Bright jewels and the brightest gold
Will charm me naught, — when I am old.

4. When I am old, my friends will be
Old and infirm and bowed like me;
Or else (their bodies 'neath the sod,
Their spirits dwelling safe with God)
The old church-bell will long have tolled
Above the rest, — when I am old.

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5. When I am old, I'd rather bend
Thus sadly o'er each buried friend
Than see them lose the earnest truth
That marks the friendship of our youth:
'Twill be so sad to have them cold
Or strange to me, — when I am old!

6. When I am old, — oh! how it seems
Like the wild lunacy[1] of dreams
To picture in prophetic rhyme
That dim, far-distant, shadowy time, —
So distant that it seems o'er-bold
Even to *say*, — "When I am old!"

7. When I am old? — Perhaps ere then
I shall be missed from haunts of men;
Perhaps my dwelling will be found
Beneath the green and quiet mound;
My name by stranger hands enrolled
Among the dead, — *ere* I am old.

8. *Ere I am old?* — That time is *now;*
For youth sits lightly on my brow;
My limbs are firm, and strong, and free;
Life hath a thousand charms for me, —
Charms that will long their influence hold
Within my heart, — ere I am old.

9. *Ere I am old*, oh! let me give
My life to learning *how to live:*
Then shall I meet, with willing heart,
An early summons to depart,
Or find my lengthened days consoled
By God's sweet peace, — when I am old.

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LESSON XXXIX.

[1] FRANK′LIN, BENJAMIN, was born in Boston, Mass., Jan. 6, 1706; and died in Philadelphia, April 17, 1790. His name has long been a household word in America. He was her moralist, statesman, and philosopher. His discovery of the *identity* of lightning with electricity has obtained for him a lasting and world-renowned reputation.

A RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

THOMAS HOOD.

1. O WHEN I was a tiny boy,
My days and nights were full of joy,
My mates were blithe and kind!
No wonder that I sometimes sigh,
And dash the tear-drop from my eye,
To cast a look behind!

2. A hoop was an eternal round
Of pleasure. In those days I found
A top a joyous thing;
But *now* those past delights I drop;
My head, alas! is all my top,
And careful thoughts the string!

3. My kite, how fast and far it flew!
While I, a sort of Franklin,[1] drew
My pleasure from the sky!
'Twas papered o'er with studious themes,
The tasks I wrote,—my present dreams
Will never soar so high!

4. My joys are wingless all, and dead;
My dumps are made of more than lead;
My flights soon find a fall;

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My fears prevail; my fancies droop;
Joy never cometh with a hoop,
And seldom with a call!

5. My football's laid upon the shelf;
I am a shuttlecock myself,
The world knocks to and fro;
My archery is all unlearned,
And grief against myself has turned
My arrows and my bow!

6. No more in noontide sun I bask;
My authorship's an endless task;
My head's ne'er out of school;
My heart is pained with scorn and slight;
I have too many foes to fight,
And friends grow strangely cool!

7. No skies so blue or so serene
As then; no leaves look half so green
As clothed the play-ground tree:
All things I loved are altered so;
Nor does it ease my heart to know
That *change* resides in me!

8. O for the garb that marked the boy,
The trousers made of corduroy,
Well inked with black and red;
The crownless hat, ne'er deemed an ill,—
It only let the sunshine still
Repose upon my head!

9. O for the lessons learned by heart!
Ay, though the very birch's smart
Should mark those hours again,

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I'd "kiss the rod," and be resigned
Beneath the stroke, and even find
Some sugar in the cane!

10. When that I was a tiny boy,
My days and nights were full of joy,
My mates were blithe and kind!
No wonder that I sometimes sigh,
And dash the tear-drop from my eye,
To cast a look behind!

LESSON XL.

[1] TOP'-GAL LANT, situated above the top-mast, and below the royal-mast, being the third of the kind in order from the deck.

[2] CROSS'-TREE, a piece of timber, supported by the trestle-trees at the upper end of the lower masts, to sustain the frame of the top, and on the top-masts to extend the top-gallant shrouds.

[3] KA NACK' A, a native of the Sandwich Islands.

[4] LEE' WARD, that part toward which the wind blows.

[5] RAT' LINES, small lines traversing the shrouds of a ship, making the steps of a ladder for ascending to the mast-head.

[6] MAIN' YARD, the yard on which the mainsail is extended, supported by the mainmast.

[7] BACK'-STAYS, long ropes or stays extending from the top-mast heads to both sides of a ship, to assist the shrouds in supporting the masts.

[8] STAR'BOARD, being or lying on the right side.

[9] LOG' GER HEAD, a piece of round timber, in a whale-boat, over which the line is passed, to make it run more slowly.

TAKING A WHALE.

R. STARBUCK.

EARLY one morning, while we were cruising off the coast of Peru for sperm-whales, I was dozing on the main-top-gallant[1] cross-trees.[2] Suddenly something seemed to ring through my brain. I awoke to discover

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that it was the wild voice of Zadik, the captain's harpooner, a tall, swarthy, straight-haired youth, half Kanacka,[3] half English. He was very tender-hearted, but an excellent whaleman, whose power of vision was truly remarkable. He stood on the other side of me, shrieking with all the force of his lungs, "There blows! — there blows! — there — *there* — *there* blows!"

2. "Where away?" thundered old Captain Boom, glancing aloft.

"On the weather-bow, four miles off, heading to leeward!"[4]

This answer sent an electric thrill through every vein: the old ship lurched as if *she* felt it too. Up came old Boom, with spy-glass slung over his shoulder, mounting two ratlines[5] at a time. When on the cross-trees, he just gave one squint with his telescope; then his voice rang through the ship like the notes of a trumpet: —

3. "Back the mainyard[6]! — clear away the boats!" It would have done you good to see the men jump to falls and braces. The ship came up slowly, and Boom went speedily down by means of a back-stay.[7]

Zadik, following him, sprang like a deer into the starboard[8] boat.

"Lower away!" ordered the captain. Buzz-z-z! buzz! buzz-z-z! sounded the falls; and splash went the four boats almost simultaneously into the water.

4. The merry lads bundled into them, and away they flew, the captain's taking the lead.

"Snap your oars! Make the fire fly! Long and strong's the word! Bend your backs, every one of ye!" exclaimed the old captain.

In a similar manner the other officers encouraged their crews, until they had proceeded about four miles, when orders were given to stop pulling.

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5. "None of your venturesome pranks, Thomas; if you get alongside a whale," said the skipper to his son, a lad of fifteen, who belonged in the first mate's boat, "you'll have need of all your dexterity."

Thomas, the ship's favorite, smiled, and shook his curly head. At the same moment, the water broke into a whirlpool a few fathoms astern. There was a hurried whispering; then the boats were forced round, as a very small whale — a calf — rose to the surface.

6. We perceived at once that the creature had been struck by some other crew; for the shank of an iron protruded from its body. It seemed very weak, and in much pain, moving slowly, and now and then reeling sideways with a sudden plunge. It swam in a circle, as if bewildered; and the noise of its spouting somehow reminded me of the wailing of a child.

"Paddle ahead!" was the order; for every man believed that the mother of the calf, the cow-whale, was not far off.

The first mate was soon within darting distance.

"Give it to him!" he shrieked, and *whiz!* went the harpooner's iron into the animal's body.

7. For a few moments the little whale, as if half stupefied, remained nearly motionless; then it came down, writhing and whirling its flukes in great agony; after which it sounded. It was too weak to drag the boat very fast or very far; and it soon rose about fifty yards ahead.

"Haul line!" ordered the mate, now in the boat's bow, with lance in hand.

As he spoke, the water on one side of the calf suddenly parted with a roar like a cataract, and an enormous leviathan, the cow-whale, boomed up from the surface, beating the sea with her flukes, and spouting furiously.

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8. Round and round her offspring she swam; but soon paused, as if half paralyzed with astonishment and grief at the situation of the sufferer. A moment she remained thus, then moved ahead slowly and gently, occasionally turning, as if to entice the little creature to follow. In fact the calf endeavored to do so, but was too badly crippled to swim; it made a few feeble plunges toward its parent, and then began to writhe and wheel in great agony. Perceiving that it was now in its flurry, the mate stopped hauling line, and remained watching the animal until its blood-red spoutings no longer rose, and it rolled over quite dead.

9. The conduct of its mother was pitiful to witness. She seemed unwilling to believe that her young was really dead. Round it she slowly swam, spouting with a noise something between a shriek and a gasp. Then she moved ahead as before, and, like one half crazed, seemed not yet to have abandoned the hope of being followed by her offspring. Meanwhile her enemies were rapidly but stealthily advancing. Soon the captain, who was foremost, was near enough to dart.

"Let her have!" he exclaimed. Zadik raised his harpoon; at the same moment the cow gently rubbed her great head against the little whale, as if to ascertain the reason why it would not follow her.

10. Zadik lowered the point of his weapon; his wild eyes softened.

"That whale is just like a human mother, captain," said he, "and I haven't the heart to strike it!"

"Why, Zadik, what ails ye? Dart! dart! I tell ye!"

As he spoke, a sudden change came over the whale, which now, half turning, saw the boat. Wrathful and wild for revenge, she threw the whole length of her enor-

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mous body out of water; then, falling back with the din of a cataract, she made straight for the boat, her bristling jaws wide open, and her broad flukes beating the sea!

11. "Stern! stern!" shouted old Boom; and every man of his crew, except Zadik, turned pale.

The harpooner had changed with the leviathan. The flush of fight was now on his cheek, and there was fire in his eye. His dark brow was wrinkled; the ends of his straight, black hair bristled like spear-points. He motioned to the captain to keep off a little, and, being obeyed, sent both irons whizzing into the side of the monster!

12. Maddened with pain, fiercer than ever, the whale made a swift dash toward the boat, which she must have grappled, had not the captain, by a dexterous movement, whirled the light vessel to one side. Thus baffled, the monster descended, shaking a savage warning with her flukes as she disappeared. Away went the boat swift as a whirlwind, the line humming around the loggerhead,[9] and the crew cheering lustily in answer to the cheers of those who were pulling after them.

13. Zadik and the captain changed places, and the "old lion," as we called Boom, soon had his lance ready. The whale came up a quarter of an hour later, and "Haul line!" was the order. When within darting distance, the skipper sent his long weapon into the monster's body. Enraged beyond all bounds, she came dashing toward us in a cloud of whirling spray tossed by her enormous flukes.

14. "Stern! stern!" ordered the captain.

Thicker and faster flew the spray, almost hiding the animal from us, until suddenly we saw its great head, with the bristling jaws, bursting from the white foam-cloud, within six inches of the skipper! Had the nerves of

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Zadik failed him, the old man must have perished the next minute. But the voice of the Kanacka rang like the clang of a hammer, as with ready steering-oar he whirled the boat's broadside toward the monster, and then gave the order to "Stern!"

15. Snap went the monster's closing jaws, just missing the boat's bow! and whiz-z-z went the old captain's lance again into her body!

As she dashed furiously toward us, our shipmates arrived to take part in the combat. The first mate, who had left the calf to be towed by an extra boat's crew from the ship, attacked the monster on one flank, while the captain and his second and third mates battled desperately upon the other. The cheers of the men, the crashing of the whale's flukes, mingling with wild cries, were heard on all sides; while so thick was the spray that no man could see his neighbor distinctly.

16. Vigorously pressed, with lance after lance piercing her body, the whale soon acknowledged the power of her assailants by sending up into the spray-cloud a light-red fountain of blood! With exultant screams, the lancers, still attacking, buried their weapons in her writhing body, from which the spout rose darker and lower every moment.

Suddenly, with one tremendous whirl of her flukes, she struck the first mate's boat, shivering it to atoms! Then slowly round and round she swam, the dark blood-spout now ascending scarcely six inches. Finally, half lifting her flukes and head in one last spasm of agony, she expired!

17. The first mate's crew, being good swimmers, had not yet been picked up: for the captain had been too busy to notice *which* vessel was wrecked. As the poor fellows were helped into his boat, he looked in vain for his son.

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The sad story was soon told. (*pl.*) Poor little Thomas was far down under the sea, whither his frame, crushed by the whale's flukes, had been dragged by sharks.

18. The captain groaned, and bowed his head. He did not lift it until we were alongside the ship. While we were cutting up the whale, we looked in vain for him.

"He is down in the cabin," said the mate, "weeping and sobbing like a child. He will never be a happy man again!"

"Ay, ay," said Zadik gloomily. "I felt as if no good would come of our striking that whale! We killed *her* offspring, and *she* killed the captain's son!"

LESSON XLI.

[1] LE VI'A THAN here means the great whale.

[2] MAD'RE PŌRE, species of coral which usually branch like trees and shrubs, and have the surface covered with small prominences, each containing a cell.

[3] PHOS PHOR ES'CENCE, a shining with a faint light; state of being luminous without sensible heat.

[4] CACH'A LOT, (*cash' a lot,*) the sperm-whale. It has in its head a large cavity, in which is collected an oily fluid, which, after death, concretes into a granulated, yellowish substance, called *spermaceti.*

[5] BASQUES, (*Basks,*) an ancient and peculiar people, living on the slopes of the Pyrenees Mountains.

[6] TUN'NY, a large fish of the mackerel species. Its flesh is considered excellent food. Tunnies weighing over a thousand pounds are quite common in the Mediterranean.

LEVIATHAN, OR THE GREAT WHALE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MICHELET.

"THE fisherman belated at night in the North Sea," says Milton, "saw an isle, which, like the back of a mountain, lay upon the water; and in that isle he fast-

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ened his anchor. The isle fled, and carried him away. That isle was LEVIATHAN."[1] Captain Durville was similarly though not so fatally deceived. He saw at a distance an elevation on the water, which appeared to be a bank with breakers and eddies all around it, and certain patches upon it looked like rocks.

2. Above and around this seeming bank, the swallow and the stormy petrel raced and sported. The bank looked venerably gray, covered as it was with shells and madrepores.[2] But the mighty mass suddenly moved, and two enormous columns of water, which it threw high into the air, revealed the awakened whale.

3. Whales are given to companionship. Formerly they were seen sailing along, not only in pairs, but occasionally in large families of ten or twelve in the solitary seas. Nothing exceeded the grandeur of those vast and living fleets, sometimes lighted up by their own phosphoresence,[3] and throwing columns of water to the hight of thirty or forty feet, which, in the polar seas, smoked as it rose.

4. They would approach a vessel peaceably and in evident curiosity, looking upon her as some specimen of a new and strange species of fish; and they sported around, and welcomed the visitor. In their joy they raised themselves half upright, and then fell down again with a stunning noise, making a boiling gulf as they sank. Their innocent familiarity went so far, that they sometimes touched the ship or her boats, — an imprudent confidence which was most cruelly deceived. In less than a century, the great species of the whale have almost disappeared.

5. Whales have always been very numerous in the Greenland seas, — a grand object of desire to those to whom oil is a thing of very first necessity. The fish gives it by drops, the seal by gallons, the whale by hogsheads!

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He was truly a bold man who first, with his poor weapons, with the sea howling at his feet, and the darkness closing around him, dared to pursue the whale!

6. A bold man was he, who, trusting to his courage, the strength of his arm, and the weight of his harpoon, first believed that he could pierce that mighty mass of blubber and flesh, and convert it to his own profit! A daring man was he who first imagined that he could attack the whale, and not perish in the tempest that would be raised by the plunges and terrific blows of the astonished and suffering monster! And, as if to crown his audacity, the man next fastened a line to his harpoon, and, braving still more closely the frightful shock of the agonized and dying giant, never once feared that *that* giant might plunge headlong into the deep, taking with him harpoon, line, boat, and man!

7. There is still another danger, and no less terrible. It is, that, instead of meeting the common whale, that brave man should fall in with the cachalot,[4] the terror of the seas. He is not very large, — perhaps not more than from sixty to eighty feet long; but his head alone measures about one-third the length of the body. In case of such a meeting, woe to the fisher! he would become the chased instead of the chaser, the victim instead of the tyrant.

8. The cachalot has horrible jaws, and no less than forty-eight enormous teeth. He could, with ease, devour all, — both man and boat; and he seems always drunk with blood. His blind rage so terrifies all the other whales, that they escape, bellowing, throwing themselves on the shore, or striving to hide themselves in the sand. Even when he is dead, they still fear him, and will not approach his carcass.

9. Many think that those intrepid men who first under-

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took so perilous a task as that of whale-fishing, must have been eccentric enthusiasts; and that an undertaking so hazardous could never have originated with the prudent men of the North, but must have been initiated by the Basques,[5] those daring hunters and fishers, who were so well accustomed to their own capricious sea, where they fished the tunny.[6] *Here* they first saw the huge whales at play, and pursued them, frenzied by the hope of such enormous prey; onward, and still *onward*, no matter whither, — even to the confines of the pole.

10. *Here*, doubtless, the poor whale fancied it must be safe from its relentless pursuers. But our Basque madcaps followed it even into those frozen regions. Tightening his red belt around his waist, he stealthily and silently approaches the unconscious, sleeping monster, and fearlessly plunges the harpoon into its very vitals. Poor whale! He falls a victim to the selfishness and rapacity of man! Such achievements afford a striking proof of the wonderful *powers of the human mind*, in holding dominion, not only over the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field, but also over the MIGHTY MONSTERS OF THE DEEP.

LESSON XLII.

[1] GAL I LE' O, GALILEI, a distinguished astronomer, was born at Pisa, in Italy, July 15, 1564; and died Jan. 8, 1642. In 1592, he was appointed professor of mathematics in the University of Padua. Here he became a convert to the Copernican system of the universe; and, by means of a leaden tube and two spectacle glasses, he obtained a crude telescope of only threefold magnifying power. Subsequently he made two others, one magnifying *eight*, and the other *thirty* times. With these he discovered the mountains and cavities in the Moon, the four satellites of Jupiter, and the rings of Saturn. But prejudice and ignorance were combined against him. He was charged with heresy, imprisoned,

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and compelled to recant his opinions; but he stamped his foot, and exclaimed, — "*The earth moves, for all that!*"

[2] KEP' LER, JOHN, a celebrated mathematician and astronomer, was born at Weil, in Wirtemberg, Dec. 21, 1571; and died Nov. 5, 1631. During his life he published thirty-three separate works, among which his "New Astronomy," and the "Harmonies of the World," are the most remarkable. The latter work contains his celebrated law, that the squares of the periodic times of the planets are as the cubes of their distances; but, from a blunder in his calculations, he rejected it. Having discovered his error, he recognized with transport the absolute truth of a principle, which, for seventeen years, had been the object of his incessant pursuit. He was almost frantic with joy, and exclaimed, — "The die is cast! The book is written to be read, either now or by posterity, I care not which! It may well wait a century for a reader, as God has waited six thousand years for an observer!"

THE GAME OF LIFE.

J. G. SAXE.

1. THERE'S a game much in fashion, — I think it's called *Eucher*,
(Though I never have played it for pleasure or lucre,)
In which, when the cards are in certain conditions,
The players appear to have changed their positions,
And one of them cries, in a confident tone, —
"I think I may venture to *go it alone!*"

2. While watching the game, 'tis a whim of the bard's
A *moral* to draw from the skirmish of cards,
And to fancy he sees in the trivial strife
Some excellent hints for the battle of Life;
Where, whether the prize be a ribbon or throne,
The *winner* is he who can "*go it alone!*"

3. When great Galileo[1] proclaimed that the world
In a regular orbit was ceaselessly whirled,

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And got not a convert for all of his pains,
But only derision, and prison, and chains, —
"*It moves, for all that!*" was his answering tone;
For he knew, like the Earth, he could "*go it alone!*"

4. When Kepler,[2] with intellect piercing afar,
Discovered the laws of each planet and star,
And doctors, who ought to have lauded his name,
Derided his learning, and blackened his fame,
"I can *wait*," he replied, "till the truth you shall own;"
For he felt in his heart he could "*go it alone!*"

5. Alas for the player who idly depends,
In the struggle of life, upon kindred and friends!
Whatever the value of blessings like these,
They can never atone for inglorious ease;
Nor comfort the coward, who finds, with a groan,
That his crutches have left him to "*go it alone!*"

6. There's something, no doubt, in the hand you may hold;
Health, family, culture, wit, beauty, and gold,
The fortunate owner may fairly regard
As, each in its way, a most excellent card;
Yet the game may be lost with all these for your own,
Unless you've the courage to "*go it alone!*"

7. In battle or business, whatever the game,
In law or in love, it is ever the same;
In the struggle for power, or the scramble for pelf,
Let this be your motto, — "*Rely on yourself!*"
For, whether the prize be a ribbon or throne,
The victor is he who can "*go it alone!*"

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LESSON XLIII.

KEEP IN STEP.

ANON.

Those who would walk together, must keep in step. — OLD PROVERB.

1. AY, the world keeps moving forward,
Like an army marching by:
Hear you not its heavy footfall
That resoundeth to the sky'?
Some bold spirits bear the banner,
Souls of sweetness chant the song,
Lips of energy and fervor
Make the timid-hearted strong!
Like brave soldiers, we march forward:
If you linger or turn back,
You must look to get a jostling
While you stand upon our track.
KEEP IN STEP!

2. My good neighbor, Master Standstill,
Gazes on it as it goes,
Not quite sure but he is dreaming
In his afternoon's repose.
"Nothing good," he says, "can issue
From this endless 'moving on;'
Ancient laws and institutions
Are decaying, or are gone.
We are rushing on to ruin
With our mad, new-fangled ways."
While he speaks, a thousand voices,
As the heart of *one* man, say,—
"KEEP IN STEP!"

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3. Be assured, good Master Standstill,
All-wise Providence designed
Aspiration and progression
For the yearning human mind.
Generations left their blessings
In the relics of their skill;
Generations yet are longing
For a greater glory still.
And the shades of our forefathers
Are not jealous of our deed:
We but follow where they beckon,
We but go where they do lead!
KEEP IN STEP!

4. One detachment of our army
May encamp upon the hill,
While another in the valley
May enjoy "its own sweet will:"
This may answer to one watchword,
That may echo to another;
But in unity and concord,
They discern that each is brother!
Breast to breast they're marching onward
In a good and peaceful way:
You'll be jostled if you hinder,
So don't offer let or stay:
KEEP IN STEP!

LESSON XLIV.

[1] SHĀK'SPEARE, WILLIAM. See note, p. 106.

ARK'WRIGHT, SIR RICHARD, was born in Preston in 1732. When thirty-five years of age, he devoted his attention to the subject of inventions for spinning cotton. Mills for spinning cotton by his machinery

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were first erected in Nottingham. The system has been universally adopted, and, in all its main features, remains unaltered to the present time. Out of his invention have grown up the largest manufacture, the largest trade, the largest revenue, some of the largest cities, and the largest national prosperity, in the world. Although defrauded out of his patent right, yet by indomitable energy he turned the tide of prosperity and wealth to his own advantage, and left a large fortune to his heirs.

Co LUM′ BUS, CHRISTOPHER, the discoverer of America in 1492, was born in Genoa, Italy, 1436; and died May 20, 1506.

ENCOURAGEMENTS IN THE PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE.

EDWARD EVERETT.

AN idea, I fear, prevails, that truths are obvious enough in themselves, but that they apply only to men of literary education, — to professional characters, and persons of fortune and leisure; and that it is out of the power of the *other* classes of society, and those who pass most of their time in manual labor and mechanical industry, to engage in the pursuit of knowledge with any hope of being useful to themselves and others.

2. This I believe to be a great error. What is it that we wish to improve? THE MIND. Is this a thing monopolized by any class of society′? God forbid! it is the heritage with which he has endowed all the children of the great family of man. Is it a treasure belonging to the wealthy′? It is talent bestowed alike on rich and poor, high and low. But this is not all: mind is, in all men, and in *every* man, the same active, living, and creative principle; it is the *man* himself.

3. One of the renowned philosophers of heathen antiquity beautifully said of the intellectual faculties, — "I call them not *mine*, but *me*." It is these which make the man, which *are* the man. I do not say that opportunities, that wealth, leisure, and great advantages for education, are

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nothing: but I *do* say, they are much less than is commonly supposed; I *do* say, as a general rule, that the amount of useful knowledge which men acquire, and the good they do with it, are by no means in direct proportion to the degree to which they have enjoyed what are commonly called the great advantages of life.

4. Wisdom does sometimes, but not most commonly, feed her children with a silver spoon. I believe it is perfectly correct to say, that a small proportion only of those who have been most distinguished for the improvement of their minds have enjoyed the best advantages for education. I do not mean to detract, in the least degree, from the advantages of the various seminaries for learning which public and private liberality has founded in our country. They serve as places where a large number of persons are prepared for their employment in the various occupations which the public service requires.

5. But, I repeat it, of the great benefactors of our race, the men who, by wonderful inventions, remarkable discoveries, and extraordinary improvements, have conferred the most eminent service on their fellow-men, and gained the highest names in history, by far the greater part have been men of humble origin, narrow fortunes, small advantages, and self-taught.

6. And this springs from the nature of the mind of man, which is not, like natural things, a vessel to be filled up from without; into which you may pour a little or pour much, and then measure, as with a gauge, the *degrees* of knowledge imparted. The knowledge that *can* be *so* imparted is the least valuable kind of knowledge; and the man who has nothing but this, may be very learned, but *can* not be very wise. In this great respect, — the most important that touches human condition, — *we are all equal.*

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7. It is not more true, that all men possess the same natural senses and organs, than that their minds are endowed with the same capacities for improvement, though not, perhaps, all in the same degree. Shakspeare,[1] whose productions have been the wonder and delight of all who speak the English language, for two hundred years, was a runaway youth, the son of a wool-comber; and Sir Richard Arkwright,[2] who invented the machinery for spinning cotton, was the youngest of thirteen children of a poor peasant, and, till he was thirty years of age, followed the business of a traveling barber.

8. As men bring into the world with them an equal intellectual endowment, that is, minds equally susceptible of improvement, so, in a community like that in which we have the happiness to live, the means of improvement are much more equally enjoyed than might at first be supposed. Whoever has learned to read, possesses the keys of Knowledge; and can, whenever he pleases, not only unlock the portals of her temple, but penetrate to the inmost halls and most sacred cabinets. A few dollars, the surplus of the earnings of the humblest industry, are sufficient to purchase the use of books which contain the elements of the whole circle of useful knowledge.

9. It may be thought that a considerable portion of the community *want time* to attend to the cultivation of their minds. But it is only necessary to make the experiment to find *two things:* one, how much useful knowledge can be acquired in a very *little time;* and the other, how *much time* can be spared, by good management, out of the busiest day. There are very few pursuits in life whose duties are so incessant that they do not leave a *little time*, every day, to a man, whose temperate and regular habits allow him the comfort of a clear head and a cheerful temper, in the

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intervals of occupation; and then there is *one day* in seven, which is redeemed to us, by our blessed religion, from the calls of life, and affords us all time enough for the improvement of our rational and immortal natures.

10. There is also a time of *leisure*, which Providence, in this climate, has secured to almost every man who has any thing which can be called a home; I mean *our long winter evenings*. This season seems provided, as if expressly, for the purpose of furnishing those who labor with ample opportunity for the improvement of their minds. The severity of the weather, and the shortness of the days, necessarily limit the portion of time which is devoted to out-door industry; and there is little to tempt us abroad in search of amusement.

11. Every thing seems to invite us to employ an hour or two of this calm and quiet season in the acquisition of useful knowledge, and the cultivation of the mind. The noise of life is hushed; the pavement ceases to resound with the din of laden wheels, and the tread of busy men; the glaring sun has gone down, and the moon and the stars are left to watch in the heavens over the slumbers of the peaceful creation. The mind of man should keep its vigils with them; and while his body is reposing from the labors of the day, and his feelings are at rest from its excitements, he should seek, in some amusing and instructive page, a substantial food for the craving appetite for knowledge.

12. If we needed any encouragement to make these efforts to improve our minds, we might find it in every page of our country's history. Nowhere do we meet with examples, more numerous and more brilliant, of men who have risen above poverty and obscurity, and every disadvantage, to usefulness and an honorable name. Our whole

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vast continent was added to the geography of the world by the persevering efforts of a humble Genoese mariner, the great Columbus,[3] who, by the steady pursuit of the enlightened conception he had formed of the figure of the earth, before any navigator had acted upon the belief that it was round, discovered the American continent.

13. He was the son of a Genoese pilot, a pilot and seaman himself; and, at one period of his melancholy career, was reduced to beg his bread at the doors of the convents in Spain. But he carried within himself, and beneath a humbler exterior, a *spirit* for which there was not room in Spain, in Europe, nor in the then known world; and which led him on to a hight of usefulness and fame, beyond that of all the monarchs that ever reigned.

LESSON XLV.

[1] PER CEIVE', (PER, *through;* CEIVE, *to take,*) to take *through* the medium of the senses; to see; to discern.

[2] PRE CEDE', (PRE, *before;* CEDE, *to go,*) to go before in order of time. See Sanders' Analysis, page 40.

[3] MIL' TON, JOHN. See note, p. 107.

THE CAPACITY OF AN HOUR.

JOHN FOSTER.

THE omnipresent Spirit perceives[1] all but an infinite number of actions taking place together throughout the different regions of his empire. And, by the end of the hour which has just begun, a greater number of operations *will have been performed*, which, at this moment, have *not been performed*, than the collective sum of *all that has been done* in this world since its creation.

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2. The *hour*, just now begun, may be exactly the period for finishing *some great plan*, or concluding *some great dispensation*, which thousands of years or ages have been advancing to its accomplishment. *This* may be the *very hour* in which a new world shall originate, or an ancient one sink in ruins. *At this hour*, such changes and phenomena may be displayed in some parts of the universe as were never presented to the astonishment of the most ancient created minds.

3. *At this very hour* the inhabitants of some remote orb may be roused by signs analogous to those which we anticipate to precede[2] the final judgment, and in order to prepare them for such an event. *This hour* may somewhere begin or conclude mightier contests than Milton[3] was able to imagine, and contests producing a more stupendous result, — *contests*, in comparison with which those which shake Europe are more diminutive than those of the meanest insects.

4. *At this very hour* thousands of amazing enterprises may be undertaken, and, by the end of it, a progress made, which, to us, would have seemed to require ages. *At this hour* wise intelligences may terminate long and patient pursuits of knowledge in such discoveries as shall give a new science to their race.

5. *At this hour* a whole race of improved and virtuous beings may be elevated to a higher station in the great system of beings. *At this hour* some new mode of divine operation, some new law of Nature, which was not required before, may be introduced into the first trial of its action.

6. *At this hour* the most strange suspensions of regular laws may take place at the will of Him that appointed them, for the sake of commanding a solemn attention, and

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confirming some divine communication by miracles. *At this hour* the inhabitants of the creation are most certainly performing more actions than any faculty of mind, less than infinite, can observe or remember.

7. *All* this, and incomparably *more* than all this, a philosopher and a Christian would delight to imagine. And all that he *can* imagine in the widest stretch of thought is as nothing in comparison with what most certainly takes place in so vast a universe *every hour*, and *will* take place this *very hour*, in which these faint conjectures are indulged.

LESSON XLVI.

EVENING PRAYER.

CHANNING.

LET us now consider *another* part of the day which is favorable to the duty of prayer; we mean the *evening*. This season, like the morning, is calm and quiet. Our labors are ended. The bustle of life is gone by. The distracting glare of the day has vanished. The darkness which surrounds us favors seriousness, composure, and solemnity. At night, the earth fades from our sight, and nothing of creation is left to us but the starry heavens, so vast, so magnificent, so serene, as if to guide up our thoughts above all earthly things to God and immortality.

2. This period should, in part, be given to *prayer*, as it furnishes a variety of devotional topics and excitements. The evening is the close of an important division of time, and is, therefore, a fit and natural season for stopping, and looking back on the day. And can we ever look back on a day which bears no witness to God, and lays no claim to our gratitude? Who is it that strengthens us for daily

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labor, gives us daily bread, continues our friends and common pleasures, and grants us the privilege of retiring, after the cares of the day, to a quiet and beloved home?

3. The review of the day will often suggest not only these ordinary benefits, but *peculiar proofs* of God's goodness, — unlooked-for successes, singular concurrences of favorable events, special blessings sent to our friends, or new and powerful aids to our own virtue, which call for *peculiar thankfulness*. And shall all these benefits pass away unnoticed? Shall we retire to repose as insensible as the wearied brute? How fit and natural is it to close, with pious acknowledgment, *that* day which has been filled with Divine beneficence!

4. But the *evening* is the time to review, not only our blessings, but our *actions*. A reflecting mind will naturally remember, at this hour, that another day is gone, and gone to testify of us to our Judge. How natural and useful to inquire what report it has carried to Heaven! Perhaps we have the satisfaction of looking back on a day, which, in its general tenor, has been innocent and pure; which, having begun with God's praise, has been spent as in His presence; which has proved the reality of our principles in temptation: and shall such a day end without gratefully acknowledging Him in whose strength we have been strong, and to whom we owe the powers and opportunities of Christian improvement?

5. But no day will present to us recollections of purity unmixed with sin. Conscience, if suffered to inspect faithfully and speak plainly, will recount irregular desires and defective motives, talents wasted and time misspent; and shall we let the day pass from us without penitently confessing our offenses to Him who has witnessed them, and who has promised pardon to true repentance? Shall we

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retire to rest with a burden of unlamented and unforgiven guilt upon our consciences′? Shall we leave these stains to spread over and sink into the soul′?

6. A religious recollection of our lives is one of the chief instruments of piety. If possible, no day should end without it. If we take no account of our sins on the day on which they are committed, can we hope that they will recur to us at a more distant period, that we shall watch against them to-morrow, or that we shall gain the strength to resist them, which we will not implore′?

7. The evening is a fit time for prayer, not only as it ends the day, but as it immediately precedes the period of repose. The hour of activity having passed, we are soon to sink into insensibility and sleep. How fit that we resign ourselves to the care of that Being who never sleeps, to whom the darkness is as the light, and whose providence is our only safety! How fit to entreat Him that He would keep us to another day; or, if our bed should prove our grave, that He would give us a part in the resurrection of the just, and awake us to a purer and immortal life! Let our prayers, like the ancient sacrifices, ascend morning and evening. Let our days begin and end with God.

LESSON XLVII.

THE TIME FOR PRAYER.

ANON.

1. WHEN is the time for prayer?
With the first beams that light the morning sky,
Ere for the toils of day thou dost prepare,
Lift up thy thoughts on high;

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Commend thy loved ones to His watchful care:
Morn is the time for prayer.

2. And in the noontide hour,
If worn by toil, or by sad cares oppressed,
Then unto God thy spirit's sorrow pour,
And He will give thee rest;
Thy voice shall reach Him through the fields of air:
Noon is the time for prayer.

3. When the bright sun hath set,
While eve's bright colors deck the skies,
When with the loved at home again thou'st met,
Then let thy prayers arise
For those who in thy joys and sorrows share:
Eve is the time for prayer.

4. And when the stars come forth;
When to the trusting heart sweet hopes are given,
And the deep stillness of the hour gives birth
To pure, bright dreams of Heaven,—
Kneel to thy God, ask strength life's ills to bear:
Night is the time for prayer.

5. When is the time for prayer?
In *every hour*, while life is spared to thee;
In crowds or solitude, in joy or care,
Thy thoughts should heavenward flee.
At *morn*, at *noon*, and *eve*, with loved ones there,
Bend thou the knee in prayer!

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LESSON XLVIII.

ONE BY ONE.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

1. ONE by one the sands are flowing;
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going:
Do not strive to grasp them all.

2. One by one thy duties wait thee;
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elate thee:
Learn thou first what *these* can teach.

3. One by one, (bright gifts from Heaven,)
Joys are sent thee here below:
Take them readily when given,
Ready, too, to let them go.

4. One by one thy griefs shall meet thee;
Do not fear an armèd band;
One will fade as others greet thee,—
Shadows passing through the land.

5. Do not look at life's long sorrow;
See how small each moment's pain:
God will help thee for to-morrow;
So each day begin again.

6. Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
When each gem is set with care.

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7. Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond;
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

8. Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching Heaven; but, one by one,
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

LESSON XLIX.

[1] NEP' TUNE, (the son of Saturn and Ops,) the god of the sea, fountains, and rivers. He is represented as bearing a trident (a spear with three prongs) for a scepter.

[2] MER' CU RY (the son of Jupiter and Maia) was the fabled messenger and interpreter of the gods, and the god of eloquence and commerce.

[3] JOVE, or JU' PI TER, (the son of Saturn,) was the chief divinity of the ancient Romans.

INVENTIVE GENIUS AND LABOR.

ELIHU BURRITT.

THE *physical necessity of mental activity*, in every practical sense, confers upon the mind the power to determine our stature, strength, and longevity; to multiply our organs of sense, and increase their capacity, in some cases, to thirty million times their *natural* power. This capacity of the mind is not a mere prospective possibility; it is a fact, — *a tried, practical fact;* and the human mind is more busy than ever in extending this prerogative.

2. Let us look in upon man while engaged in the very act of adding to his *natural strength* these gigantic faculties. See him yonder, bending over his stone mortar, and pounding, and thumping, and sweating, to pulverize his flinty

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grain into a more esculent form. He stops and looks a moment into the precipitous torrent thundering down its rocky channel. *There!* A thought has struck him. He begins to whistle: he whittles some; for he learned to whittle soon after he learned to breathe. He gears together, some horizontally, and others perpendicularly, a score of little wooden wheels. He sets them agoing, and claps his hands in triumph to see what they would do if a thousand times larger.

3. Look at him again! How proudly he stands, with folded arms, looking at the huge things that are working for him! He has made that wild, raging torrent as tame as his horse. He has taught it to walk backward and forward. He has given it hands, and put the crank of his big wheel into them, and made it turn his ponderous grindstone. What a taskmaster! Look at him again! He is standing on the ocean beach, watching the crested billows as they move in martial squadrons over the deep. He has conceived or heard that richer productions, more delicious fruits and flowers, may be found on yonder invisible shore. In an instant his mind sympathizes with the yearnings of his physical nature.

4. See! there is a new thought in his eye. He remembers how he first saddled the horse: he now bits and saddles the mountain wave. Not satisfied with taming *this* proud element, he breaks *another* into his service. Remembering his mill-dam, he constructs a floating dam of canvas in the air, to harness the winds to his ocean-wagon. Thus, with his water-horse and air-horse harnessed *in tandem*,* he drives across the wilderness of waters with a team that would make old Neptune[1] hide his diminished head for envy, and sink his clumsy chariot beneath the waves.

* In tandem, one after another.

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5. See now! he wants something else: his appetite for something better than he has, grows upon what he feeds on. The fact is, he has plodded about in his one-horse wagon till he is disgusted with his poor capacity of locomotion. The wings of Mercury,[2] modern eagles, and paper kites, are all too *impracticable* for models. He settles down upon the persuasion that he can make a great IRON HORSE, with bones of steel and muscles of brass, that will run against Time with Mercury, or any other winged messenger of Jove,[3] — *the daring man!*

6. He brings out his huge leviathan upon the track. How the giant creature struts forth from his stable, panting to be gone! His great heart is a furnace of glowing coals; his lymphatic blood is boiling in his veins; the strength of a thousand horses is nerving his iron sinews. But his master reins him with one finger, till *the whole of some Western village*—men, women, children, and half their horned cattle, sheep, poultry, wheat, cheese, and potatoes—has been stowed away in that long train he has harnessed to his foaming steam-horse.

7. And now he shouts, interrogatively, "ALL RIGHT'?" and, applying a burning goad to the huge creature, away it thunders over the iron road, breathing forth fire and smoke in its indignant haste to outstrip the wind. More terrible than the war-horse* in Scripture, clothed with louder thunder, and emitting a cloud of flame and burning coals from his iron nostrils, he dashes on through dark mountain passes, over jutting precipices and deep ravines. His tread shakes the earth like a traveling Niagara, and the sound of his chariot-wheels warns the people of distant towns that he is coming.

* See 39th chap. of Job, 20–25th verses.

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LESSON L.

THE RESULTS OF WORK.

DR. J. G. HOLLAND.

INDEPENDENCE and SELF-RESPECT are essential to happiness; and these are never to be attained without earnest *work*. It is impossible that a man shall be a *drone*, and go through life without a purpose which contemplates worthy results, and, at the same time, maintain his self-respect. No *idle* man, however rich he may be, can feel the genuine independence of him who earns honestly and manfully his daily bread.

2. The idle man stands outside of God's plan, — outside the ordained scheme of things; and the truest self-respect, the noblest independence, and the most genuine dignity, are not to be found there. The man who does *his* part in life, who pursues a worthy end, and who takes care of himself, is the *happy* man. There is a great deal of cant afloat about the *dignity of labor*, uttered mostly, perhaps, by those who know little about it *experimentally;* but labor *has* a dignity which attaches to little else that is human.

3. To labor rightly and earnestly is to walk in the golden track that leads to God. It is to adopt the regimen of manhood and womanhood. It is to come into sympathy with the great struggle of humanity toward perfection. It is to adopt the fellowship of all the great and good the world has ever known. I suppose that all God's purposes in work are fulfilled in the completion of the discipline of the worker; and the results of work are doubtless laid under tribute for this end.

4. It is in *achievement* that Work throws off all her re-

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pulsive features, and assumes the form and functions of an angel. Before her, like a dissolving scene, the forest fades, with its wild beasts and its wild men; and, under her hand, smiling villages rise among the hills and on the plains, and yellow harvests spread the fields with gold. The city, with its docks and warehouses, and churches and palaces, springs, at her bidding, into being.

5. The trackless ocean mirrors her tireless pinions as she ransacks the climes for the food of commerce, or flames with the torches of her steam-sped messengers. She binds states and marts and capitals together with bars of iron that thunder with the ceaseless rush of life and trade. She pictures all scenes of beauty on canvas, and carves all forms of excellence in marble. Into huge libraries she pours the wealth of countless precious lives. She erects beautiful and convenient homes for men and women to dwell in, and weaves the fibers which Nature prepares into fabrics for their covering and comfort.

6. She rears great civilizations that run like mountain-ranges through the level countries, their summits sleeping among the clouds, or still flaming with the fire that fills them, or looming grandly in the purple haze of history. Nature furnishes material, and Work fashions it. By the hand of Art, Work selects, and molds, and modifies, and recombines that which it finds, and gives utterance and being to those compositions of matter and of thought which build for man a new world, with special adaptation to his desires, tastes, and necessities. Man's record upon this wild world is the record of *work*, and of work alone.

7. Work explores the secrets of the universe, and brings back those contributions which make up the sum of human knowledge. It counts the ribs of the mountains, and feels

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the pulses of the sea, and traces the foot-paths of the stars, and calls the animals of the forest, and the birds of the air, and the flowers of the field, by name. It summons horses of fire and chariots of fire from heaven, and makes them the bearers of its thought. It plunders the tombs of dead nationalities, and weaves living histories from the shreds it finds.

8. *How wonderful a being is man,* when viewed in the light of his *achievements!* It is in the record of these that we find the evidence of his power, and the credentials of his glory. Into the results of work each generation pours its life; and, as the results grow in excellence, with broader forms, and richer tints, and nobler meanings, they become the indexes of the world's prŏgress. We estimate the life of a generation by *what it does;* and the results of its work stand out in advance of its successor, to show it what it *can* do, and to show it what it *must* do, to reach a finer consummation.

9. Thus Work, in her results, lifts each generation in the world's progress from step to step, shortening the ladder upon which the angels ascend and descend, and climbing by ever brighter and broader gradations toward the ultimate perfection. A new and more glorious gift of power compensates for each worthy expenditure; so that it is by *work* that man carves his way to that measure of power which will fit him for his destiny, and leave him nearest God.

10. Hammer away, thou sturdy smith, at that bar of iron! for thou art bravely forging thy own destiny. Weave on in glad content, industrious worker of the mill! for thou art weaving cloth of gold, though thou seest not its luster. Plow and plant, and rear and reap, ye tillers of the soil! for those brown acres of yours are pregnant with nobler

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fruitage than that which hung in Eden. Let Commerce fearlessly send out her ships; for there *is a haven* where they will arrive at last, with freighted wealth below, and flying streamers above, and jubilant crews between. Working well for the minor good and the chief good of life, you shall win your way to the great consummation, and find in your hands the golden key that will open for you the riddle of your history.

LESSON LI.

[1] CAR LYLE', THOMAS, an eccentric writer, was born in Scotland, 1796. His style, at first, was simple and eloquent; latterly he became affected and grotesque, though often vigorous.

OUR DEEDS IMPERISHABLE.

L. H. GRINDON.

NO man is happier than he who loves and fulfills that *particular work* for the world which falls to his share. Even though the full understanding of his work and of its ultimate value may not be present with him, if he but *love* it, and his conscience approve, it brings an abounding satisfaction. Indeed, none of us fully comprehend our office, nor the issues we are working for.

2. To man is intrusted the *nature* of his actions, and not the *result* of them. *This*, God keeps out of our sight. The most trivial act, doubtless, goes to the promotion of a multitude of ends, distant it may be to ourselves, but only as the leaves of a tree are distant from their supplying rootlets; and therefore does it behoove us to be *diligent* in our several spheres. We should work like the bees, sedulous to collect all the honey within our reach, but leaving to Providence to order what shall come of it.

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3. The good which our exertions effect, may rarely or never become visible. In teaching, which is the readiest of good uses, how often does all exertion seem in vain! Our *duty* is, nevertheless, to persevere, and strive to do all we can, leaving the result with Providence. Every man should go on working, never debating within himself, nor wavering in doubt, whether it *may* succeed, but labor as if, of necessity, it *must* succeed.

4. Between the result of a single effort and the end we have in view, and the magnitude of the obstacles to be overcome, there may often appear a large and painful disproportion: but we must not allow ourselves to be discouraged by *seemings;* warm, hearty, sunny endeavor will unfailingly meet with its reward. Good uses are never without result. Once enacted, they become a part of the *moral world.* They give to it a new enrichment and beauty, and the whole universe partakes of their influence. They may not return in the shape wherein played forth, but likelier after the manner of seed, which never forgets to turn to flowers.

5. Philosophers tell us, that, since the creation of the world, not one particle of matter has been lost. It may have passed into new shapes; it may have combined with other elements; it may have floated away in vapor: but it comes back some time, in the dew-drop or the rain, helping the leaf to grow, and the fruit to swell: through all its wanderings and transformations, Providence watches over and directs it. So it is with every generous and self-denying effort. It may escape our observation, and be utterly forgotten; it may seem to have been utterly in vain: but it has painted itself on the eternal world, and is never effaced. Nothing that has the ideas and principles of Heaven in it can die or be fruitless.

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6. "Talk not of wasted affection; affection never was wasted:
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters returning
Back to their spring, like the rain, shall fill it full of refreshment.
That which the fountain sends forth, returns again to the fountain."

7. Carlyle[1] says, "It is from our *work* we gain most of our *self-knowledge*,— one of the most important *desiderata** of life. Our works are the mirror within which the spirit first sees its natural lineaments. '*Know thyself*' is an impossible precept till it be translated into this partially possible one, *Know what thou canst work at.*" Work is obedience, and self-knowledge is invaluable; and thus is proved that duty and interest are but two names for one fact.

LESSON LII.

THE USES OF LIFE.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

1. THOUGH we climb Fame's proudest hight;
Though we sit on hills afar,
Where the thrones of triumph are;
Though all deepest mysteries be open to our sight;
If we win not by that power
For the world another dower,—
If this great Humanity share not in our gain,—
We have lived our life in vain.

* DESIDERATA, things desired.

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2. Though we revel in sweet dreams;
Though with poet's eye we look
Full on Nature's open book,
And our spirits wander, singing with the birds and streams, —
If we let no music in
To the world of grief and sin, —
If we draw no spirit heavenward by the strain, —
We have lived our life in vain.

3. Though our lot be calm and bright;
Though upon our brows we wear
Youth, and grace, and beauty rare,
And the hours go swiftly, singing in their flight;
If we let no glory down
Any darkened life to crown, —
If our grace and joyance have no ministry for pain, —
We have lived our life in vain.

4. Though for weary years we toil;
Though we gather all the gold
From the mines of wealth untold;
Though from farthest shores of ocean we have brought the spoil;
What, at the last, is won,
If we hear not God's "Well done"?
If the world's want and sorrow be not lessened by our gain,
We have lived our life in vain.

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5. Though we be, in heart and hand,
Mighty with all foes to cope,
Rich in courage and in hope,
Fitted as strong laborers in the world to stand;
If with *these* we right no wrong,
What avails it to be strong?
If we strengthen not the weak, raise not the bowed again,—
We have lived our life in vain.

6. To the giver shall be given:
If thou wouldest walk in light,
Make other spirits bright:
Who, seeking for himself alone, ever entered Heaven?
In blessing we are blest;
In labor find our rest:
If we bend not to the world's work, heart, and hand, and brain,—
We have lived our life in vain.

7. Selfishness is utter loss:
Life's most perfect joy and good—
Ah! how few have understood!
Only One hath proved it fully, and He died upon the cross,
Taking on Himself the curse
So to bless a universe:
If we follow not His footsteps through the pathway straight and plain,—
We have lived our life in vain.

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LESSON LIII.

LOFTY ASPIRATIONS.

DEM. REVIEW.

1. CEASE your wild fluttering, thoughts that fill the soul!
Silence awhile; 'tis but the hour of birth!
Spurn not impatiently the mind's control,
Nor seek the clouds ere ye have looked on earth:
Still your strong beating till the day has gone
And starry eve comes on!

2. *Why* would ye sweep so proudly through the sky,
With fearless wing the snow-crowned hills above,
Where the strong eagle scarcely dares to fly,
And the cloud-armies thunder as they rove,—
Make in the solitude of storms your path,
And tempt the lightning's wrath?

3. Will ye not linger in the earth's green fields
Till the first feebleness of youth is o'er;
Clasp the fresh joy that young existence yields
In the bright present, and desire no more';
Lulled among blossoms, down Life's morning stream
Glide in Elysian dream'?

4. Throb not so wildly, restless spirit, now!
Deep and undying though thy impulse be:
Would not the roses wither on thy brow,
When from thy weary chains at last made free'?
In such hot glare, would not the proud crest stoop,
And the scorched pinion droop'?

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5. I pause. In might the thronging thoughts arise,—
Hopes unfulfilled, and glory yet afar,—
Vague, restless longings that would seek the skies,
And back in flame come like a falling star:
I hear ye in the heart's loud beating seek
A voice wherewith to speak:—

6. "Say, can the children of a loftier sphere
Find on the earth the freedom they desire'?
Can the strong spirit fold its pinions here,
And give to joy the utterance of its lyre'?
Can the fledged eaglet, born where sunbeams burn,
Back into darkness turn'?

7. "Must not the wing, that would aspire to sweep
Through realms undarkened by the breath of sin,
Dare in its earliest flight the trackless deep,
Nor faint and feebly on the earth begin,—
Mount as a soaring lark in morning's glow,
And leave the mists below'?

8. "We feel, in heaven's own ether, calm and high,
A god-like strength, the storms of earth to stem;
The volleyed thunders from our pathway fly;
We twine the lightning for a diadem!
Far, far below, the clouds in darkness move;
The sun is bright above!

9. "No soul can soar too loftily, whose aim
Is God-given truth and brother-love of man;
Who builds in hearts the altars of his fame,
And ends in love what sympathy began.
SPIRIT, ASCEND! though far thy flight may be,
God then is nearer thee!"

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LESSON LIV.

[1] WEST POINT, an important military post, is situated on the Hudson, just below Newburg. During the war of the Revolution, the infamous Benedict Arnold, who was in command of this post, agreed to deliver it up to the British. It is now the seat of the United-States Academy.

GENERAL WASHINGTON'S ESCAPE.

ANON.

THE name of Washington is dear to every American. Distinguished not only for bravery and intelligence, but for the purest virtues which can adorn the human heart, he has been venerated in the memory of distant nations, and immortalized by the blessings he shed upon his country. He resembles the orb of day, imparting its twilight long after it is set, and invisibly dispensing its light and cheering warmth to the world.

2. Cautious and prudent, he was never surprised by the most disheartening failures, nor alarmed into compliance by the most undaunted threats. His eye could penetrate the darkest designs, and his powers of invention enabled him to escape the most formidable stratagems. The very means employed by the enemy to incommode him, were frequently, in his own hands, the instruments of their ruin. The following account of his escape from a treacherous plot to insnare him will serve as an illustration of his vigilance and eagle-eyed caution.

3. When the American army was stationed at West Point,[1] during the Revolutionary War, the British head-quarters were not many miles distant, on the Hudson; and each was waiting, like the figures on a chess-board, for some favorable movement to disconcert and thwart the operations of the other. Scouting-parties would engage in

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frequent skirmishes; and wagons of provisions, ammunition, and clothing, would fall into the power of those superior in number and dexterity.

4. On one of these occasions, a quantity of English uniform was seized by an American detachment; and several notable advantages obtained by the latter, inspired the enemy with a desire to retaliate. About this time, while at West Point, General Washington had an intimate acquaintance residing not far from the army, in whose family he enjoyed the kindest hospitality, as well as relief from many of those sterner engagements which harassed his weary mind. As every circumstance was watched by either army, a visit like this, not many miles from their camp, could not long escape the cognizance of the British; and to possess a prisoner like General Washington, would tend, in their opinion, to shorten the period of the war.

5. But the undertaking was difficult: there were always advance guards to cover the American commander, and there was no mode of discovering his visits except by winning over some one of the family. The friend whom the general visited was once thought to have espoused the interests of the British; but he had taken a decided stand in favor of America, and, though a brave man, he professed the strictest neutrality, alleging, as his reason, his advanced years and dependent family.

6. During the intimacy of the general, it was rumored in the American army that his friend had been seen often returning from the British camp. Washington seemed to disregard the report; for he never ceased to visit the family, and apparently mingled as cordially with the host as if no suspicion had crossed his mind. At length, one day, as the general was taking his leave, his friend earnestly requested him to dine with him the following afternoon, em-

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phatically naming the hour of two o'clock as the moment of expecting him.

7. He reminded him of the uncommon delight which his intimacy conferred; begged him to lay aside every formality, and regard his house as his home; and hinted that he feared the general did not consider it in that light, as the guard, that always accompanied him, seemed to indicate he was not visiting a *friend.* "By no means, dear sir!" exclaimed the worthy patriot: "and, as a proof of the confidence which I repose in you, I will visit you *alone* to-morrow; and I pledge my sacred word of honor that not a soldier shall accompany me."

8. "Pardon me, general," cried the host; "but why so serious on so trifling a subject? I merely jested."—"I am aware of it," said the hero, smiling; "but what of that? I have long considered the planting of these outposts unnecessary, inasmuch as they may excite the suspicion of the enemy; and, although it be a trifle, *that* trifle shall not sport with the *friendship* you indulge for me."—"But then—the hour, general?"—"Oh, yes! *two o'clock*, you said?"—"Precisely," returned the other.

9. At one o'clock, on the following day, the general mounted his favorite horse, and proceeded alone upon a by-road which conducted him to the hospitable mansion. It was about half an hour before the time; and the bustling host received him with open arms, in addition to the greetings of the delighted family. "How *punctual*, kind sir!" exclaimed the warm-hearted friend. "*Punctuality*," replied Washington, "is an angel virtue, embracing minor as well as important concerns. He that is not punctual with a *friend*, may doubt his integrity." The host started; but, recovering himself, he added, "Then *yours* is a proof that we enjoy your fullest confidence."

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10. Washington proposed a promenade upon the piazza previous to the dinner. It overlooked a rough country several miles in extent, — fields of grain here and there sweeping beneath the sides of bleak hills, producing nothing but rocks and grass; shallow runnels of water flowing along the hollows of the uneven waste, then hidden by woodlands, intercepting a prospect of the country beyond; spotted now and then with silver glimpses of the Hudson, stealing through the sloping grounds below, and checkered on both sides by the dim, purple Highlands, frowning sometimes into hoary battlements, and tapering again into gentle valleys hardly illuminated by the sun.

11. "This is fine, bold scenery!" exclaimed the general, apparently absorbed in the beauty of the prospect. "Yes, sir," replied his friend, looking wistfully around, as if expecting some one's approach; but, catching the piercing glance of Washington, his eyes were fastened confusedly on the floor. "I must rally you, my friend," observed the general. "Do you perceive yonder point, that boldly rises from the water, and suddenly is lost behind that hill which obstinately checks the view?" — "I do," replied the absent-minded listener, engaged apparently in something else than the subject of inquiry. "*There*," continued the hero, "my enemy lies encamped; and, were it not for a slight mist, I could almost fancy that I perceive his cavalry moving. But hark! that cannon! Do you not think it proceeds from the headquarters of the enemy?"

12. While pointing out to his friend the profile of the country, the face of the latter was often turned the opposite way, seemingly engrossed in *another object* immediately behind the house. He was not mistaken: it was a troop, seemingly, of British horse, that were descending a distant hill, winding through a labyrinth of numerous

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projections and trees, until they were seen galloping through the valley below; and then again they were hidden by a field of forest, that swelled along the bosom of the landscape. "Would it not be strange," observed the general, apparently unconscious of the movements behind him, "that, after all my toils, America should *forfeit* her liberty?"

13. "Heaven forbid!" said his friend, becoming less reserved, and entering more warmly into the feelings of the other. "But," resumed Washington, "I have heard of *treachery* in the heart of one's own camp; and doubtless you know that it is possible 'to be wounded even in the house of one's friend.'" — "Sir," demanded the downcast host, unable to meet the searching glance of his companion, "who can possibly intend so daring a crime?" — "I only meant," replied Washington, "that *treachery* is the most hideous of crimes; for, Judas-like, it will even sell its Lord for money!" — "Very true, general," responded the anxious host, as he gazed upon a troop of British horse winding round the hill, and riding with post-haste toward the hospitable mansion.

14. "Is it two o'clock yet?" demanded Washington: "for I have an *engagement* this afternoon at the army; and I regret that my visit must, therefore, be shorter than intended." — "It lacks a full quarter yet," said his friend, seeming doubtful of his watch, from the arrival of the horsemen. "But bless me, sir! what cavalry are those that are so rapidly approaching the house?" asked his friend. "Oh! they may possibly be a party of British light horse," returned the general coolly, "which mean no harm; and, if I mistake not, they have been sent for the purpose of protecting *me!*"

15. As he said this, the captain of the troop was seen

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dismounting from his horse; and his example was followed by the rest of the party. "General!" returned the other, walking to him very familiarly, and tapping him on the shoulder, "general, you are my prisoner!" — "I believe not," said Washington, looking calmly at the men who were approaching the steps; "but, friend," exclaimed he, slapping him in return on the arm, "I know that you are mine! Here, officer, carry this treacherous hypocrite to the camp, and I will make him an example to the enemies of America."

16. The British general had secretly offered an immense sum to this man to make an appointment with the hero at two o'clock, at which time he was to send a troop of horse to secure him in their possession. Suspecting his intentions, Washington had directed his own troop to equip themselves as English cavalry, and arrive half an hour precisely before the time when he was expected.

17. They pursued their way to the camp, triumphing at the sagacity of their commander, who had so astonishingly defeated the machinations of the British general. But the humanity of Washington prevailed over his sense of justice. Overcome by the tears and prayers of the family, he pardoned his treacherous friend, on condition of his leaving the country forever; which he accordingly did, and his name sunk in oblivion.

LESSON LV.

[1] TE CUM' SEH, a famous Indian warrior, who excited several of the tribes to take up the hatchet on the side of the British, against the Americans, was killed at the memorable battle of the Thames, Oct. 5, 1813.

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EXCITING ADVENTURE WITH AN INDIAN.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

THE moon was shining gloriously, when I approached a deep glen, known by the name of Murder Creek. It had received this fearful appellation in consequence of a tragical event which occurred there, years ago. A party of whites, consisting of about thirty persons, including several women and children, who were camping out during the night, were suddenly surprised by the Indians, and every one of them butchered and scalped.

2. Weary, cold, wet, and hungry, I made up my mind to spread my blanket, kindle my fire, and, after cooking my bacon and making my coffee, to sleep till dawn beneath the thick branches of the lofty trees which overshadowed me. Having secured my horse by a little fence of saplings, and given him his supper of corn-leaves, the only substitute for hay, (a sufficient supply of which I had carried behind me, tied on his back,) I prepared my own meal.

3. After I had finished my supper, and replenished my fire with fuel, so laid on as to prevent its burning away too rapidly, I spread my blanket, and lay down. But there was an oppressive stillness around, which kept me awake for some time. Insensibly, however, sleep began to steal over me, and I was sinking into repose, when I heard a rustling among the bushes, and the quick tread of feet. I turned my head in the direction of the sound, and saw an Indian seated on a blackened stump, gazing steadily at me. I neither spoke nor moved; and he was equally silent and motionless. I do not think he was aware that I was awake and looking at him.

4. He was tall, of a robust make; his dress was elegant

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and picturesque, consisting of a sort of loose gown of red and blue cotton, with the hem highly ornamented, and fastened round the waist by a richly-embroidered belt, in which were his tomahawk, scalping-knife, and powder-horn. Over his shoulders hung his quiver, and sheaf of arrows; on his head he wore a white cotton turban, from behind which nodded a small plume of black feathers. In his hand he held a gun; and athwart his body, obliquely crossing his left shoulder, and hanging below his right, his bow was slung.

5. I had full leisure to note all these things; for there he sat, with his eyes fixed upon me. It was like fascination. I could only look at him and breathe softly, as if I feared to disturb the warrior. I closed my eyes for a moment; but, when I opened them again, the Indian had disappeared. I was now convinced I had been mocked with a waking dream; for awake I *was*, and had been so all the time. I was convinced, too, that, had his feet been shod with moccasins of the cygnet's down, I must have heard the tread as he retired, if the form had been real.

6. Under other circumstances, an occurrence like this would have banished sleep for the rest of the night; but, in spite of what I felt, the fatigue of my day's journey sat too heavily upon me to let me keep awake. In the very midst of unquiet and feverish meditations, I fell asleep. How long I continued in that state, I can not say; but it must have been three or four hours; for, when I awoke, my night fire was nearly burned out, and the moon was vailed by black and tempestuous clouds, which had gathered in the sky, threatening a storm. The first object that met my eyes, as I looked around, was the Indian. He was seated in the same attitude as before; but his figure was now only dimly and partially visible, from the long flashes

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of red, dusky light thrown upon it at intervals by the expiring embers.

7. I started up, grasping one of my pistols, which lay by my side. He arose, and slowly advanced toward me. I was on my feet in an instant; and, as he came near, I presented my pistol; but, with one blow of his tomahawk, he struck it from my hand so violently, that the piece discharged itself as it fell to the ground. I endeavored to possess myself of the other, when he sprang upon me, seized me by the throat, and, with his right hand, held aloft his murderous weapon. Expecting the fatal blow to fall, I made signs of submission, and, both by my gestures and looks, implored his mercy.

8. He surveyed me for an instant without speaking, then quitted his hold, and, stooping down, took up my remaining pistol, which he discharged in the air. I saw, by the quick glances of his eyes, that he was looking about to ascertain whether I had any other weapon of defense; and I signified that I had not. He now lighted the pipe of his tomahawk * by the embers, gave two or three puffs himself, and passed it to me: I did the same; and, from that moment, I knew I was safe in his hands. The symbol of peace and hospitality had been reciprocated; the pledge of good faith had been given, which no Indian ever violated.

9. Hitherto not a word had been spoken. I knew not a word of the Indian dialect, and did not suppose he understood mine. While I was considering how I should make myself understood, or comprehend the intentions of my mysterious visitor, I was both surprised and delighted to hear him address me in very good English.

* The tomahawk is sometimes so made as to serve for a pipe: the hatchet-head has a little socket attached to it; and the handle, being bored, serves for the stem.

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"The storm-clouds are collecting in their strength," said he, looking toward the sky. "Get ready. Follow me."

"You speak my language!" I exclaimed.

"You hear I do. Get ready, and follow."

"Whither?"

He made no answer, but walked some paces off in the direction he would go, and then stopped, as if waiting for me. I obeyed. In a few minutes, my horse was saddled, and I on its back ready to proceed.

10. When he saw me ready to follow, he immediately entered a narrow hunter's path, that led into the thickest part of the wood. It soon became so dark that I could not see my guide, and he turned back to take the bridle of my horse in his hand. With an unerring and rapid step he kept the path, and, with the eyes of the lynx, he discerned its course through the intricate windings of the forest. He did not speak; and I was too much absorbed in conjectures as to what might be the issue of this adventure, to seek frivolous discourse, while I knew that any attempt to anticipate the issue by questions would be futile. Besides, all fears for my personal safety being allayed, I can hardly say that I now felt a wish to forego the conclusion of a business that had commenced so romantically.

11. We had proceeded in this manner about two miles, when the Indian suddenly stopped; and the next moment I was startled by the report of his rifle, which was followed by a loud howl or yell. Before I could inquire the cause of what I heard, I was thrown to the ground by the violent rearing of my horse; but I soon recovered my feet, and was then enabled to perceive by the faint glimmering of the dawn, which now began to penetrate the dark, deep gloom of the gigantic trees, that the Indian was in the act

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of discharging an arrow at a wolf of prodigious size, which seemed to be on the spring to seize its assailant.

12. The arrow flew to its mark with a whizzing sound, and the bow sent forth a twang, which denoted the strength of the arm that had dispatched it. It struck and penetrated the skull of the wolf; and the next moment a tremendous blow from the tomahawk, given as he sprang toward the ferocious animal, before it could recover from the stunning shock of the arrow, cleft his head completely in twain. The whole of this did not occupy more than a minute; with such dexterous rapidity did the Indian first discharge his gun, then unsling his bow, and follow up its use by the certain execution of the tomahawk.

13. The Indian reloaded his gun, to be ready, if necessary, for another enterprise of the same kind; and we resumed our journey in silence. Having proceeded, as nearly as I could judge, from three to four miles farther, we at length came to a small cabin, or wigwam, erected by the side of the path. It was of the simplest construction, consisting merely of a few saplings stuck into the ground, and covered on the top and sides with the bark of the cedar-tree. Round the cabin there was about half an acre of ground cleared, which was planted with Indian corn. Here we stopped; for this was the abode of my guide.

14. I dismounted, fastened my horse to a tree, and followed the Indian into the hut, whose only furniture seemed to be a bed of buffalo and wild deer skins. I perceived, however, that the walls of the hut were hung round with rifles, tomahawks, scalping-knives, powder-horns, bows, arrows, and deer, buffalo, and bear skins. But I will not attempt to describe what were my feelings at the moment, when I saw and counted, on one side of the cabin, no less than fifteen human scalps, denoting, by their size and

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appearance, that they had belonged to persons of almost every age, from the child of three years to the gray victim of threescore and ten.

15. One, in particular, attracted my attention, from the beauty of its long, glossy auburn hair, which hung down in profusion, and which had evidently been severed from the head of some female, perhaps young, and lovely, and beloved. I could easily distinguish, too, that all of them were the scalps of white people, who had been slain, I had no doubt, by the being in whose power, utterly helpless and alone, I then was. My heart grew faint and sick at the grisly array, and I turned from it, but with a resolution to betray as little as I possibly could, by my manner, the emotions it had excited.

16. "Sit," exclaimed the Indian, pointing to the bed of buffalo and wild deer skins in one corner of the cabin. I did so; while he, with the same stern silence which he had all along maintained, spread before me various preparations of Indian corn, wild venison, and not an unpalatable dish, made of the flour of Indian corn, gathered while green, mixed with honey and water. He seated himself by my side, and partook of the meal. I, too, ate, and with a relish, after my morning's ride, in spite of many uneasy reflections, which I could not repress.

17. "You are a white man,—I found you sleeping,—you were armed,—I made you defenseless, and then I offered you the pipe of peace. A white man found MY FATHER defenseless and asleep, and shot him as he slept. Four snows passed, and I returned one evening from hunting, when I found my cabin burned down. My mother alone sat weeping and lamenting among the ruins. I could not separate the bones of my children and my wife from the common heap of blackened ashes which marked the

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spot where my home had stood when I went forth in the morning. I did not weep; but I comforted my mother all that night; and, when the sun arose, I said, — 'Let us to the wilderness. We are now the last of our race. We are alone, and the desert offers its solitude for such.'

18. "I left for the lake of a Thousand Islands, carrying with me only a handful of the ashes with which was mingled the dust of my children and my wife. In my progress hither, I visited the great warrior Tecumseh.[1] I joined him. I was his companion. I sat with him in the assembly of the great council, when, by the power of his talk, he obtained a solemn declaration that they would take up the hatchet at his call. And they *did;* and *I* fought by his side. When the warrior perished, the hope perished with him of gathering the Indian nations in some spot where the white people could not follow, and where we might live as our fathers had done.

19. "Tecumseh fell. I left my brethren, and I built my cabin in the woods. It was in the season of the green corn, when the thank-offering is made to the Great Spirit, that a white man came to my door. He had lost his path, and the sun was going down. My mother shook; for the fear of death was upon her. She spoke to me. Her words were like the hurricane that sweeps through the forest, and opens for itself a way among the hills. The stranger was the same that had found my father defenseless and asleep, and who shot him as he slept. Come with me, and learn the rest."

20. The Indian arose, went forth, and entered the forest; I followed, utterly incapable of saying a word. There was something so strange and overpowering in what I had seen and heard, — so obscure and exciting in what I might *still* have to see and hear, — that I could only meditate

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fearfully and silently upon the whole. The course he now took was indicated by no path, but lay through thick underwood, and among tangled bushes.

21. At the distance of about a quarter of a mile from the cabin, I observed a small stage, constructed between four trees standing near each other, and not more than four or five feet from the ground. On this stage I saw a human figure extended, which, as I afterwards discovered, was the body of the Indian's mother. By her side was a red earthen vessel or pitcher, containing the bones of his father, and that "handful of ashes" which he had brought with him from the shores of Lake Ontario, under the impulse of a sentiment so well known to exist among the Indian tribes, — *the desire of mingling their own dust, in death, with that of their fathers and their kindred.* I noticed, however, that my guide passed this simple, sylvan sepulcher, without once turning his eyes toward it.

22. We continued our progress through the forest; and I soon began to perceive we were ascending a rising ground, though the dense foliage prevented me from distinguishing the hight or the extent of the acclivity. Presently I heard the loud din and roar of waters; and we had proceeded in the direction of the sound, whose increasing noise indicated our gradual approximation to it, for rather more than half a mile, when the Indian stopped, and I found myself on the brink of a tremendous whirlpool. I looked down from a hight of nearly two hundred feet into the deep ravine below, through which the vexed stream whirled till it escaped through another chasm, and plunged into the recesses of the wood.

23. It was an awful moment! The profound gloom of the place; the uproar of the eddying vortex beneath; the dark and rugged abyss which yawned before me, where

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huge trunks of trees might be seen, tossing and writhing about like things of life, tormented by the angry spirit of the waters; the unknown purpose of the being who had brought me hither, and who stood by my side in sullen silence, prophetic, to my mind, of a thousand horrible imaginings,—formed, altogether, a combination of circumstances that might have summoned fear into a bolder heart than mine, at that instant.

24. At length the Indian spoke:—

"Into this gulf I plunged the murderer of my father." As he uttered these words, he seized me firmly with his sinewy arm. We were so near the edge of the precipice, and his manner was so energetic, I might almost say convulsed, from the recollection of his consummating act of revenge, that I felt no small alarm lest an accidental movement might precipitate us both into the frightful chasm, independently of a very uncomfortable misgiving as to what his real intentions might be while holding me so firmly.

25. Then, fixing his eyes steadfastly upon me, he said,—"I tracked you, last night, from the going-down of the sun. Twice my gun was leveled; twice I drew my arrow's head to its point; once my hatchet glittered in the moon. But my arm failed me, and there was a sadness over my spirits. I watched you as you slept. Not even the thought, that so *my* father slept, could make me strike. I left you, and in the deep forest cast myself to the earth, to ask the Great Spirit what he would have me do, if it was not permitted that I should shed your blood. A voice in the air seemed to say to me,—'Let him return.'"

The Indian then released me from his grasp, conducted me back to his cabin, furnished me with food for my journey, and bade me depart.

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LESSON LVI.

CHOICE EXTRACTS.

I.

DECAY OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

AS a race, they have withered from the land. Their arrows are broken, their springs are dried up, their cabins are in the dust. Their council-fire has long since gone out on the shore, and their war-cry is fast dying away to the untrodden West. Slowly and sadly they climb the distant mountains, and read their doom in the setting sun. They are shrinking before the mighty tide which is pressing them away; they must soon hear the roar of the last wave, which will settle over them forever. Ages hence, the inquisitive white man, as he stands by some growing city, will ponder on the structure of their disturbed remains, and wonder to what manner of person they belonged. They will live only in the songs and chronicles of their exterminators. Let these be faithful to their rude virtues as men, and pay due tribute to their unhappy fate as a people.

II.

LAMENT OF AN INDIAN CHIEF.

I WILL go to my tent, and lie down in despair;
I will paint me with black, and will sever my hair;
I will sit on the shore, where the hurricane blows,
And reveal to the god of the tempest my woes;
I will weep for a season on bitterness fed,
For my kindred are gone to the hills of the dead;

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But they died not by hunger, or lingering decay,—
The steel of the white man hath swept them away:
My wife, and my children,—oh, spare me the tale!—
For who is there left that is kin to GEEHALE!

III.

EFFECTS OF OUR DEEDS.

1. THE common and popular notion is, that death is the end of man, as far as this world is concerned; that the grave which covers his form, covers and keeps within its chambers all his influence; and that the instant he has ceased to breathe, that instant the man has ceased to act. It is not so; it is a popular mistake. We die, but leave an influence behind us that survives; the echoes of our words are still repeated and reflected along the ages.

2. A man has two immortalities: one he leaves behind him, and it walks the earth, and still represents him; another he carries with him to that lofty sphere, the presence and glory of God. "Every man is a missionary, now and forever, for good or evil, whether he intends it or not. He may be a blot, radiating his dark influence outward, to the very circumference of society; or he may be a blessing, spreading benedictions over the length and breadth of the world; but a *blank* he can not be. The seed sown in life springs up in harvests of blessings, or harvests of sorrow."

IV.

MAN'S MORTALITY.

S. WASTELL.

1. LIKE as the damask rose you see,
Or as the blossom on the tree,
Or like the dainty flower of May,

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Or like the morning to the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonas had, —
E'en such is man, whose thread is spun,
Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.
The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
The flower fades, the morning hasteth,
The sun sets, the shadow flies,
The gourd consumes; and man — he dies.

2 Like to the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like a tale that's new begun,
Or like the bird that's here to-day,
Or like the pearlèd dew of May,
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of a swan, —
E'en such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.
The grass withers, the tale is ended,
The bird is flown, the dew's ascended,
The hour is short, the span not long,
The swan's near death, — man's life is done.

V.

SAVING FOR OLD AGE.

1. No one denies that it is wise to make a provision for old age; but we are not all agreed as to the *kind* of provision it is best to lay up. Certainly, we shall want money; for a destitute old man is, indeed, a pitiful sight. Therefore, *save money*, by all means. But an old man needs just that particular kind of *strength* which young men are most apt to waste. Many a foolish young man will throw

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away, on a holiday, a certain amount of nervous energy, which he will never feel the want of till he is seventy; and *then*, how much he will need it! It is curious, but true, that a bottle of champagne, at twenty, may intensify the rheumatism of threescore. It is a fact, that overtasking the eyes at fourteen may necessitate the aid of spectacles at forty, instead of eighty.

2. We advise our young readers to be *saving of health* for their old age; for the maxim holds good with regard to health as to money, "Waste not, want not." It is the greatest mistake to suppose that any violation of the laws of health can escape its penalty. Nature forgives no sin, no error. She lets off the offender for fifty years sometimes, but she catches him at last, and inflicts the punishment just *when*, *where*, and *how* he feels it most. Save up for old age; but save knowledge; save the recollection of good deeds and innocent pleasure; save pure thoughts; save friends; save rich stores of that kind of wealth which time can not diminish, nor death take away.

VI.

BE FIRM.

MRS. S. C. MAYO.

1. Be firm! whatever tempts thy soul
To loiter ere it reach its goal,
Whatever siren voice would draw
Thy heart from duty and its law,
Oh, that distrust! Go bravely on,
And, till the victor-crown be won,
Be firm!

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Firm when thy conscience is assailed,
Firm when the star of hope is vailed,
Firm in defying wrong and sin,
Firm in life's conflict, toil, and din,
Firm in the path by martyrs trod,—
And oh, in love to man and God
BE FIRM!

VII.

THE YOUNG VOYAGER.

ALBERT BARNES.

1. A YOUNG man, just entering on life, embarks on an unknown and perilous voyage. If the interest of the fact itself will not suffer by the comparison, his condition may be likened to that of a ship, that has never yet tried the waves and storms, as it first leaves the port. This world, so full of beautiful things, furnishes few objects so lovely as such a vessel, when, with her sails all spread, and with a propitious breeze, she sails out of the harbor.

2. But who can tell what that vessel is to encounter; into what unknown seas she may yet be drifted; between what masses of ice she may be crushed; on what hidden rocks she may impinge; what storms may whistle through her shrouds, and carry away her tall masts; or on what coasts her broken timbers may be strewed? Now, as the waves gently tap her sides, nothing can be more beautiful, or more safe; but storms arise on that ocean which now looks so calm, and in those storms her beautifully-modeled form, her timbers framed together to defy the tempest, her ropes and her canvas, will avail nothing; and, if she is saved, none but He can do it who "rides on the whirlwind and directs the storm."

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VIII.

VOYAGE OF LIFE.

HENRY WARE, JUN.

1. LIFE is a sea, as fathomless,
As wide, as terrible, and yet sometimes
As calm and beautiful. The light of Heaven
Smiles on it, and 'tis decked with every hue
Of glory and of joy. Anon, dark clouds
Arise, contending winds of fate go forth,
And Hope sits weeping o'er a general wreck.
And *thou* must sail upon this sea, a long,
Eventful voyage. The wise *may* suffer wreck,
The foolish *must*.

2. O! then be early wise!
Learn from the mariner his skillful art
To ride upon the waves, and catch the breeze,
And dare the threatening storm, and trace a path
'Mid countless dangers, to the destined port,
Unerringly secure. O! learn from him
To station quick-eyed Prudence at the helm,
To guard thy sail from Passion's sudden blasts,
And make Religion thy magnetic guide,
Which, though it trembles as it lowly lies,
Points to the light that changes not, — in Heaven.

IX.

THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

MOODIE.

1. PAUSE for a while, ye travelers on the earth, to contemplate the universe in which you dwell, and the glory of Him who created it. What a scene of wonders is here

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presented to your view! If beheld with a religious eye, what a temple for the worship of the Almighty! The earth is spread out before you, reposing amid the desolation of winter, or clad in the verdure of the spring, — smiling in the beauty of summer, or loaded with autumnal fruit, — opening, to an endless variety of beings, the treasures of their Maker's goodness, and ministering subsistence and comfort to every creature that lives.

2. The heavens, also, declare the glory of the Lord. The Sun cometh forth from his chambers to scatter the shades of night, inviting you to the renewal of your labors, adorning the face of Nature, and, as he advances to his meridian brightness, cherishing every herb and flower that springeth from the bosom of the earth. Nor, when he retires again from your view, doth he leave the Creator without a witness. He only hides his own splendor for a while to disclose to you a more glorious scene, — to show you the immensity of space filled with worlds unnumbered, that your imaginations may wander, without a limit, in the vast creation of God.

X.

CHEER UP.

(″) 1. CHEER UP! my friend, cheer up, I say;
Give not thy heart to gloom, to sorrow;
Though clouds enshroud thy path to-day,
The sun will shine again to-morrow.

2. Oh! look not with desponding sigh
Upon these little trifling troubles;
Cheer up! you'll see them by and by
Just as they are, — like empty bubbles.

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3. So come, cheer up! my friend, cheer up!
This is a world of love and beauty;
And you may quaff its sweetest cup
If you but bravely do your duty.

4. Put gloom and sadness far away,
And, smiling, bid good-by to sorrow;
The clouds that shroud your path to-day
Will let the sunlight in to-morrow.

LESSON LVII.

[1] Fox, Charles James, a distinguished statesman and orator, was born in London, England, 1749; and died 1806. So early were his talents developed, that he was elected a member of Parliament before he was twenty years of age. See Sanders' Sixth Reader, p. 487.

[2] Jones, Sir William, whose researches in Oriental literature, and whose surpassing genius as a translator from the Eastern languages, have rendered his name illustrious throughout the world, was born in London, 1746; and died 1794. He was also eminent as a mathematician and a jurist.

[3] Her'cu les, a hero of antiquity, fabled to have been the son of Jupiter and Alcmena, and celebrated for his great strength.

[4] De mos'the nes, the greatest of Grecian orators, was born 382 B.C.; and died 322 B.C. Philip, King of Macedon, having betrayed his hostility to the power of Athens, and to the liberties of the other Grecian States, it was to arouse his countrymen against the crafty invader that Demosthenes pronounced his Philippics, a series of the most splendid and spirited orations.

[5] Sher'i dan, Richard Brinsley, an English dramatist and politician, was born in Dublin, 1751; and died 1816. He was elected a member of Parliament, and in 1787 supported the charge against Warren Hastings, in a speech which is regarded as one of the very best of his life.

[6] Brougham, Henry, late lord-chancellor of England, was born in Edinburgh in 1778. He was one of the founders of "The Edinburgh Review," and among its ablest contributors; and is regarded as one of the most remarkable of the public men in England.

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[7] AMES, FISHER, an American statesman and orator, was born in Dedham, Mass., April 9, 1756; and died July 4, 1808.

[8] HEN'RY, PATRICK, an American statesman and orator, was born in Virginia, 1736; and died 1799. His early opportunities of education were limited; but he rose above all impediments to great distinction, and became one of the most eloquent men of any age. He was a strenuous advocate for American independence.

[9] WHITE'FIELD, GEORGE, one of the most eloquent, devoted, and successful ministers of Christ, since the days of the apostles, was born in Gloucester, England, 1714. He stated in his memorandum-book, that, "during a period embracing thirty-four years, he preached upwards of eighteen thousand sermons, crossed the Atlantic seven times, and traveled thousands of miles both in Britain and America."

[10] HUME, DAVID, author of a celebrated history of England, was born at Edinburgh, 1711; and died 1776.

EARNESTNESS.

ANON.

"Life is not measured by the time we live."

THE amount of work done, or good accomplished, by an individual, is not measured by the number of days, or months, or years, he may have lived. Some men accomplish much in a short time. They are burning and shining lights. There is a point and power in all they think, and say, and do. They may not have lived many years; they may have passed away quickly from the earth; but they have finished their work. They have left "footprints on the sands of time." Their bodies sleep in peace, but their names live evermore. They have lived long, because they have lived to some good purpose; they have lived long, because they have accomplished the true ends of life by living wisely and well; and

"That life is long which answers life's great end."

2. The essential element of success in every great undertaking, is expressed by a single word; and that word is

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EARNESTNESS. It contains the true secret of nearly all the wonderful successes which have astonished the world. It solves the problem of nearly all the heroes whose achievements are recorded on the pages of history, and whose names will live forever in the remembrance of mankind. In all past time, how few individuals do we find, who have risen to any considerable distinction, and gained an enduring reputation, and become truly great, and have left their mark upon the age in which they lived, who were not EARNEST MEN.

3. One of the most prolific of living writers, whose books astonish us by the vast research and varied learning which they display, was once asked how, in the midst of the duties of a laborious profession, he had been able to accomplish so much. He replied, — "By being a whole man to one thing at a time," — in other words, by being an *earnest man.* The celebrated Charles James Fox[1] once said, that "no man ever went successfully through with any great enterprise, whose earnestness did not amount almost to enthusiasm." There are so many obstacles in the way of any great achievement, that none but the earnest and enthusiastic will persevere, and hold on to its final accomplishment. The irresolute, the timid, the phlegmatic, after a few faint efforts, will give up in despair.

4. It would be easy to furnish examples of the practical power of *earnestness* almost indefinitely. The world is full of them. Look at Christopher Columbus. Consider the disheartening difficulties and vexatious delays he had to encounter, — the doubts of the skeptical, the sneers of the learned, the cavils of the cautious, and the opposition, or at least the indifference, of nearly all. And then the dangers of an untried, unexplored ocean. Is it by any

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means probable he would have persevered, had he not possessed that earnest enthusiasm, which was characteristic of the great discoverer[1]?

5. What mind can conceive or tongue can tell the great results which have followed, and will continue to follow in all coming time, from what this single individual accomplished? A new continent has been discovered; nations planted, whose wealth and power already begin to eclipse those of the Old World, and whose empires stretch far away beneath the setting sun. Institutions of learning, liberty, and religion, have been established on the broad basis of equal rights to all. It is true, America might have been discovered by what we call some fortunate accident. But, in all probability, it would have remained unknown for centuries, had not some *earnest man*, like Columbus, arisen, whose adventurous spirit would be roused, rather than repressed, by difficulty and danger.

6. John Howard, the philanthropist, is another remarkable illustration of the power of intense *earnestness* joined with great decision of character. "He spent his whole life in taking the gauge of human misery," — in visiting prisons and penitentiaries, and the abodes of poverty and wretchedness. He sought to alleviate human suffering wherever he found it, — to ameliorate the condition of the degraded, the distressed, and the unfortunate, by all the means in his power. In the prosecution of his object, difficulties did not discourage, nor did dangers appall him. He traveled repeatedly on foot over most of Europe, submitting to almost every hardship and privation; and we are told that the existence of the plague, even, did not deter him from visiting any place where he thought suffering humanity could be benefited by his presence.

7. Sir William Jones,[2] who acquired the knowledge of

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twenty-eight different languages, when asked how his wonderful attainments in almost every branch of learning had been made, was accustomed to reply, — "Only by industry and regular application." And Newton, whose scientific discoveries will ever continue to delight and astonish mankind, ascribed his success, not to superior genius, but to *superior industry*, — to the habit and power he had acquired of holding his mind steadily, and for a long time, to the study of an involved and difficult subject. "The discovery of gravitation, the grand secret of the universe, was not whispered in his ear by an oracle. It did not visit him in a morning dream. It did not fall into his idle lap, a windfall from the clouds. But he reached it by *self-denying toil*, — by midnight study, — by the large command of accurate science, and by bending all his powers in one direction, and keeping them thus bent."

8. So, in every occupation of life requiring intellectual, or even physical exertion, *earnestness* is an essential element of success. Without it, a man may have the strength of Hercules,[3] or the mind of Newton, and yet accomplish nothing. He may live, and die, and yet leave behind him neither name nor memorial. Was there ever a man, of any trade or profession, eminently successful, who did not apply himself in earnest to his business? Every poet, whose Muse has clothed

"Whate'er the heart of man admires and loves
With music and with numbers,"

whose breathing thoughts and winged words have thrilled the world, from the blind old bard* of Scio to the modern Homer, "whose soul was like a star, and dwelt apart," has been an *earnest man*. Every orator, whose burning

* Homer. See p. 106.

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eloquence has swayed listening thousands, just as the forest is swayed by the summer's wind, has been an *earnest man.*

9. Demosthenes[4] was in *earnest* when he poured forth his fervid Philippics in ancient Athens. Paul was in earnest, when, reasoning of righteousness, temperance, and a judgment to come, Felix trembled before him. Sheridan[5] was in earnest at the trial of Hastings, when all parties were held chained and spell-bound by his eloquence. Brougham[6] was in earnest, when, as we are told, "he thundered and lightened in the House of Commons, until the knights of the shire absolutely clung to the benches for support, the ministers cowered behind the speaker's chair for shelter, and the voting members started from their slumbers in the side galleries, as if the last trumpet were ringing in their ears." And so of our own Ames[7] and Henry.[8] *They* were in earnest, when, seeking to arouse their countrymen to united resistance of British oppression, they assured them that they "could almost hear the clanking of their chains;" "that the blood of their sons should fatten their cornfields, and the war-whoop of the Indian should waken the sleep of the cradle." And because they were in earnest, their words were words of fire.

10. Earnestness was the true secret of Whitefield's[9] wonderful eloquence. He won the admiration of the skeptical Hume,[10] not by his logic or his learning, but by his fervid, *earnest eloquence.* David Garrick, the celebrated actor, was once asked, by a clergyman, why the speaking of actors produced so much greater effect than that of clergymen. "Because," said Garrick, "we utter fiction as if it were truth, while you utter truth as if it were fiction;" thus clearly implying that *earnestness is the very soul of all effective eloquence.*

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LESSON LVIII.

INCENTIVES TO CULTURE.

R. F. TROWBRIDGE.

THERE is no talent, like *method;* and no accomplishment that man can possess, like *perseverance.* They will overcome every obstacle; and there is no position which a young man may not hope to win or secure, when, guided by these principles, he sets out upon the great highway of life. In after years, the manners and habits of the man are not so readily adapted to any prescribed course to which they have been unaccustomed. But in *youth* the habit of *system, method,* and *industry,* is as easily formed as others; and the benefits and enjoyments which result from it, are more than the wealth and honors which they always secure.

2. Industry or idleness are habits, each as easily acquired as the other, but infinitely different in their results. The steady action of the one is a continuous source of gratification and enjoyment; the painful solicitudes and uncertainties of the other dwarf the intellect, and vitiate the heart. Either becomes habitual without effort, and the habit becomes fixed ere we are aware of its presence.

3. A man does not know in what path his ambition may lead him, until he has enlightened his mind by reading, by thought, and observation. In our country, he is taught by custom and by example to look about him while yet a youth, and study the chances for success as they may arise around him. He is too liable to fall into a listless habit of waiting for some fortuitous circumstance to occur, by which he may make sudden wealth, or spring to an enviable position, without the ordinary labors to secure them.

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4. Men of genuine ambition never wait for uncertain events. They commence, as all men have to commence, with the very first steps of the foundation; and while others, of perhaps better abilities and more fortunate condition, are nursing their morbid hopes and fading expectations, they build up the basis of a fortune and reputation, to which the less energetic and useful may aspire in vain. True men create circumstances, which, in turn, aid them.

5. Frankness, candor, and sincerity, will always win respect and friendship, and will always retain them; and the consciousness of having such a treasure, and of being worthy of it, is more than wealth and honors. A man quickly finds when he is unworthy of public respect or private friendship; and the leaden weight he carries ever in his callous heart, can not be lightened by any success or any gratification he can secure. But the man of upright character, and proper self-respect, can never meet with adversities which can deprive him of that higher happiness which rests in his own breast, and which no disasters of business, or calamities of occupation, or loss of wealth, can ever reach or disturb.

6. Education is not confined to books alone. The world with its thousand interests and occupations is a great school. But the recorded experience and wisdom of others may be of the greatest aid and benefit to us. We can look about us to-day, and see many who have brought the light of that intelligence which has been the guiding-star of others to bear upon their own paths, and by its aid have achieved an enviable position among men. Honor lies in doing *well* whatever we find to do; and the world estimates a man's abilities in accordance with his success in whatever business or profession he may engage.

7. In this great land of ours, what opportunities invite

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the attention and stimulate the ambition of the American citizen! Spreading out her area of civilization and of commerce over the imperial dominions of this vast continent, what fields of enterprise are constantly opening, and what opportunities for wealth, or honor, or fame, are continually developing before him! What cities and ports and avenues are to be built, what new Lowells and Saratogas are to arise, what Bostons and New Yorks are to spring from the commerce of that western shore! Who are to be the architects of this imperial undertaking? Whose minds are to conceive, and whose hands are to construct, these magnificent fabrics of national and individual prosperity and power?

8. Surely the generation which is now coming upon the theater of action, has this great mission to perform. To them is held out a prize such as the world has never before offered, to stimulate the pride, patriotism, and ambition of any people. And they will profit by the opportunity. To those who have prepared themselves for the duties and the labors of this eminent undertaking, will fall the honors and rewards of the enterprise. And to their charge will be intrusted the honor and integrity of that flag, which first waved along a narrow strip of the wild Atlantic coast, but which, if we are true to our own interests, will be hailed in every land and upon every sea as the emblem of earth's noblest nation.

LESSON LIX.

"AND THEN?"

An excellent effect will be produced by having one member of the class ask the question, "AND THEN?" at the close of each stanza, and the same member read the closing stanza in a very emphatic manner. Or it may be read by the whole class in concert.

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1. A YOUTH told proudly his *hopes* and *plans*,
With his own strong hand all his future drew,
To the calm old man, earth-tired, Heaven-bound,
Who answered, from all that his great heart knew,
Only these words, "And Then'?" —

2. With a steady foot and a willing hand,
I will climb to Earth's treasure-hold,
And claim my share of the wealth she hoards
For her favored, — the brave and the bold.
"And Then'?" —

3. And then, with this wand in my happy hand,
I'll gather her gems at will;
I'll summon each draught of her pleasure-fount
Till it fail, or my goblet I fill.
"And Then'?" —

4. Oh! then I'll try Fame, and I'll coax till I win
From the noble old laurel a wreath;
This I'll cherish and keep, 'tis Earth's choicest gift,
And its life-dew her balmiest breath.
"And Then'?" —

5. I'll be kindly, and share of my wealth and my joy;
So I'll bind many souls to my own:
For I'd sooner be prince of a dozen *warm hearts*
Than a monarch of many a throne.
"And then'?" —

6. Why, then I'll be getting to *staid middle age*,
And the world will be Eden no more;
But I'll choose me an Eve, and build me a home,
And be found at *my own open door*,
"And Then'?" —

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7. Then'—*then* I'll grow old of a quaint old age,
In the midst of my pleasure and peace;
So muffled in treasure, and comfort, and love,
That to *my* ear Earth's discord shall cease.
"And Then'?"—

8. I'll grow older and older; and *then*, I suppose,
Life and I will grow weary—and—why—
As my fathers have done, as my children must do,
So *I*, in my ripeness, shall—— DIE!
"And Then'?"

9. Oh! *then* will the vail of Death's portal be rent,
And unto each soul shall be given
The awards of this life, howe'er it was spent,—
Undying regrets, or the joys of Heaven;
Then, and FOREVER THEN!

LESSON LX.

WHAT IS LIFE?

CHARLES D. DRAKE.

1. AN Eagle flew up in his heavenward flight,
Far out of the reach of human sight,
And gazed on the earth from the lordly hight
Of his sweeping and lone career:
"And this is Life!" he exultingly screams,
"To soar without fear where the lightning gleams,
And look unblenched on the sun's dazzling beams,
As they blaze through the upper sphere."

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2. A Lion sprang forth from his bloody bed,
And roared till it seemed he would wake the dead;
And man and beast from him wildly fled,
As though there were death in the tone:
"And this is Life!" he triumphantly cried,
"To hold my domain in the forest wide,
Imprisoned by naught but the ocean's tide,
And the ice of the frozen zone."

3. "It is Life," said a Whale, "to swim the deep;
O'er hills submerged and abysses to sweep,
Where the gods of ocean their vigils keep,
In the fathomless gulfs below;
To bask on the bosom of tropical seas,
And inhale the fragrance of Cēylon's breeze,
Or sport where the turbulent waters freeze,
In the climes of eternal snow."

4. "It is Life," says a tireless Albatross,
"To skim through the air when the dark waves toss
In the storm that has swept the earth across,
And never to wish for rest;
To sleep on the breeze as it softly flies,
My perch in the air, my shelter the skies,
And build my nest on the billows that rise
And break with a pearly crest."

5. "It is Life," says a wild Gazelle, "to leap
From crag to crag of the mountainous steep,
Where the cloud's icy tears in purity sleep,
Like the marble brow of death;
To stand unmoved on the outermost verge
Of the perilous hight, and watch the surge
Of the waters beneath, that onward urge,
As if sent by a demon's breath."

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6. "It is Life," I hear a Butterfly say,
"To revel in blooming gardens by day,
And nestle in cups of flowerets gay,
When the stars the heavens illume;
To steal from the rose its delicate hue,
And sip from the hyacinth glittering dew,
And catch from beds of the violet blue
The breath of its gentle perfume."

7. "It is Life," a majestic War-horse neighed,
"To prance in the glare of battle and blade,
Where thousands in terrible death are laid,
And scent of the streaming gore;
To dash, unappalled, through the fiery heat,
And trample the dead beneath my feet,
'Mid the trumpet's clang, and the drum's loud beat,
And the hoarse artillery's roar."

8. "It is Life," said a Savage, with hideous yell,
"To roam unshackled the mountain and dell,
And feel my bosom with majesty swell,
As the primal monarch of all;
To gaze on the earth, the sky, and the sea,
And feel that, like them, I am chainless and free,
And never, while breathing, to bend the knee,
But at the Manitou's * call."

9. An aged Christian went tottering by,
And white was his hair, and dim was his eye,
And his wasted spirit seemed ready to fly,
As he said, with faltering breath,

* MAN' I TOU, (*man' i too,*) a spirit, god, or devil, of the American Indians.

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"It is Life to move from the heart's first throes,
Through youth and manhood to age's snows,
In a ceaseless circle of joys and woes, —
IT IS LIFE TO PREPARE FOR DEATH!"

LESSON LXI.

[1] GIB' BON, EDWARD, the celebrated English historian, was born at Putney, 1737; and died in London, 1794. His "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" is a work of great merit, and its extraordinary union of excellences — variety, correctness, and vigor of narrative and description — deepens the regret with which we contemplate the skeptical taint that is diffused through its pages.

[2] LEIB' NITZ, GODFREY WILLIAM, an eminent mathematician and philosopher, was born at Leipsic, 1646; and died at Hanover, 1716. Within the vast region of speculative thought, there was no department unvisited by the ever-living activity of Leibnitz, or unillumined by his brilliancy. He has left the firm impress of his intellect upon the minds of jurists, historians, theologians, naturalists, mathematicians, and metaphysicians of the highest order.

[3] PAS' CAL, BLAISE, an eminent geometrician and writer, was born in France, 1623; and died 1662. During a protracted illness, he had such an overwhelming sense of the importance of religion, that he resolved to renounce all his scientific and secular pursuits, and to apply his mind exclusively to the study of theology, and the means by which he might promote the best interests of his fellow-men.

[4] CIC' E RO, MARCUS TULLIUS, the most famous of Roman orators, was born 106 before Christ, and was murdered by order of Mark Antony, 43 B.C.

[5] RAPH' A EL, SANTI or SANZO, the most celebrated of Italian painters, was born April 6, 1483; and died at Rome, on his birthday, April 6, 1520, aged thirty-seven years. Raphael's greatest works are unrivaled, and his fame soars above that of all his competitors, not excepting Michael Angelo himself. He is universally acclaimed the Prince of Painters, and chiefly for those lofty sentimental qualities of his works, which all can feel, but few describe.

[6] HOMER and MILTON. See notes pp. 106, 107.

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PLEASURES OF KNOWLEDGE.

SYDNEY SMITH.

IT is NOBLE to seek Truth, and it is BEAUTIFUL to find it. It is the feeling of the human heart, that knowledge is better than riches; and it is *deeply* and *sacredly true.* To mark the course of human passions as they have flowed on in the ages that are past; to see why nations have risen, and why they have fallen; to speak of heat, and light, and the winds; to know what man has discovered in the heavens above, and in the earth beneath; to hear the chemist unfold the marvelous properties that the Creator has locked up in a speck of earth; to be told that there are worlds so distant from our own, that the quickness of light, traveling from the world's creation, has never yet reached us; to wander in the creations of poetry, and grow warm again with that eloquence which swayed the democracies of the Old World; to go up with great reasoners to the First Cause of all, and to perceive, in the midst of all this dissolution, and decay, and cruel separation, that there is *one thing* unchangeable, indestructible, and everlasting, — it is worth while, in the days of our youth, to *strive hard* for this great discipline; to pass sleepless nights for it; to give up for it laborious days; to spurn for it present pleasures; to endure for it afflicting poverty; to wade for it through darkness, and sorrow, and contempt, as the great spirits of the world have done in all ages, and in all times.

2. I appeal to the experience of any man who is in the habit of exercising his mind vigorously and well, whether there is not a *satisfaction* in it, which tells him he has been acting up to one of the great objects of his existence. The end of nature has been answered: his faculties have done

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that which they were created to do, — not languidly occupied upon trifles, nor enervated by sensual gratification, but exercised in that toil which is so congenial to their nature, and so worthy of their strength.

3. A life of knowledge is not often a life of injury and crime. Whom does such a man oppress? with whose happiness does he interfere? whom does his ambition destroy? and whom does his fraud deceive? In the pursuit of science *he injures no man*, and, in the acquisition, *he does good to all.* A man who dedicates his life to knowledge, becomes habituated to pleasure which carries with it no reproach: and there is *one* security that he will never love that pleasure which is paid for by anguish of heart. His pleasures are all cheap, all dignified, and all innocent; and, as far as any human being can expect permanence in this changing scene, he has secured a happiness which no malignity of fortune can ever take away, but which must cleave to him while he lives, ameliorating every good, and diminishing every evil of his existence. . . .

4. The prevailing idea with *young people* has been, the incompatibility of *labor* and *genius;* and, therefore, from the fear of being thought dull, they have thought it necessary to remain ignorant. I have seen, at school and at college, a great many young men completely destroyed by having been so unfortunate as to produce an excellent copy of verses. Their genius being now established, all that remained for them to do was to act up to the dignity of the character; and as this dignity consisted in reading nothing new, in forgetting what they had already read, and in pretending to be acquainted with all subjects by a sort of off-hand exertion of talents, they soon collapsed into the most frivolous and insignificant of men.

5. It would be an extremely profitable thing to draw up

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a short and well-authenticated account of the habits of study of the most celebrated writers, with whose style of literary industry we happen to be most acquainted. Gibbon[1] was in his study every morning, winter and summer, at six o'clock; Mr. Burke was the most laborious and indefatigable of human beings; Leibnitz[2] was never out of his library; Pascal[3] killed himself by study; Cicero[4] narrowly escaped death by the same cause; Milton was at his books with as much regularity as a merchant or an attorney; he had mastered all the knowledge of his time: so had Homer. Raphael[5] lived but thirty-seven years, and in that short space carried his art so far beyond what it had before reached, that he appears to stand alone as a model to his successors.

6. There are instances to the contrary; but, generally speaking, the life of all truly great men has been a life of intense and incessant labor. They have commonly passed the first half of life in the gross darkness of indigent humility, — overlooked, mistaken, contemned, by weaker men, — *thinking* while others slept, *reading* while others rioted, feeling something within that told them they should not always be kept down among the dregs of the world. And then, when their time was come, and some little accident has given them their first occasion, they have burst out into the light and glory of public life, rich with the spoils of time, and mighty in all the labors and struggles of the mind.

7. Then do the multitude cry out, — "*A miracle of genius!*" Yes; he *is* a miracle of genius, because he is a miracle of labor; because, instead of trusting to the resources of his own single mind, he has ransacked a thousand minds; because he makes use of the accumulated wisdom of ages, and takes as his point of departure the

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very last line and boundary to which science has advanced; because it has ever been the object of his life to assist every intellectual gift of nature, however munificent, and however splendid, with every resource that art could suggest, and every attention diligence could bestow.

8. But some men may be disposed to ask,—"Why conduct my understanding with such endless care? and what is the use of so much knowledge?" What is the use of so much knowledge? What is the use of so much life? What are we to do with the seventy years of existence allotted to us? and how are we to live them out to the last? I solemnly declare, that, but for the *love* of knowledge, I should consider the life of the meanest hedger and ditcher as preferable to that of the greatest and richest man in existence; for the fire of our minds is like the fire which the Persians burn on the mountains,—it flames night and day, and is *immortal*, and not to be quenched! Upon *something* it must act and feed,—upon the pure spirit of knowledge, or upon the foul dregs of polluting passions.

9. Therefore, when I say, in conducting your understanding, love knowledge with a great love,—with a *vehement love*, with a love coëval with life,—what do I say but love innocence; love virtue; love purity of conduct; love that which, if you are rich and great, will sanctify the Providence which has made you so, and make men call it justice; love that which, if you are poor, will render your poverty respectable, and make the proudest feel it unjust to laugh at the meanness of your fortunes; love that which will comfort you, adorn you, and never quit you,—which will open to you the kingdom of thought, and all the boundless regions of conception, as an asylum against the cruelty, the injustice, and the pain that may be your lot

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in the outer world, — that which will make your motives habitually great and honorable, and light up in an instant a thousand noble disdains at the very thought of meanness and of fraud?

10. Therefore, if any young man have embarked his life in the pursuit of Knowledge, let him go on without doubting or fearing the event: let him not be intimidated by the cheerless beginnings of Knowledge, by the darkness from which she springs, by the difficulties which hover around her, by the wretched habitations in which she dwells, by the want and sorrow which sometimes journey in her train; but let him ever follow her as the Angel that guards him, and as the Genius of his life. She will bring him out at last into the light of day, and exhibit him to the world comprehensive in acquirements, fertile in resources, rich in imagination, strong in reasoning, prudent and powerful above his fellows in all the relations and in all the offices of life.

LESSON LXII.

[1] Rus'kin, John, was born in London in the year 1819. In 1843, he published a work entitled "Modern Painters," in which he advocates the claims of the moderns over the ancients to superiority in the art of landscape-painting. He has published several works since, and is still devoted to the study of his art. The brilliancy of his diction, and splendor of his style, never fail to secure the admiration of all.

MAN AND THE INDUSTRIAL ARTS.

DR. GEORGE WILSON.

THE Industrial Arts are necessary arts. The most degraded savage must practice them, and the most civilized genius can not dispense with them. Whatever be our gifts of intellect or fortune, we can not avoid being

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hungry, and thirsty, and cold, and weary, every day; and we must fight for our lives against the hunger, and thirst, and cold, and weariness, which wage an unceasing war against us. But, though the Industrial Arts are common, they are not ignoble arts. They minister, indeed, to those *physical wants* which we share with the lower animals; but we are raised above them as much by being *industrial* as by being æsthetic artists. We are the former by virtue of our *superior intellect*, as we are the latter by virtue of our *superior imagination*.

2. It is with every-day life, and every-day cares, that the Industrial Arts have to do, — with man, not as "a little lower than the angels," but "as crushed before the moth," and weaker than the weakest of the beasts that perish, — with man as a hungry, thirsty, restless, quarrelsome, naked animal. But *man*, because he is this, and *just* because he is this, is raised, by the *industrial conquests* which he is compelled to achieve, to a place of power and dignity, separating him by an absolutely immeasurable interval from every other animal.

3. It might appear, at first sight, as if it were not so. As industrial creatures, we often look like wretched copyists of animals far beneath us in the scale of organization; and we seem to confess as much by the names which we give them. The mason-wasp, the carpenter-bee, the mining caterpillars, the quarrying sea-slugs, execute their work in a way which we can not rival or excel. The bird is an ex'quisite architect; the beaver a most skillful bridge-builder; the silk-worm the most beautiful of weavers; the spider the best of net-makers. Each is a perfect craftsman, and each has his tools always at hand.

4. Those wise creatures will do *one* thing rather than another, and *do* that one thing in different ways at differ-

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ent times. A bird, for example, selects a place to build its nest, and accommodates its form to the particular locality it has chosen; and a bee alters the otherwise invariable shape of its cell, when the space it is working in forbids it to carry out its hexagonal plan. Yet it is impossible to watch these, or others among the lower animals, and fail to see that, to a great extent, *they are mere living machines*, saved from the care and anxiety which lie so heavily upon us, by their entire contentment with the present, their oblivion of the past, and their indifference to the future.

5. They *do* invent, they *do* design, they *do* exercise volition in wonderful ways; but their most wonderful works imply neither invention, contrivance, nor volition, but only a placid, pleasant, easily-rendered obedience to instincts which reign without rivals, and justify their despotic rule by the infallible happiness which they secure. There is nothing, accordingly, obsolete, nothing tentative, nothing progressive, in the labors of the most wonderful mechanicians among the lower animals. It has cost none of these ingenious artists any intellectual effort to learn its craft; for God gave it to each perfect in the beginning; and within the circle to which they apply, the rules which guide their work are infallible, and know no variation.

6. No feathered Ruskin[1] appears among the birds, to discuss before them whether their nests should be built on the principles of Grecian or Gothic architecture. No beaver, in advance of his age, patents a diving-bell. No glow-worm advocates, in the hearing of her conservative sisters, the merits of new vesta-lights, or improved lucifer-matches. The silk-worms entertain no propositions regarding the substitution of machinery for bodily labor. The spiders never divide the House on the question of a Ten-hours Working Bill. The ants are as *one* on their Corn-laws.

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The bees never alter their tax upon sugar, nor dream of lessening the severities of their penal code; their drones are slaughtered as relentlessly as they were three thousand years ago; nor has a solitary change been permitted, since first there were bees, in any of their singular domestic institutions.

7. To those wise creatures the Author of all has given, not only infallible rules for their work, but unfaltering faith in them. Labor is for them not a doubt, but a certainty. Duty is the same thing as happiness. They never grow weary of life; and death never surprises them. *We* are industrial for other reasons, and in a different way. Our working instincts are very few; our faith in them still more feeble; and our physical wants far greater than those of any other creature.

8. With the intellects of angels, and the bodies of earth-worms, we have the power to conquer, and the need to do it. The Industrial Arts are the result of our destitution and necessities. The Fine Arts may be gracefully grouped round the five senses, — the eye to the painter, the ear to the musician, the tongue to the poet, the hand to the sculptor, and the whole body, the instrument of touch, among all. The Fine Arts thus begin each with a special sense, and converge toward the body; the Industrial Arts begin with the body, and diverge toward the special senses. . . .

9. The shivering savage in the colder countries robs the seal and the bear, the buffalo and the deer, of the *one* mantle which Nature has given them. The wild huntsman, by a swift but simple transmutation, becomes the clothier, the tailor, the tanner, the currier, the leather-dresser, the glover, the saddler, the shoemaker, the tent-maker. And the tent-maker becomes quickly a house-

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builder, building with snow where better material is not to be had; and a ship-builder, constructing out of a few wooden ribs, and stretched animal-skins, canoes which may survive where our ships of oak have gone to destruction.

10. The savage of the warmer regions seeks a covering, not from the cold, but from the sun, which smites him by day; and the moon, which smites him by night. The palm, the banana, the soft-barked trees, the broad-leaved sedges, and long-fibered grasses, are spoiled by him, as the beasts of the field are by his colder brother. He becomes a sower, a reaper, a spinner, a weaver, a baker, a brewer, a distiller, a dyer, a carpenter; and while he is *these*, he bends the pliant stems of his tropical forests into roof-trees and rafters, and clothes them with leaves, and makes for himself a tabernacle of boughs, and so is the arch-architect of a second great school of architecture.

11. It is not, however, his cultivation of the arts which have been named, or of others, that makes man peculiar as an *industrial animal;* it is the *mode* in which he practices them. The first step he takes toward remedying his destitution and helplessness, is in a direction where no other creature has led the way, and none has followed his example. He lays hold of that most powerful of all weapons of peace or war, *fire*, from which every other animal, unless when fortified by his presence, flees in terror; and with it alone not only clothes himself, but lays the foundation of a hundred arts. Man is the only animal that can strike a light, — the solitary creature that knows how to kindle a fire.

12. Once provided with his kindled brand, the savage technologist soon proves what a scepter of power he holds in his hand. He tills with it; by a single touch burning up the withered grass of a past season, and scattering its

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ashes to fertilize the plains, which will quickly be green again. It serves him as an ax to fell the tallest trees, and hollows out for him the canoe in which he adventures upon strange seas. It is an all-sufficient defense against the fiercest wild beasts; and it reduces for him the iron ore of the rocks, and forges it into a weapon of war. Indeed, his kindled brand makes the savage, without further help, a farmer, a baker, a cook, a carpenter, a smith, a potter, a brick-maker, a lime-burner, and builder; and, besides much else, a soldier and a sailor.

13. You may think this sketch of the savage's obligation to fire fanciful and exaggerated; but if you consider how every human industrial art stands directly or indirectly related to fire, while no animal art does, you will not regard the statement as extravagant. The great conquering people of the world have been those who knew best how to deal with fire. The most wealthy of the active nations are those which dwell in countries richly provided with fuel. No inventions have changed the entire world more than steam and gunpowder. We are what we are, largely because we are the ministers and masters of fire.

14. Every other animal is by nature fully equipped and caparisoned for its work; its tools are ready for use, and it is ready to use them. We have first to *invent* our tools, and then to *fashion* them, and then to *learn how to handle* them. Man's marvelous hand is, no doubt, in itself, an exquisite instrument of art; but our hands would be nothing to us but for *our wise heads.* Two-thirds, at least, of our industrial doings are preliminary. Before two pieces of cloth can be sewed together, we require a needle, which embodies the inventiveness of a *hundred ingenious brains;* and a hand, which only a hundred botchings and failures

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have, in the lapse of years, taught to use the instrument with skill.

15. It is so with all the crafts, and they are inseparably dependent on each other. The mason waits on the carpenter for his mallet; and the carpenter, on the smith for his saw; the smith, on the smelter for his iron; and the smelter, on the miner for his ore. Each, moreover, needs the help of all the others. This *helplessness* of the single craftsman is altogether peculiar to the human artist. The lower animals are all polyartists, and never heard of such a doctrine as that of the division of labor.

16. The same bee, for example, markets, and bakes bee-bread, and manufactures sugar, and makes wax, and builds store-houses, and plans apartments, and nurses the royal infants, and waits upon the queen, and apprehends thieves, and smites to the death the enemies of the Amazons. The nightingale, though he is a poet, builds and furnishes his nest without any help from the raven; and the lark does not excuse herself from her household duties because she is an excellent musician.

17. Nor are there degrees of skill among the animal artists. The beavers pay no consulting fees to eminent beaver-engineers experienced in hydraulics; the coral insects do not offer higher wages to skilled workmen at reef-building; every nautilus is an equally good sailor; and the wasps, engaged in "just and necessary wars," offer no bounties to tempt veteran soldiers into their armies. The industrialness, then, of man is carried out in a way quite peculiar to himself, and singularly illustrative of his combined weakness and greatness. The most helpless, physically, of animals, and yet the one with the greatest number of pressing appetites and desires, he has no working instincts to secure the gratification of his most pressing wants, and no tools which such instincts can work with.

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18. He is compelled, therefore, to fall back upon the powers of his *reason* and *understanding*, and make his *intellect* serve him instead of a crowd of instinctive impulses; and his intellect-guided hand, instead of an apparatus of tools. Before that hand, armed with the tools which it has fashioned, and that intellect, which marks man as made in the image of God, the instincts and weapons of the entire animal creation are as nothing. He reigns, by right of conquest, as indisputably as by right of inheritance, the king of this world.

LESSON LXIII.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

E. H. BURRINGTON.

1. WALK with the Beautiful, and with the Grand;
Let nothing on the earth thy feet deter;
Sorrow may lead thee weeping by the hand,
But give not all thy bosom-thoughts to her:
Walk with the Beautiful!

2. I hear thee say, — "The Beautiful! what is it?"
O, thou art darkly ignorant! Be sure
'Tis no long, weary road, its form to visit;
For thou canst make it smile beside thy door:
Then love the Beautiful!

3. Ay, love it; 'tis a sister that will bless,
And teach thee patience when thy heart is lonely:
The angels love it; for they wear its dress;
And thou art made a little lower only:
Then love the Beautiful!

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4. Some boast its presence in a Grecian face; *
Some, in a favorite warbler of the skies;
But be not fooled! Whate'er thine eye may trace,
Seeking the Beautiful, it will arise:
Then seek it *everywhere*.

5. Thy bosom is its mint; the workmen are
Thy Thoughts, and they must coin for thee. Believing
The Beautiful exists in every star,
Thou mak'st it so; and art thyself deceiving,
If otherwise thy faith.

6. Dost thou see Beauty in the violet's cup?
I'll teach thee miracles. Walk on this heath,
And say to the *neglected* flowers,—"Look up,
And be ye beautiful!" If thou hast faith,
They will obey thy word.

7. One thing I warn thee: bow no knee to gold;
Less innocent it makes the guileless tongue;
It turns the feelings prematurely old;
And they who keep their best affections young,
Best love the Beautiful.

QUESTIONS. 1. What rule for spelling *deceiving* with *ei*, and *believing* with *ie*, 5th stanza? Answer: All words of this class, in which the diphthong is preceded by the letter *c*, are spelled with *ei*; if the diphthong is preceded by any other letter, they are spelled with *ie*. 2. What is the meaning of the suffix *less* in the word *guileless*, 7th stanza? See Sanders' Union Speller, page 143.

* GRE'CIAN FACE. The ancient Grecians were distinguished for their *symmetry* and *beauty*, many proofs of which may be seen in those exquisite specimens of statuary which have been handed down to us as the *beau-idéal* of the Grecian form.

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LESSON LXIV.

THE BRIGHT FLOWERS.

ANON.

1. OH! they look upward in every place
Through this beautiful world of ours;
And dear as the smile on an old friend's face
Is the smile of the bright, bright flowers.
They tell us of wanderings by wood and streams,
They tell us of lanes and trees;
But the children of showers and sunny beams
Have lovelier tales than these,—
(*All the class*) THE BRIGHT, BRIGHT FLOWERS!

2. They tell of a season when men were not,
When earth was by angels trod;
And leaves and flowers at every spot
Burst forth at the call of God,—
When spirits, singing their hymns at even,
Wandered by wood and glade,
And the Lord looked down from the highest heaven,
And blessed what He had made,—
(*All the class*) THE BRIGHT, BRIGHT FLOWERS!

3. The blessing remaineth upon them still,
Though often the storm-cloud lowers;
And frequent tempests may soil and chill
The gayest of earth's fair flowers.
When Sin and Death, with their sister, Grief,
Made a home in the hearts of men,
The blessing of God in each tender leaf
Preserved in their beauty then
(*All the class*) THE BRIGHT, BRIGHT FLOWERS!

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4. The lily is lovely as when it slept
On the waters of Eden's lake;
The woodbine breathes sweetly as when it crept
In Eden from brake to brake.
They were left as a proof of the loveliness
Of Adam and Eve's first home;
They are here as a type of the joys that bless
The just in the world to come,—
(*All the class*) THE BRIGHT, BRIGHT FLOWERS!

LESSON LXV.

THE SUMMER RAIN.

HELEN MITCHELL.

1. OH the rain, the beautiful rain!
Cheerily, merrily falls,
Beating its wings 'gainst the window-pane,
Trickling down the walls,—
Over the meadow with pattering feet,
Kissing the clover-blossoms sweet,
Singing the blue-bells fast asleep,
Making the pendent willows weep,—
Over the hillside brown,
Over the dusty town,
Merrily, cheerily, cometh it down,
The rain, the summer rain!

2. Oh the rain, the welcome rain!
Softly, kindly, it falls
On tiny flower and thirsting plain,
And vine by the cottage-walls;

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Laughingly tipping the lily's cup,
It filleth the crystal chalice up,
Joyously greeting the earth that thrills
Through her thousand veins of gathering rills, —
Over the violet's bed,
Over the sleeping dead,
Cometh with kindly tread
The rain, the gentle rain!

3. Oh the rain, the cheering rain!
Drifting slowly, sweetly down,
Where spreading fields of golden grain
The sloping hillsides crown;
Flecking with dimples the lake's calm face,
Quickening the schoolboy's tardy pace,
Caressing a bud by a wayside stone,
Leaving a *gem* as it passes on,
In the daisy's breast,
On the thistle's crest,
And the buttercup richly blest
By the rain, the generous rain!

LESSON LXVI.

A NOBLE REVENGE.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

A YOUNG officer had so far forgotten himself, in a moment of irritation, as to strike a private soldier, full of personal dignity, and distinguished for his courage. The inexorable laws of military discipline forbade to the injured soldier any redress, — he could look for no retaliation by acts. Words only were at his command; and, in a

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tumult of indignation, as he turned away, the soldier said to his officer that he would "make him repent it." This, wearing the shape of a menace, naturally rekindled the officer's anger, and intercepted any disposition which might be rising within him toward a sentiment of remorse; and thus the irritation between the two young men grew hotter than before.

2. Some weeks after this, a partial action took place with the enemy. Suppose yourself a spectator, and looking down into a valley occupied by the two armies. They are facing each other, you see, in martial array. But it is no more than a skirmish which is going on; in the course of which, however, an occasion suddenly arises for a desperate service. A redoubt, which has fallen into the enemy's hands, must be recaptured at any price, and under circumstances of all but hopeless difficulty.

3. A strong party has volunteered for the service; there is a cry for somebody to head them: you see a soldier step out from the ranks to assume this dangerous leadership. The party moves rapidly forward; in a few minutes it is swallowed up from your eyes in clouds of smoke; for one half-hour, from behind these clouds you receive hieroglyphic reports of bloody strife, — fierce-repeating signals, flashes from the guns, rolling musketry, and exulting hurrahs, advancing or receding, slackening or redoubling.

4. At length, all is over; the redoubt has been recovered; that which was lost, is found again; the jewel which had been made captive, is ransomed with blood. Crimsoned with glorious gore, the wreck of the conquering party is relieved, and at liberty to return. From the river you see it ascending. The plume-crested officer in command rushes forward, with his left hand raising his hat in homage to the blackened fragments of what once was a

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flag, while with his right hand he seizes that of the leader, though no more than a private from the ranks. *That* perplexes you not; mystery you see none in *that*. For distinctions of order perish, ranks are confounded; "high and low" are words without a meaning; and to wreck goes every notion or feeling that divides the noble from the noble, or the brave man from the brave.

5. But wherefore is it that now, when suddenly they wheel into mutual recognition, suddenly they pause? This soldier, this officer, — who are they? O reader! once before they had stood face to face, — the soldier that was struck, the officer that struck him. Once again they are meeting, and the gaze of armies is upon them. If, for a moment, a doubt divides them, in a moment that doubt has perished. One glance, exchanged between them, publishes the forgiveness that is sealed forever.

6. As one who recovers a brother whom he has accounted dead, the officer sprang forward, threw his arms around the neck of the soldier, and kissed him, as if he were some martyr glorified by that shadow of death from which he was returning; while, on *his* part, the soldier, stepping back, and carrying his open hand through the beautiful motions of the military salute to a superior, makes this immortal answer, — that answer which shut up forever the memory of the indignity offered to him, even while, for the last time, alluding to it, — "Sir," he said, "I told you before that I would make you repent it!"

7. How admirably does the conduct of this noble soldier exemplify the teachings of the Savior! — "But I say unto you, that ye resist not evil. Love your enemies; bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate you; and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in Heaven."

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LESSON LXVII.

STORY OF THE SIEGE OF CALAIS.

HENRY BROOKE.

EDWARD III., after the battle of Cressy, laid siege to Calais.* He had fortified his camp in so impregnable a manner that all the efforts of France proved ineffectual to raise the siege, or throw succor into the city. The citizens, under Count Vienne′, their gallant governor, made an admirable defense. France had now put the sickle into her second harvest since Edward, with his victorious army, sat down before the town. The eyes of all Europe were intent on the issue.

2. At length, famine did more for Edward than arms. After suffering great calamities, they resolved to attempt the enemy's camp. They boldly sallied forth; the English joined battle; and, after a long and desperate engagement, Count Vienne was taken prisoner; and the citizens who survived the slaughter, retired within their gates. The command devolving upon Eustace St. Pierre′, a man of humble birth, but of exalted virtue, *he* offered to capitulate with Edward, provided he permitted them to depart with life and liberty.

3. Edward, to avoid the imputation of cruelty, consented to spare the bulk of the plebe′ians, provided they delivered up to him *six of their principal citizens*, with halters about their necks, as victims of due atonement for that spirit of rebellion with which they had inflamed the common people. When his messenger, Sir Walter Mauny, delivered the terms, consternation and pale dismay were

* French pronunciation, *kä′ lä.*

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impressed on every countenance. To a long and dead silence deep sighs and groans succeeded, till Eustace St. Pierre, standing upon a little eminence, thus addressed the assembly: —

4. "My FRIENDS, we are brought to great straits this day. We must either yield to the terms of our cruel and insnaring conqueror, or give up our tender infants, our wives, and our daughters, to the enemy. Is there any expedient left whereby we may avoid the guilt and infamy of delivering up those who have suffered every misery with you, on the one hand, or the desolation and horror of a sacked city, on the other? There *is*, my friends; there is *one* expedient left! — a gracious, an excellent, a god-like expedient left! Is there any here to whom virtue is dearer than life? Let him offer himself an oblation for the safety of his people! He shall not fail to live forever in the memories of his countrymen."

5. He spoke; but a universal silence ensued. Each man looked around for the example of that virtue and magnanimity which all wished to approve in themselves, though they wanted the resolution. At length, St. Pierre resumed: — "I doubt not but there are many here as ready for, nay, more zealous of, this martyrdom than *I* can be; though the station to which I am raised by the captivity of Lord Vienne, imparts a right to be the *first* in giving my life for your sakes. I give it freely; I give it cheerfully. Who comes next?"

6. "Your son!" exclaimed a youth not yet come to maturity.

"Ah, my child!" cried St. Pierre; "I am then *twice* sacrificed. Thy years are few, but full, my son. The victim of virtue has reached the utmost purpose and goal of mortality! Who next, my friends? This is the hour of heroes."

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7. "Your kinsman!" cried John d'Aire.

"Your kinsman!" cried James Wissant.

"Your kinsman!" cried Peter Wissant.

"Ah!" exclaimed Sir Walter Mauny, bursting into tears, "why was not *I* a citizen of Calais?"

8. The sixth victim was still wanting, but was quickly supplied by *lot* from numbers who were now emulous of so enniobling an example. The keys of the city were then delivered to Sir Walter. He took the six prisoners into his custody; then ordered the gates to be opened, and gave charge to his attendants to conduct the remaining citizens with their families through the camp of the English. Before they departed, however, they desired permission to take the last adieu of their deliverers. What a parting! what a scene! They crowded with their wives and children about St. Pierre and his fellow-prisoners. They embraced, they clung around, they fell prostrate before them; they groaned, they wept aloud; and the joint clamor of their mourning passed the gates of the city, and was heard throughout the English camp.

9. The English, by this time, were apprised of what passed within Calais. They heard the voice of lamentation, and their souls were touched with compassion. Each of the soldiers prepared a portion of his own victuals, to welcome and entertain the half-famished inhabitants; and they loaded them with as much as their present weakness was able to bear, in order to supply them with sustenance by the way. At length, St. Pierre and his fellow-victims appeared, under the conduct of Sir Walter and a guard.

10. All the tents of the English were instantly emptied. The soldiers poured from all parts, and arranged themselves on each side, to behold, to contemplate, to admire this little band of patriots as they passed. They bowed to

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them on all sides; they murmured their applause of that virtue which they could not but revere, even in enemies; and they regarded those ropes which they had voluntarily assumed about their necks as ensigns of greater dignity than that of knighthood. As soon as they had reached the presence, "Mauny," says the monarch, "are these the principal inhabitants of Calais?"

11. "They are," says Mauny; "they are not only the principal men of Calais, they are the principal men of France, my lord, if *virtue* has any share in the act of ennobling."

"Were they delivered peaceably?" asked Edward. "Was there no resistance, no commotion among the people?"

"Not in the least, my lord; the people would all have perished, rather than have delivered the least of these to your majesty. They are *self-delivered*, *self-devoted*, and come to offer up their inestimable heads as an ample equivalent for the ransom of thousands."

12. Edward was secretly piqued at this reply of Sir Walter; but he knew the privilege of a British subject, and suppressed his resentment. "Experience," says he, "has ever shown that lenity only serves to invite people to new crimes. Severity, at times, is indispensably necessary to compel subjects to submission by punishment and example. Go," he cried to an officer, "lead these men to execution!"

13. At this instant a sound of triumph was heard throughout the camp. The queen had just arrived with a powerful re-enforcement of gallant troops. Sir Walter Mauny flew to receive her majesty, and briefly informed her of the particulars respecting the six victims. As soon as she had been welcomed by Edward and his court, she desired a private audience.

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14. "My lord," said she, "the question I am to enter upon is not touching the lives of a few mechanics; it respects the honor of the English nation; it respects the glory of my Edward, my husband, my king. You think you have sentenced six of your enemies to death. No, my lord; they have sentenced themselves; and their execution would be the execution of their *own* orders, not the orders of Edward. The stage on which they would suffer, would be to them a stage of *honor*, but a stage of *shame* to Edward, — a reproach to his conquests, an indelible disgrace to his name.

15. "Let us rather disappoint these haughty citizens, who wish to invest themselves with glory at our expense. We can not wholly deprive them of the merit of a sacrifice so nobly intended; but we may cut them short of their desires. In the place of that death, by which their glory would be consummated, let us bury them under gifts; let us put them to confusion with applauses. We shall thereby defeat them of that popular opinion which never fails to attend those who suffer in the cause of virtue."

16. "I am convinced; you have prevailed. Be it so," replied Edward. "Prevent the execution; have them instantly before us."

They came; when the queen, Philippa, with an aspect and accents diffusing sweetness, thus bespoke them: —

17. "**Natives of France, and Inhabitants of Calais:** You have put us to a vast expense of blood and treasure in the recovery of our just and natural inheritance; but you have acted up to the best of an erroneous judgment, and we admire and honor in you that valor and virtue by which we were so long kept out of our rightful possessions. You noble, you excellent citizens! though you

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were tenfold the enemies of our person and our throne, we can feel nothing on our part save respect and affection for you. You have been sufficiently tested. We loose your chains; we snatch you from the scaffold; and we thank you for that lesson of humiliation which you teach us, when you show us that *excellence* is not of blood, of title, or of station; that *virtue* gives a dignity superior to that of kings; and that those whom the Almighty informs with sentiments like yours, are justly and eminently raised above all human distinctions.

18. "You are now free to depart to your kinsfolk, your countrymen, to all those whose lives and liberties you have so nobly redeemed, provided you refuse not the tokens of our esteem. Yet we would rather bind you to ourselves by every endearing obligation; and, for this purpose, we offer to you your choice of the gifts and honors that Edward has to bestow. Rivals for fame, but always friends to virtue, we wish that England were entitled to call you her sons."

"Ah, my country!" exclaimed Pierre, "it is now that I tremble for you! Edward only wins our cities; but Philippa conquers our hearts!"

LESSON LXVIII.

THE TRUE LEGION OF HONOR.

ANON.

1. A GOLDEN banner, bright and beaming,
Waves upon a lofty tower;
Far and wide its rays are streaming,
Gathering brightness every hour;

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And upon it there is written,
As in words of flaming fire, —
(<) "Onward, onward, ever onward!
Higher, higher still aspire!"

2. And around that glorious standard
Gathers many a noble knight,
Men of every clime and color,
To do battle for the Right.
But they need no sword or buckler,
Helmet, lance, or bayonet keen:
No; they wield far mightier weapons, —
Weapons mightier, though unseen.

3. Yes; they are a band of heroes,
High in hope, of valor true,
Warring 'gainst the world's sad evils, —
Nobler field than Waterloo.
Though no glitter marks their conquests,
Though no trumpet sounds their praise,
Worthy they of highest honors,
Worthy of immortal lays.

4. Conquerors are they, though no cities
Are by them in ruins laid;
Though no wailings mark their progress,
Smoking piles and heaps of dead.
Theirs it is to war with Error,
Falsehood's mask aside to tear;
And, where Superstition triumphs,
Plant the flag of knowledge there.

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5. Hearts have they of highest daring,
Fearless, dauntless, true as steel;
Yet they melt at human sorrow,
And the woes of others feel.
The poor, the needy, and the outcast—
Brothers still, though fallen low—
Find in them a guardian angel;
Tyranny, a mortal foe.

6. Knowledge, Freedom, are their war-cries;
Hope for man, their watchword still;
And their arm is ever active,
Smiting down each crying ill.
And that banner waves above them—
Rich bequest from sire to son—
Beacon that will ever brighten,
Till the final conquest's won.

LESSON LXIX.

CONSCIENCE.

JAMES LINEN.

"Whatever creed be taught, or land be trod,
Man's conscience is the oracle of God."—BYRON.

1. TELL me, O Conscience! what thou art,
That fires the brain and wrings the heart;
That haunts the guilty mind with fears,
And fills the eyes with bitter tears;
That keeps the memory on the rack
By bringing recollections back;

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That plays with feelings at thy will,
And tortures with consummate skill;
Whose task it is, by smile or frown,
To lift man up, or drag him down;
Whose sting is keener far than steel
Which felons in dark dungeons feel.
The prince may golden favors shower,
Yet he is subject to thy power.

2. The hero Honor's path may tread,
And his great name world-wide be spread;
But glory brings not peace of mind,
That jewel rare, so hard to find.
From thy dominion none can flee,
For mortals all must bow to thee!
Tell me, O Conscience! what thou art,
Weird Watchman of the human heart!

3. Art thou the child of wretched Care,
That murders Sleep and mocks Despair —
That fills with pangs the human breast,
And robs the guilty head of rest —
That mutely weeps o'er crime untold,
Where Vice buys Virtue with her gold —
Whose records by some mystic hand
Are written in a fadeless land?
Tell me, O Conscience! what thou art,
Weird Watchman of the human heart.

4. The soul that claims celestial birth,
Finds naught but tainted joys on earth;
Imprisoned in a cell of clay,
That yields to laws of swift decay, —

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The spirit tenant of the heart
Is ever yearning to depart;
Like some caged warbler to be free,
That it may soar, O God! to thee.

5. O Conscience! mute, mysterious guest:
Man fain would pluck thee from his breast,
As if thou wert his deadly foe,
The only cause of human woe;
Could he but snatch thy golden crown,
And madly pull thy temple down,
Dark Vice would rear her bloody shrines
Where perish hopes and Virtue pines;
Strike but the brave heart-monarch dumb,
And earth a desert would become.

6. When man can feel a conscience clear,
What wrongs and dangers need he fear?
Calmly at his departing breath,
It takes away the stings of death;
It nobly braves the coward world,
Till Reason from her throne be hurled;
With all the feelings of the heart
It gently plays a leading part,
In concert acting with the soul
When passions wild brook no control;
Close by life's purple fountain found,
It guards the spot as holy ground.
Tell me, O Conscience! what thou art,
Weird Watchman of the human heart!

QUESTION. — Why do *Care, Sleep, Despair, Vice, Virtue, Conscience,* and *Watchman,* 3d stanza, begin with capitals? ANSWER. — Because they are personified.

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LESSON LXX.

[1] By′ ron, George Gordon, (Lord Byron,) was born in London, Jan. 22, 1788; and died April 19, 1824. In his nineteenth year, he commenced his career as an author by publishing the "Hours of Idleness." It was criticised with great severity by "The Edinburgh Review;" to which attack he replied with still greater severity in a caustic satire entiled "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." His life was marked by great misfortunes, occasioned chiefly by his own wild and wanton conduct; but it was distinguished by a series of poetical productions, which have been more admired and more condemned than those, perhaps, of any other writer, whether living or dead.

[2] New′ ton, Sir Isaac. See note, page 94.

[3] Boyle, Robert, was born at Lismore, Ireland, in 1626; and died in London, 1691. He was an able and sedulous investigator of Nature by experiment, and contributed largely to the various branches of optics, pneumatics, natural history, chemistry, and medicine; pneumatics probably gaining most by his researches. His mind was essentially reverential, and he wrote largely on religious topics.

[4] Locke, John, author of the celebrated "Essay on the Human Understanding," was born 1632; and died 1704. Firmly attached to the cause of toleration, civil and religious, he scrupled not to suffer for either. Human liberty was the basis of his philosophy, and he practically stood by it. Few writers had a finer sense of the respect due to personal conscience.

[5] Wil′ ber force, William, a distinguished English statesman and Christian philanthropist, was born 1759; and died 1833. While a member of Parliament, he introduced a bill for the abolition of the slave-trade, and advocated it in a powerful and effective speech, which gained him a reputation as one of the most eloquent orators of the age.

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS CULTURE.

SAT. EVE. POST.

IT has pleased the beneficent Father of the universe to form man a *rational* and *intelligent being*, to endow him with faculties of mind susceptible of the highest improvement, and to impart to him a soul which may soar far on beyond the joys of earthly happiness, and participate in the bliss of a heavenly immortality. The feelings of his heart,

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purified by the clear principles of morality, and ennobled by the influences of divine goodness, elevate his nature, and justly entitle him to be ranked among the proudest works of the Creator.

2. But Omniscience has so constituted him that his happiness is closely interwoven with the practice of the *moral virtues*, and a strict and undeviating regard for the dictates of religion. When these are disregarded, the ties that bind his soul to Heaven, are broken; the glorious destinies of his existence are lost in the transient pleasures of earth; and the impress of divinity, stamped upon his nature, remains but a polluted emblem of his pristine glory, and, in his sober moments of reflection, adds keener pangs to his miseries, by reminding him of the high objects for which he was created.

3. Wherever there is a want of *moral principle*, the loftiest efforts of the human intellect degenerate into coldness. They may dazzle the imagination with their brilliancy, and perhaps astonish the reason itself with their strength and originality; but the heart is unmoved, and the nobler and more exalted feelings of our nature remain unaffected. We may witness the most towering flights of genius; we may listen with delight to the almost overpowering strains of eloquence; we may be enchanted with the soft and flowing numbers of heaven-born music; and, at the same time, our emotions may be mingled with feelings of sadness and regret, that the possessors of these golden talents are uninfluenced by the mild precepts of virtue, and throw a shade over their shining qualities by the vicious and corrupt conduct of their lives. We may view with pleasure too, at a distance, the fiery heavings of a volcano; but we shudder to reflect that every swelling is pregnant with the seeds of desolation, and buries whole cities in liquid fire.

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4. Who has not been enraptured with the sweet and fascinating melody of Byron?[1] Who has not felt the deep breathings of his mighty genius, and acknowledged the burning fervor which inspired his Muse? And yet who, that bends the knee of reverence at the shrine of Religion, and endeavors to advance the great principles of morality, does not intertwine a wreath of cypress with the laurels that encircle his brow, and, while he admires the magic power of his poesy, lament that his harp was untuned to nobler themes, and his sweetest strains were destitute of heavenly fire?

5. The immortal Gibbon has removed the vail which had rested like a mist upon the history of imperial Rome, and has scattered the darkness and doubt which for succeeding centuries had enveloped the whole continent of Europe. His name will be remembered as long as nations shall exist; but, while the philanthropist and the Christian shall bestow the just tribute of applause upon the splendor of his talents and the magnificence of his works, they will shed tears of sorrow over his infidelity, and regret that almost every page of his history is stained with opposition to the gospel of Christ.

6. But there is a brighter page in the history of man. From the catalogue of the distinguished men of every age, we may select some whose names are an ornament to human nature, and whose lives have been devoted to the cultivation of the moral graces, and the advancement of social and religious happiness. Newton,[2] Boyle,[3] and Locke[4] have enlarged the circle of the human mind, and adorned the principles of philosophy with the precepts of piety. Their fame is equally identified with the progress of knowledge and the diffusion of virtue.

7. Others have emblazoned their names upon the es-

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cutcheon of immortality by some single act, which has contributed to alleviate the wretchedness of thousands, or disseminated the seeds of morality to the remotest corners of the earth. Millions of the degraded sons of Africa will swell the anthem of joy, while associations of the sweets of liberty shall remind them of the name of Wilberforce.[5] The history of others who have shed a bright and undying luster upon our country, will call forth the grateful recollections of unborn generations, so long as truth shall triumph over error, and the influence of Christianity be felt in removing vice and superstition from the hearts of men.

8. The cultivation of *moral feeling* is as closely interwoven with the *stability of government*, as it is allied to the promotion of the great objects of religion. Remove this pillar, and the beautiful fabric of our freedom falls. Diffuse the poison of immorality among the minds of the people, and factious ambition would sway the councils of the nation, or perhaps the bloody flag of despotism would wave over the ruins of the fair temple of our liberties.

9. Rome, so long as she resisted the encroachments of vice, and maintained a sense of piety and devotion among her citizens, preserved her political frame firm and unbroken. But the "fell destroyer" came. Vice opened its flood-gates of destruction, and a thousand streams of pollution swept away every remnant of moral principle. The cords of her government became relaxed, her laws were disregarded, and licentiousness and corruption sapped the very foundations of the empire. Rome fell; and from her fall succeeding nations may learn that moral principles are the supporting pillars of their political institutions.

10. The harmonious order which pervades the natural creation, beautifully illustrates the importance of regularity in the moral world. The shooting of the plant, the unin-

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terrupted succession of the seasons, the regular movement of the earth, the stars of the firmament wheeling their courses in perfect symmetry through the boundless fields of space,—all present a system of the utmost beauty and order, and excite in our minds the highest sentiments of admiration. But when storms and tempests ravage the surface of the earth, or the convulsions of Nature shake its foundations to the center, or when the terrific comet traverses its eccentric course, and threatens the destruction of worlds, the minds of men are excited with horror, and filled with consternation and awe. In the same manner, we view with feelings of dread the wild whirlwind of the passions, unrestrained by the mild influences of virtue, and uncontrolled by the effects of a religious education.

11. The God of Nature has raised us high in the scale of existence; and shall we degrade the dignity of our nature by pursuing the delusive phantoms of sensual pleasures, and exchanging the bliss that flows from the cultivation of moral and religious feeling for the debasing objects of earthly gratification'? He has implanted in our souls a desire of happiness; and shall we exchange the pure and unadulterated joys of virtue and piety for the short-lived, unsatisfying pleasures of vice and immorality'? No: reason and the experience of ages teach us, in loud and warning accents, that misery is the inevitable consequence of vice, while unalloyed felicity is the sure reward of virtue.

QUESTIONS.—1. What inflection at the questions, 4th paragraph? See Rule II., page 29. 2. Why the rising inflection at the questions, 11th paragraph? See Rule I., page 28. 3. What is the meaning of the prefix *inter*, in the words *intertwine*, *interwoven*, and *uninterrupted*, 4th, 8th, and 10th paragraphs? See Sanders' Union Speller, Exercise 434, page 136. 4. What is the use of the hyphen in the word *flood-gates*, 9th paragraph? See Union Speller, page 170.

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LESSON LXXI.

[1] DEAD SEA APPLES, or APPLES OF SODOM, — a fruit of fair appearance, but dissolving into smoke and ashes when plucked. It resembles an orange in size and color; but the taste is bitter. — DEUT. xxxii. 32.

DESIRE AND MEANS OF HAPPINESS.

HORACE MANN.

IT is a law of our nature to desire happiness. This law is not local, but universal; not temporary, but eternal. It is not a law to be proved by exceptions; for it knows no exception. The savage and the martyr welcome fierce pains, not because they love pain, but because they love some expected remuneration of happiness so well, that they are willing to purchase it at the price of pain, — at the price of imprisonment, torture, and death.

2. The young desire happiness, more keenly than any others. This desire is innate, spontaneous, exuberant; and nothing but repeated and repeated overflows of the lava of disappointment can burn or bury it in their breasts. On this law of our nature, then, we may stand as on an immovable foundation of truth. Whatever fortune may befall our argument, our premises are secure.

3. The conscious desire of happiness is active in all men. Its objects are easily conceivable by all men. But, alas! toward what different points of the moral compass do men look for these objects, and expect to find them! Some look for happiness above, and some below; some in the grandeur of the soul, and some in the grossness of the sense. Wherever it is looked for, the imagination adorns it with all its glowing colors.

4. Multitudes of those who seek for happiness, will not obtain the object of their search, because they seek amiss.

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Deceived by false ideas of its nature, other multitudes, who obtain the object of their search, will find it to be sorrow, and not joy; Dead Sea apples,[1] and not celestial fruits. Whether a young man shall reap pleasure or pain from winning the objects of his choice, depends not only upon his wisdom or folly in selecting those objects, but upon the right or wrong methods by which he pursues them. Nothing is more certain than that the range and possibility of happiness which God has provided, and placed within reach of us all, is still vaster than the desire of it in any and in all of His creatures.

5. We are finite, and can receive only in finite quantities; He is infinite, and gives in infinite quantities. Look outwardly, and behold the variety and redundancy of means which the Creator has prepared to meet and to satisfy all the rational wants of His children. So ample and multitudinous are the gifts of God, that He needed an immensity of space for their storehouse; and so various are they, and ascending one above another in their adaptation to our capacities of enjoyment, that we need an eternity to set out the banquet.

6. See how the means of sustenance and comfort are distributed and diversified throughout the earth! There is not a mood of body, from the wantonness of health to the languor of the death-bed, for which the alchemy of Nature does not proffer some luxury to stimulate our pleasures, or her pharmacy some catholicon to assuage our pains. What texture for clothing, from the gossamer thread which the silkworm weaves, to the silk-like furs which the winds of Zembla can not penetrate! As materials from which to construct our dwellings, what Quincys and New Hampshires of granite, what Alleghanies of oak, and what forests of pine belting the continent! What coal-fields to supply the lost warmth of the receding sun!

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7. Notwithstanding the beautiful adaptation of the physical world to our needs, yet, when we leave the regions of sense and of sensuous things, and ascend to the sphere of the intellect, we find that all which had ever delighted us before, becomes poor and somber in the presence of the brighter glories that burst upon our view. Here fresh and illimitable fields open upon us; and, corresponding with the new objects presented, a group of new faculties to explore and enjoy them, is awakened within us.

8. The outward eye sees outward things, and the outside of things only; but the inward eye is emancipated from the bonds that bind its brother. The great panorama of the universe limits and bounds the outward organs that behold it; gives them all they can ask; fills them with all they can receive. Splendid and majestic as are the heavens and the earth to the natural eye, yet they are solid, opaque, impervious. But to the subtle and pervading intellect, this solid framework of the universe becomes transparent; its densest and darkest textures, crystalline. To the intellect, each interior fiber and atom of things is luminous.

9. To the intellect of man all recesses are opened, all secrets revealed. Sunlight glows where darkness gloomed. To this power, no hight is inaccessible, no depth unfathomable, no distance untraversable. It has the freedom of the universe. It can not be swallowed up in the waters of the sea; it can not be crushed by the weight of the earth; and, in the midst of the fiery furnace, One, whose form is like the Son of God, walks by its side.

10. So, too, all created things are governed by laws, each by its own. These laws the intellect of man can discover and understand, and thus make his dominion coextensive with his knowledge. So far as we understand

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these laws, we can bring all substances that are governed by them under their action, and thus produce the results we desire, just as the coiner subjects his gold-dust to the process of minting, and brings out eagles.

11. So far as we understand the Creator's laws, He invests us with His power. When knowledge enables me to speak with the flaming tongue of lightning across the continent, is it not the same as though I had power to call down the swiftest angel from Heaven, and send him abroad as the messenger of my thoughts'? When a knowledge of astronomy and navigation enables me to leave a port on this side of the globe, and thread my labyrinthine way among contrary winds, and through the currents and counter-currents of the ocean, and to strike any port I please on the opposite side of the globe, is it not the same as though God for this purpose had endued me with His all-seeing vision, and enabled me to look through clouds and darkness around the convex earth'?

12. Nor does the intellect stop with the knowledge of physical laws. All the natural attributes of the Author of those laws are its highest and noblest study. Its contemplations and its discoveries rise from the spirit that dwelleth in a beast to the spirit that dwelleth in a man, and from this to the Spirit that dwelleth in the heavens. Every acquisition of knowledge also, which the intellect can make, assimilates the creature to the all-knowing Creator. It traces another line on the countenance of the yet ignorant child, by which he more nearly resembles the omniscient Father. The human soul is DESIRE; the works and wisdom of God are a fountain of supply. If the soul of man is a void at birth, it is a void so capacious, that the universe may be transfused into it.

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LESSON LXXII.

[1] GU' TEN BERG, JOHN, was born in 1400, near Mentz, in Germany; and died in 1468. He is supposed to have made his first experiment in the art of printing with movable types between 1434 and 1439; but it was in 1443 that he turned his great invention to account, and brought upon himself great persecution. There are some points not cleared up in the history of this invention; but it is now generally agreed that the honor belongs to John Gutenberg. A beautiful statue has been erected to his memory.

THE INVENTION OF PRINTING.

OSBORNE.

JOHN GUTENBERG. — RUPERT, A USURER.

Rupert. FRIEND John, what's wanted now? Ah! I can guess. 'Tis the old story, — *money!*

John. Master Rupert,
I bring you good security.

Rup. What's this?
A family ring, — solid, and set with diamonds!

John. Let me have fifty florins* on the pledge.

Rup. That's twenty more than I can well afford;
But you shall have the money.

John. Recollect,
I shall redeem the ring!

Rup. When, John?

John. As soon
As I have perfected my great invention.

Rup. Ah! John, that great invention, much I fear,
Will come to naught. Take to some honest trade;
Leave dreaming o'er thy scheme of movable types
For multiplying copies of a book.

* Flor'in, a silver coin varying in value from twenty-three to fifty-four cents.

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Shouldst thou succeed, the copyists, who now
Derive their living from their manuscripts,
Will persecute thee, — make it out (who knows?)
That thou hast dealt in magic.
John. Let them murmur!
Think, Master Rupert, of the good locked up
In this invention. Look upon this book:
It is the book of books, the Bible. Know'st thou
How long it takes a writer to complete
A copy such as this?
Rup. A year, perhaps.
John. As long as that! Now, by this plan of mine,
After the types are set, ten thousand copies
Might be struck off, and by a single man,
Within less time than now is given to make
A single copy.
Rup. John, thy wits are wandering.
Thou art but a dreamer.
John. I can make it plain
To any mechanician, what I say
Is but the sober truth. Ay, Master Rupert,
The day will come when this same book, which now
Few men are rich enough to own, will be
So multiplied and cheap, that every peasant
Can own it, if he chooses.
Rup. John, go home;
Tell thy good wife to put thee straight to bed,
And send for a physician. I shall hear
Of a brain-fever next.
John. The day will come.
I may not live to see it; after years
Of penury and struggle, I may fall
Into the grave unnoticed: but the spark

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Kindled by me shall grow to be a light
Unto the nations; and religion, freedom,
Science, and education, all shall date
An epoch from the day when *here*, in Mentz,
I, poor John Gutenberg, the small mechanic,
Produced my movable types, but could not win,
From rich or learned, words of cheer or help.
Rup. 'Tis for posterity thou art laboring, then!
Now listen to a word of common sense:
Posterity will nothing do for thee.
Posterity will put upon thy back
No coat to shield thee from the winter's cold.
Posterity will give no single meal,
Though thou wert starving. Why shouldst thou then,
John,
Labor for such an ingrate as this same
Vain, unrequiting herd, — *posterity?*
John. The noble giver finds his solace in
The act of giving, — in the consciousness
He has conferred upon his fellow-men
A certain blessing. Should requital come,
'Twill be, like all good things, acceptable:
But not for that, not even for gratitude,
Did he confer his boon; and so he quails not,
Should disappointment and ingratitude
Pursue him to the grave.
Rup. John, thou art a riddle.
Where, then, is thy reward for all thy pains?
John. My friend, the little good that we can do,
In our short sojourn here, will not alone
Shed comfort on this transitory life,
But be (such is my faith) a joy hereafter.

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LESSON LXXIII.

THE THREE VOICES.

ANON.

1. WHAT saith the *Past* to thee? WEEP!
Truth is departed;
Beauty hath died like the dream of a sleep;
Love is faint-hearted;
Trifles of sense, the profoundly unreal,
Scare from our spirits God's holy ideal:
So, as a funeral bell, slowly and deep,
So tolls the Past to thee! *Weep!*

2. How speaks the *Present* hour? ACT!
Walk upward glancing;
So shall thy footsteps in glory be traced,
Slow, but advancing.
Scorn not the smallness of daily endeavor,
Let the great meaning ennoble it ever;
Droop not o'er efforts expended in vain;
Work, as believing that labor is gain.

3. What doth the *Future* say? HOPE!
Turn the face sunward;
Look where the light fringes the far-rising slope;
Day cometh onward.
Watch! though so long be the daylight delaying,
Let the first sunbeam arise on thee praying;
Fear not, for greater is God by thy side
Than armies of Error against thee allied.

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LESSON LXXIV.

ACTION OF CLIMATE UPON MAN.

PROF. ARNOLD GUYOT.

SINCE man is made to acquire the full possession and mastery of his faculties by toil, and by the exercise of all his energies, no climate could so well minister to his progress in this work as the climate of the temperate regions. Excessive *heat* enfeebles man; it invites to repose and inaction. In the tropical regions, the power of life in nature is carried to its highest degree: thus, with the tropical man, the life of the body overmasters that of the soul; the physical instincts of our nature eclipse those of the higher faculties; passion predominates over intellect and reason, the passive faculties over the active faculties.

2. Nature, too rich, too prodigal of her gifts, does not compel man to wrest from her his daily bread by his daily toil. A regular climate, and the absence of a dormant season, render forethought of little use to him. Nothing invites him to that struggle of intelligence against Nature, which raises the powers of man to their highest pitch. Thus he never dreams of resisting physical Nature; *he* is conquered by *her;* he submits to the yoke, and becomes again the animal man, in proportion as he abandons himself to external influences, forgetful of his high moral destination.

3. In the *temperate climates*, all is activity and movement. The alternations of heat and cold, the changes of the seasons, a fresher and more bracing air, incite man to a constant struggle, to forethought, and to the vigorous employment of all his faculties. A more economical Nature yields nothing, except to the sweat of his brow: every gift on *her* part is a recompense for effort on *his*.

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4. Nature here, even while challenging man to the conflict, gives him the hope of victory; and, if she does not show herself prodigal, she grants to his active and intelligent labor more than his necessities require: while she calls out his energy, she thus gives him ease and lēisure, which permit him to cultivate all the lofty faculties of his higher nature. *Here* physical Nature is not a tyrant, but a useful helper; the active faculties, the understanding and the reason, rule over the instincts and the passive faculties; the soul, over the body; man, over Nature.

5. In the *frozen regions*, man also contends with Nature, but it is with a niggardly and severe Nature; it is a *desperate* struggle, — a struggle for life. With difficulty, by force of toil, he succeeds in providing for himself a miserable support, which saves him from dying of hunger and hardship, during the long and tedious winters of that climate. High culture, therefore, is not possible under such unfavorable conditions.

6. The man of the *tropical regions* is the son of a wealthy house. In the midst of the abundance which surrounds him, labor too often seems to him useless; to abandon himself to his inclinations is more easy and agreeable. A slave of his passions, an unfaithful servant, he leaves uncultivated and unused the faculties with which God has endowed him. The man of the *polar regions* is the beggar overwhelmed with suffering, who, too happy if he can but gain his daily bread, has no leisure to think of any thing more exalted.

7. The man of the *temperate regions*, finally, is the man born in ease, in the golden mean, which is the most favored of all conditions. Invited to labor by every thing around him, he soon finds, in the exercise of all his faculties, at once progress and well-being. Thus, if the tropical re-

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gions have the wealth of nature, the temperate regions are the most perfectly organized for the development of man. They are opposed to each other, as the body and the soul, as the inferior races and the superior races, as savage man and civilized man, as nature and history. Of this contrast, so marked as it is, the history of human societies will give us the solution, or, at least, will enable us to obtain a glimpse of the truth.

LESSON LXXV.

THE WONDERS OF CIVILIZATION.

ARNOTT.

THE condition of the present inhabitants of this country is very different from that of their forefathers. These, generally divided into small states or societies, had few relations of amity with surrounding tribes, and their thoughts and interests were confined very much within their own little territories and rude habits. Now, however, every one sees himself a member of one vast civilized society which covers the face of the earth, and no part of the earth is indifferent to him.

2. A man of small fortune may cast his regards around him, and say, with truth and exultation, — "I am lodged in a house that affords me conveniences and comforts, which even a king could not command some centuries ago. There are ships crossing the seas in every direction, to bring what is useful to me from all parts of the earth: In China, men are gathering the tea-leaf; in America, they are planting cotton; in the West-India Islands, they are preparing sugar and coffee; in Italy, they are feeding silk-worms; in Saxony, they are shearing the sheep to make clothing; at home, powerful steam-engines are

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spinning and weaving, and making cutlery, and pumping the mines, that materials useful to me may be procured.

3. "My patrimony is small: yet I have carriages running day and night on all the roads, to carry my correspondence; I have roads, and canals, and bridges, to bear the coal for my winter fire; nay, I have protecting fleets and armies around my happy country, to secure my enjoyment and repose. Then I have editors and printers, who daily send me an account of what is going on throughout the world, among all these people who serve me; and, in a corner of my house, I have *books*, the miracle of all my possessions; for they transport me instantly, not only to all places, but to all times.

4. "By my books I can conjure up before me, to vivid existence, all the great and good men of antiquity; and, for my individual satisfaction, I can make them act over again the most renowned of their exploits: the orators declaim for me; the historians recite; the poets sing;—in a word, from the equator to the pole, and from the beginning of time until now, by my books I can be where I please." This picture is not overcharged, and might be much extended,—such being the miracle of God's goodness in providence, that each individual of the civilized millions that cover the earth, may have nearly the same enjoyments as if he were the single lord of all.

LESSON LXXVI.

THE LOVE OF TRUTH.

THE *future*, with its vastness, its infinitude,—so distant, so beyond our power,—grows out of the use you make of the *present*, so small, so near, so completely at your

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disposal. Reality borrows from futurity, from eternity. Germs are the only realities; possibilities are the only certainties. What is a seed? It is the future harvest. What is the present hour? It is the future age, — a destiny of happiness or misery. What is this field before you? It is all that you can *make* of it by industry, by effort, by vigilance, by enterprise.

2. While I note this truth, I stand before a landscape, the grand prominent feature of which, toward the south-east, is a lofty expanse of land called Folly Hill. Fifty years ago, if any man had planted it with oak trees, or walnut, or pine, or all together, at a cost of a few dollars, it would to-day have been worth as many thousands; whereas it is all covered with worthless trees, the growth of Nature's chance.

3. A man built a house on the summit, which was blown down in a great tempest; and hence the place was named Folly Hill. That was an *external structure*, not character; but those broad acres might have been covered with broad, rich forests, had the man spent a twentieth part of the money he put into that house, in planting for posterity. And so with *moral planting*, so with principles. They make no show when you are setting them out, perhaps, in the seed. Men see not, know not, when it is done, nor when, nor how, the seeds are germinating; but they create anew the whole being, — they transfigure it, they enrich it to all future time.

4. When the heart comes in magnetic power and sympathetic glow to the great ideas of *immortality* and personal *responsibility*, then great truths enter in and combine powerfully with the emotional and intellectual being. The bright ideal that the soul ardently desires and seeks after, embraces the offer, and they become united in the indissolu-

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ble bonds of sympathy and love. But let that season of sympathy and impressibleness pass away, and the creative vitality is gone with it.

5. When the mind, the memory, the heart, are vital with *moral* magnetism, they will select and hold fast and reproduce the most precious thoughts, just as a steel magnet will catch and hold iron chips and filings, if you have prepared it for action with magnetic forces; but otherwise it will attract nothing. Just so with the mind and heart, — magnetized, ardent, when held toward great vital truths, which, radiating through the mind, fill it with light, like magnets covered with sparkling diamonds and gold-dust.

LESSON LXXVII.

ASPIRATIONS OF YOUTH.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

DAY by day, wherever our homes may be in this great land, we have watched the passing păgeant of the year. Day by day, from the first quick flush of April, through the deeper green and richer bloom of May and June, we have seen the advancing season develop and increase, until, at last, among roses and golden grain, the year stood perfect, in midsummer splendor.

2. As you have contemplated the brief glory of our summer, where the clover almost blooms out of snow-drifts, and the red apples drop almost with the white blossoms, you have, perhaps, remembered that the flower upon the tree was only the ornament of a moment, — a brilliant part of the process by which the fruit was formed, — and that

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the perfect fruit itself was but the seed-vessel, by which the race of the tree is continued from year to year.

3. Then have you followed the exquisite analogy, that youth is the aromatic flower upon the tree; the grave life of maturer years, its sober, solid fruit; and the principles and character deposited by that life, the seeds by which the glory of this race also is perpetuated?

4. I know the flower in your hand fades while you look at it. The dream that allures you, glimmers and is gone. But flower and dream, like youth itself, are buds and prophecies. For where, without the perfumed blossoming of the spring orchards all over the hills and among all the valleys of New England and New York, would the happy harvests of New York and New England be? And where, without the dreams of the young men lighting the future with human possibility, would be the deeds of the old men, dignifying the past with human achievement? How deeply does it become us to believe this, who are not only young ourselves, but living with the youth of the youngest nation in history!

5. I congratulate you that you are young; I congratulate you that you are Americans. Like you, that country is in its flower, not yet in its fruit; and that flower is subject to a thousand chances before the fruit is set. Worms may destroy it; frosts may wither it; fires may blight it; gusts may whirl it away. But how gorgeously it still hangs blossoming in the garden of time, while its penetrating perfume floats all round the world, and intoxicates all other nations with the hope of liberty!

6. Knowing that the life of every nation, as of each individual, is a battle, let us remember, also, that the battle is to those who fight with faith and undespairing devotion. Knowing that nothing is worth fighting for at

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all, unless God reigns, let us, at least, believe as much in the goodness of God as we do in the dexterity of the devil.* And, viewing this prodigious spectacle of our country — this hope of humanity, this Young America — *our* America — taking the sun full in its front, and making for the future, as boldly and blithely as the young David for Goliath, let us believe with all our hearts; and from that faith shall spring the fact, that David, and not Goliath, is to win the day, and that, out of the high-hearted dreams of wise and good men about our country, Time, however invisibly and inscrutably, is, at this moment, slowly hewing the most colossal and resplendent result in history.

LESSON LXXVIII.

THE GRAVE OF THE YEAR.

G. A. GAMAGE.

In reading the following stanzas, be careful to avoid a sing-song tone. The voice should be pitched on the middle key, and the piece read in a slow, pathetic manner.

I.

BE composed, every toil and each turbulent motion
That encircles the heart in life's treacherous snares;
And the hour that invites to the calm of devotion,
Undisturbed by regrets, unencumbered by cares.
How cheerless the late blooming face of creation!
Weary Time seems to pause in his rapid career,
And, fatigued with the work of his own desolation,
Looks behind, with a smile, on the grave of the Year!

* See 1 Peter, 5th chap., 8th verse.

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II.

Hark! the wind whistles rudely; the shadows are closing,
Which inwrap his broad path in the mantle of night;
While Pleasure's gay sons are in quiet reposing,
Undisturbed by the wrecks that have numbered his flight.
In yon temple, where Fashion's bright tapers are lighted,
Her votaries, in crowds, decked with garlands, appear,
And—as yet their warm hopes by no specter affrighted—
Assemble to dance round the grave of the Year!

III.

O! I hate the false cup that the idlers have tasted,
When I think on the ills of life's comfortless day;
How the flowers of my childhood their odor have wasted,
And the friends of my youth have been stolen away:
I think not how fruitless the warmest endeavor
To recall the kind moments, neglected when near,
When the hours that Oblivion has canceled forever
Are interred by her hand in the grave of the Year!

IV.

Since the last solemn reign of this day of reflection,
What throngs have relinquished life's perishing breath!
How many have shed the sad tear of dejection,
And closed the dim eye in the darkness of death!
How many have sudden their pilgrimage ended,
Beneath the lone pall that envelops the bier!
Or to Death's lonely valley have gently descended,
And made their cold beds with the grave of the Year!

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V.

'Tis the Year that, so late its new beauty disclosing,
Rose bright on the happy, the careless, and gay,
Who now on their pillows of dust are reposing,
While the sod presses damp on their bosoms of clay!
Then think not of bliss, when its smile is expiring,—
Disappointment still drowns it in misery's tear;
Reflect, and be wise, — for the day is retiring,
And TO-MORROW will dawn on the grave of the Year!

VI.

Yet awhile, and no seasons around us shall flourish,
But Silence for each her dark mansion prepare,
Where Beauty no longer her roses shall nourish,
Or the lily o'erspread the wan cheek of Despair!
But the eye shall with luster unfading be brightened,
When it wakens to bliss in yon orient sphere,
By the sunbeams of splendor immortal enlightened,
Which no more shall go down on the grave of the Year!

LESSON LXXIX.

ANOTHER YEAR.

1. ANOTHER year, another year,
Has borne its record to the skies;
Another year, another year,
Untried, unproved, before us lies;
We hail with smiles its dawning ray,—
How shall we meet its final day?

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2. Another year! another year!
Its squandered hours will ne'er return;
Oh! many a heart must quail with fear
O'er Memory's blotted page to turn!
No record from that leaf will fade,
Nor one erasure may be made.

3. Another year! another year!
How many a grief has marked its flight!
Some whom we love, no more are here, —
Translated to the realms of light.
Ah! none can bless the coming year
Like those no more to greet us here.

4. Another year! another year!
Oh! many a blessing, too, was given,
Our lives to deck, our hearts to cheer,
And antedate the joys of Heaven;
But they, too, slumber in the past,
Where joys and griefs must sink at last.

5. Another year! another year!
Gaze we no longer on the past;
Nor let us shrink, with faithless fear,
From the dark shade the future casts.
The past, the future, — what are they
To those whose lives may end to-day?

6. Another year! another year!
Perchance the last of life below!
Who, ere its close, Death's call may hear,
None but the Lord of life can know.
Oh to be found, whene'er that day
May come, prepared to pass away!

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7. Another year! another year!
Help us earth's thorny path to tread;
So may each moment bring us near
To Thee, ere yet our lives are fled.
Savior! we yield ourselves to Thee
For time and for eternity.

LESSON LXXX.

THE TELESCOPE AND THE MICROSCOPE.

THE telescope, by piercing the obscurity which limits the range of our unassisted vision, reveals to us countless worlds and wonders, which, without its aid, would never have been observed by human ken. Soon after the invention of the telescope, another instrument is formed, called the microscope, which lays open to our view scenes no less wonderful. By it we are enabled to discern, in every particle of matter, innumerable living creatures, too minute for the naked eye to discover. The telescope reveals to us a system in every star; the microscope leads us to see a world in every atom.

2. The *one* teaches us that this mighty globe, with the whole burden of its people and of its countries, is but a grain of sand on the high field of immensity; the *other*, that every grain of sand may harbor within it the tribes and families of a busy population. The one tells us of the magnificence of the world we tread upon: the other redeems it from all its insignificance; for it tells us that in the leaves of every forest, and in the flowers of every garden, and in the waters of every rivulet, there are worlds

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teeming with life, and numberless as are the glories of the firmament.

3. The *one* has suggested to us, that, beyond and above all that is visible to man, there may lie fields of creation which sweep immeasurably along, and carry the impress of the Almighty's hand to the remotest scenes of the universe; the *other* suggests to us, that, within and beneath all that minuteness which the aided eye of man has been able to explore, there may lie a region of *invisibles;* and that, could we draw aside the mysterious curtain which shrouds it from our senses, we might there see a theater of as many wonders as astronomy has unfolded, — a universe within the compass of a point so small, as to elude all the powers of the microscope, but where the wonder-working God finds room for the exercise of all His attributes, where He can raise another mechanism of worlds, and fill and animate them all with the evidences of His glory.

4. By the telescope, we have discovered that no magnitude, however vast, is beyond the grasp of the Divinity; but, by the microscope, we have also discovered that no minuteness, however shrunk from the notice of the human eye, is beneath the condescension of His regard. Every addition to the powers of the *one* instrument, extends the limit of His visible dominions; but, by every addition of the powers of the *other* instrument, we see each part of them more crowded than before with the wonders of His unwearying hand. The *one* is constantly widening the circle of His territory; the *other* is as constantly filling up its separate portions with all that is rich, and various, and exquisite.

5. In a word, by the *one* we are told that the Almighty is now at work in regions more distant than geometry has

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ever measured, and among worlds more manifold than numbers have ever reached; but, by the *other*, we are also told, that with a mind to comprehend the whole, in the vast compass of its generality, He has also a mind to concentrate a close and a separate attention on each and all of its particulars; and that the same God, who sends forth an upholding influence among the orbs and the movements of astronomy, can fill the recesses of every single atom with the intimacy of His presence, and travel, in all the greatness of His unimpaired attributes, upon every spot and corner of the universe He has formed.

LESSON LXXXI.

IMMENSITY OF THE UNIVERSE.

O. M. MITCHEL.

"Where is the way where light dwelleth? and as for darkness, where is the place thereof, that thou shouldest take it to the bound thereof, and that thou shouldest know the paths to the house thereof? Knowest thou it, because thou wast then born, or because the number of thy days is great?" — JOB xxxviii. 19, 20, 21.

GO with me to yonder "light-house* of the skies." Poised on its rocky base, behold that wondrous tube which lifts the broad pupil of its eye high up, as if gazing instinctively into the mighty deep of space. Look out upon the heavens, and gather into your eye its glittering constellations. Pause, and reflect that over the narrow zone of the retina of your eye a universe is pictured, painted by light in all its exquisite and beautiful proportions.

2. Look upon that luminous zone which girdles the sky,

* Observatory.

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— observe its faint and cloudy light. How long, think you, that light has been streaming, day and night, with a swiftness which flashes it on its way twelve millions of miles in each and every minute? — how long has it fled and flashed through space to reach your eye and tell its wondrous tale? Not less than a century has rolled away since it left its home! Hast thou taken it at the bound thereof? Is this the bound, — here the limit from beyond which light can never come?

3. Look to yonder point in space, and declare that thou beholdest nothing, absolutely nothing; all is blank, and deep, and dark. You exclaim, — "Surely no ray illumines that deep profound!" Place your eye for one moment to the tube that now pierces that seeming domain of night, and, lo! ten thousand orbs, blazing with light unutterable, burst on the astonished sight. Whence start these hidden suns? Whence comes this light from out deep darkness? Knowest thou, O man! the paths to the house thereof'?

4. Ten thousand years have rolled away since these wondrous beams set out on their mighty journey! Then you exclaim, — "We have found the boundary of light; surely none can lie beyond this stupendous limit: far in the deep beyond, darkness unfathomable reigns! Look once more. The vision changes; a hazy cloud of light now fills the field of the telescope. Whence comes the light of this mysterious object? Its home is in the mighty deep, as far beyond the limit you had vainly fixed — ten thousand times as far — as that limit is beyond the reach of human vision.

5. And thus we mount, and rise, and soar, from hight to hight, upward, and ever upward still, till the mighty series ends, because vision fails, and sinks, and dies. Hast

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thou then pierced the boundary of light? Hast thou penetrated the domain of darkness? Hast thou, weak mortal, soared to the fountain whence come these wondrous streams, and taken the light at the hand thereof? Knowest thou the paths to the house thereof'?

6. Hast thou stood at yonder infinite origin, and bid that flash depart and journey onward, — days, and months, and years, century on century, through countless ages, — millions of years, and never weary in its swift career? Knowest thou when it started? "Knowest thou it, because thou wast then born, or because the number of thy days is great?" Such, then, is the language addressed by Jehovah to weak, erring, mortal man. How has the light of science flooded with meaning this astonishing passage! Surely, surely we do not misread, — the interpretation is just.

LESSON LXXXII.

THE FIRST PREDICTER OF AN ECLIPSE.

O. M. MITCHEL.

TO those who have given but little attention to the subject, even in our own day, with all the aids of modern science, the *prediction of an eclipse* seems sufficiently mysterious and unintelligible. How, then, it was possible, thousands of years ago, to accomplish the same great object, without any just views of the structure of the system, seems utterly incredible.

2. Follow then, in imagination, this bold interrogator of the skies to his solitary mountain summit; withdrawn from the world, surrounded by his mysterious circles, there to watch and ponder through the long nights of many,

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many years. But hope cheers him on, and smooths his rugged pathway. Dark and deep is the problem; he sternly grapples with it, and resolves never to give up till victory shall crown his efforts.

3. He has already remarked that the moon's track in the heavens crossed the sun's, and that this point of crossing was in some way intimately connected with the coming of the dread eclipse. He determines to watch, and learn whether the point of crossing was fixed, or whether the moon in each successive revolution crossed the sun's path at a different point. If the sun in its annual revolution could leave behind him a track of fire, marking his journey among the stars, it is found that this same track would be followed from year to year, and from century to century, with undeviating precision.

4. But it was soon discovered that it is far different with the moon. In case she, too, could leave behind her a silver thread of light sweeping round the heavens, in completing one revolution, this thread would not join, but would wind around among the stars, in each revolution crossing the sun's fiery track at a point west of the previous crossing. These points of crossing were called the *moon's nodes*. At each revolution the node occurred farther west, until, after a circle of about nineteen years, it had circulated in the same direction entirely round the ecliptic.

5. Long and patiently did the astronomer watch and wait. Each eclipse is duly observed, and its attendant circumstances are recorded; when, at last, the darkness begins to give way, and a ray of light breaks in upon his mind. He finds that no eclipse of the sun ever occurs, unless the new moon is in the act of crossing the sun's track. *Here* was a grand discovery. He holds the key which he believes will unlock the dread mystery.

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6. To predict an eclipse of the sun, he must sweep forward from new moon to new moon, until he finds some new moon which should occur, while the moon was in the act of crossing from one side to the other of the sun's track. This certainly was possible. He knew the exact period from new moon to new moon, and from one crossing of the ecliptic to another. With eager eye he seizes the moon's place in the heavens, and her age, and rapidly computes where she will be at her next change.

7. He finds the new moon occurring far from the sun's track; he runs round another revolution; the place of the new moon falls closer to the sun's path, and the next year closer, until, reaching forward with piercing intellectual vigor, he, at last, finds a new moon which occurs precisely at the computed time of her passage across the sun's track. Here he makes his stand, and announces to the startled inhabitants of the world, that, on the day of the occurrence of that new moon, *the sun shall expire in dark eclipse.*

8. Bold prediction! Mysterious prophet! — with what scorn must the unthinking world have received this solemn declaration! How slowly do the moons roll away, and with what intense anxiety does the stern philosopher await the coming of that day which should crown him with victory, or dash him to the ground in ruin and disgrace! Time to him moves on leaden wings; day after day, and, at last, hour after hour, roll heavily away. The last night is gone; the moon has disappeared from his eagle gaze in her approach to the sun, and the dawn of the eventful day breaks in beauty on a slumbering world.

9. This daring man, stern in his faith, climbs alone to his rocky home, and greets the sun as he rises and mounts the heavens, scattering brightness and glory in his path. Beneath him is spread out the populous city, already teem-

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ing with life and activity. The busy morning hum rises on the still air, and reaches the watching-place of the solitary astronomer. The thousands below him, unconscious of his intense anxiety, buoyant with life, joyously pursue their rounds of business, their cycles of amusement.

10. The sun slowly climbs the heaven, round, and bright, and full-orbed. The lone tenant of the mountain-top almost begins to waver in the sternness of his faith as the morning hours roll away. But the time of his triumph, long delayed, at length begins to dawn; a pale and sickly hue creeps over the face of Nature. The sun has reached his highest point; but his splendor is dimmed, his light is feeble. At last it comes! Blackness is eating away his round disk, — onward with slow but steady pace the dark vail moves, blacker than a thousand nights, — the gloom deepens, — the ghastly hue of death covers the universe, — the last ray is gone, and horror reigns!

11. A wail of terror fills the murky air, the clangor of brazen trumpets resounds, an agony of despair dashes the stricken millions to the ground; while that lone man, erect on his rocky summit, with arms outstretched to heaven, pours forth the grateful gushings of his heart to God, who had crowned his efforts with triumphant victory. Search the records of our race, and point me, if you can, to a scene more grand, more beautiful! It is to *me* the proudest victory that genius ever won. It was the conquering of nature, of ignorance, of superstition, of terror, all at a single blow, and that blow struck by a single arm.

12. And now do you demand the name of this wonderful man? Alas! what a lesson of the instability of earthly fame are we taught in this simple recital! He who had raised himself immeasurably above his race, — who must have been regarded by his fellows as little less than a

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god, — who had inscribed his fame on the very heavens, and had written it in the sun, with a "pen of iron, and the point of a diamond," even *this one* has perished from the earth; name, age, country, are all swept into oblivion. But his proud achievement stands. The monument reared to his honor stands; and, although the touch of time has effaced the lettering of his name, it is powerless, and can not destroy the fruits of his victory.

LESSON LXXXIII.

THE SONG OF LIGHT.

W. P. PALMER.

1. FROM the primal gloom, like an orb of Doom,
The sun rolled black and bare,
Till I wove him a vest for his Ethiop breast
Of the threads of my golden hair;
And when the broad tent of the firmament
Arose on its airy spars,
I penciled the hue of its matchless blue,
And spangled it round with stars.

2. I painted the flowers of the Eden bowers,
And their leaves of living green;
And mine were the dyes in the sinless eyes
Of Eden's virgin queen;
But when the Fiend's art in the trustful heart
Had fastened his mortal spell,
In the silvery sphere of the first-born year,
To the trembling earth I fell.

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8. When the waves that burst o'er a world accursed
Their work of wrath had sped,
And the Ark's lone few — the faithful and true —
Came forth among the dead,
With the wondrous gleams of my bridal dreams,
I bade their terror cease;
And I wrote, on the roll of the storm's dark scroll,
God's Covenant of Peace.

4. Like a pall at rest on a senseless breast,
Night's funeral shadow slept, —
Where shepherd swains, on Bethlehem's plains,
Their lonely vigils kept,
When I flashed on their sight the herald bright
Of Heaven's redeeming plan,
As they chanted the morn of a Savior born, —
"Joy! joy! to the outcast man!"

5. Equal favor I show to the lofty and low,
On the just and unjust descend;
The blind, whose vain spheres roll in darkness and tears,
Tell my smile, — the blest smile of a friend;
The flower of the waste by my smile is embraced,
As the rose in the garden of kings;
At the chrysalis bier of the worm I appear,
And lo! the butterfly wings!

6. From my sentinel steep by the night-brooded deep,
I gaze with unslumbering eye,
While the cynosure * star of the mariner
Is blotted out of the sky;

* CYN' O SURE, the constellation of the Lesser Bear, to which, as containing the polar star, the eyes of mariners and travelers are often directed.

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And guided by me through the merciless sea,
Though sped by the hurricane's wing,
His compassless, dark, lone, weltering bark
To the haven-home safely I bring.

7. I awaken the flowers in their dew-spangled bowers,
The birds in their chambers of green;
And mountain and plain glow with beauty again,
As they bask in my matinal sheen.
Oh! if such be the worth of my presence on earth,
Though fitful and fleeting the while,
What glories must rest on the home of the blest,
Ever bright with the Deity's smile!

LESSON LXXXIV.

CHANT AND CHORUS OF THE PLANETS.

ANNA BLACKWELL.

An excellent effect may be produced by letting ONE PUPIL read the first four lines of each stanza in a clear, distinct tone of voice, and the WHOLE CLASS read the remaining lines in concert, as indicated.

ONE PUPIL.

1. FATHER of all!
With joy Thy children stand
To bless the bounty of Thy Parent-hand,
And on Thy name with loving reverence call.

WHOLE CLASS.

From farthest realms of light
Our grateful strains their choral tide unite,
And, at Thy universal throne, in adoration fall!

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ONE PUPIL.

2. Great Worker! we
Rejoice Thy plans to share;
In Thy wide labors our high part to bear;
Thy ministers, OMNIPOTENT! to be.

WHOLE CLASS.

Thus all the realms of light,
O God! with Thee in sympathy unite,
And, in a holy and ennobling friendship, work with THEE!

ONE PUPIL.

3. Sovereign Divine!
We glory in the might
Of Thine own uncreated Light,
Whose living rays Thy sacred brow intwine!

WHOLE CLASS.

(<) Higher and ever higher,
We soar on tireless wing, all-glorious Sire!
Toward the Eternal Throne, whose splendors on all beings shine!

ONE PUPIL.

4. LOVE! measureless,
Exhaustless, unto Thee
We gravitate eternally!
Thou giv'st existence but that Thou may'st bless.

WHOLE CLASS.

To Thee we ever tend,
Seeking with thee, O Central Life! to blend:
Almighty LOVE, Creation's source, all beings Thee confess!

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LESSON LXXXV.

INSIGNIFICANCE OF THE EARTH.

CHALMERS.

THOUGH the earth were to be burned up, though the trumpet of its dissolution were sounded, though yon sky were to pass away as a scroll, and every visible glory which the finger of the Divinity has inscribed on it, were extinguished forever, — an event so awful to us, and to every world in our vicinity, by which so many suns would be extinguished, and so many varied scenes of life and population would rush into forgetfulness, — what is it in the high scale of the Almighty's workmanship? A mere shred, which, though scattered into nothing, would leave the universe of God one entire scene of greatness and of majesty.

2. Though the earth and the heavens were to disappear, there are *other worlds* which roll afar; the light of other suns shines upon them; and the sky which mantles them, is garnished with other stars. Is it presumption to say that the *moral world* extends to these distant and unknown regions? that they are occupied with people? that the charities of home and of neighborhood flourish there? that the praises of God are there lifted up, and his goodness rejoiced in? that there piety has its temples and its offerings? and the richness of the divine attributes is there felt and admired by intelligent worshipers?

3. And what is *this* world in the immensity which teems with worlds? and what are they who occupy it? The universe at large would suffer as little in its splendor and variety by the destruction of our planet, as the verdure and sublime magnitude of a forest would suffer by the fall of a single leaf. The leaf quivers on the branch which supports it.

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It lies at the mercy of the slightest accident. A breath of wind tears it from its stem, and it lights on the stream of water which passes underneath.

4. In a moment, the life, which we know by the microscrope the leaf teems with, is extinguished; and an occurrence so insignificant in the eye of man, and on the scale of his observation, carries in it, to the myriads which people this little leaf, an event as terrible and decisive as the destruction of a world. Thus we may see the littleness and insecurity of these myriads. Now, on the grand scale of the universe, *we*, the occupiers of this ball, which performs its round among the suns and systems that astronomy has unfolded, may feel the same littleness and insecurity. We differ from the leaf only in this circumstance, — that it would require the operation of greater elements to destroy us. But these elements exist.

5. The fire which rages within, may lift its devouring energy to the surface of our planet, and transform it into one wide and wasting volcano. The sudden formation of elastic matter in the bowels of the earth — and it lies within the agency of known substances to accomplish this — may explode it into fragments. The exhalation of noxious air from below may impart a virulence to the air that is around us; it may affect the delicate proportion of its ingredients; and the whole of animated nature may wither and die under the malignity of a tainted atmosphere. A blazing comet may cross this fated planet in its orbit; and all the terrors which superstition has conceived of such an event, may be realized.

6. We can not anticipate with precision the consequences of an event which every astronomer must know lies within the limits of chance and probability. It may hurry our globe toward the sun, or drag it to the outer regions of

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the planetary system, or give it a new axis of revolution; and the effect, which I shall simply announce without explaining it, would be to change the place of the ocean, and bring another mighty flood upon our islands and continents.

7. These are changes which may happen in a single instant of time, and against which nothing known in the present system of things provides us with any security. They might not annihilate the earth, but they would unpeople it; and we, who tread its surface with such firm and assured footsteps, are at the mercy of devouring elements, which, if let loose upon us by the hand of the Almighty, would spread solitude, and silence, and death over the dominions of the world.

8. Now, it is this littleness and this insecurity which make the protection of the Almighty so dear to us, and bring with such emphasis to every pious bosom the holy lessons of humility and gratitude. The God who sitteth above, and presides in high authority over all worlds, is mindful of man; and though, at this moment, His energy is felt in the remotest provinces of creation, we may feel the same security in His providence, as if we were the objects of His undivided care.

9. It is not for us to bring our minds up to this mysterious agency. But such is the incomprehensible fact, that the same Being, whose eye is abroad over the whole universe, gives vegetation to every blade of grass, and motion to every particle of blood which circulates through the veins of the minutest animal; that, though His mind takes into His comprehensive grasp immensity and all its wonders, I am as much known to Him as if I were the single object of His attention; that He marks all my thoughts; that He gives birth to every feeling and every movement within

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me; and that, with an exercise of power which I can neither describe nor comprehend, the same God who sits in the highest Heaven, and reigns over the glories of the firmament, is at my right hand, to give me every breath which I draw, and every comfort which I enjoy.

LESSON LXXXVI.

HONOR TO THE PROJECTOR OF THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

A. A. LOW.

From a speech delivered at a banquet, given to Cyrus W. Field, by the Chamber of Commerce of New York, Nov. 15, 1866.

IN the days of ancient Rome, when the armies of the republic were extending her sway over all the surrounding countries, and her generals returned from successful war, bearing with them the trophies of victory, it was their custom to halt outside the gates of the city, and *demand a triumphal entry.* When this was granted by the Roman senate, and adequate preparations had been made, they were received with demonstrations of applause, and welcomed by popular acclamation.

2. Triumphal arches, erected two thousand years ago, still survive to attest the grandeur of earlier and later conquests; and with what imposing ceremonies the heroes of the republic and the empire were admitted to the capital! So it has been in all times; and history is a continuous record of homage paid to military genius, however aggressive, however destructive of the rights and happiness of man.

3. Nor has the tribute of respect been confined to those who have gained success in war; nor has it been limited

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to kings and queens, or the commanders of victorious armies. In all countries and in all ages, persevering, courageous, faithful, and devoted men, of every calling and condition of life, have been found to command the admiration of their fellows, and reap the reward of well doing. The sentiment which honored martial prowess in the days of ancient Rome, exerts the same power, at the present time, over every American heart.

4. In our own day, with a simplicity more truly republican, but with an earnestness not less sincere than that of the Roman people, we welcome to our cities and our homes the victorious generals, who, by their valor and their success, have re-established for ourselves and for our children the principles of liberty and good government throughout our land. Nor have we ever been backward in awarding to men of high position in the State, or to men distinguished as instructors and benefactors of the race, the honors that are justly their due. In days gone by, it has been our pride and our pleasure to welcome, with such civilities as we know how to render, those who have been raised to the highest office in the gift of the people, and alike the prince and the peer of other realms.

5. But we are not met here now to exalt president, potentate, prince, or titled lord; albeit the friend in whose honor we *are* assembled, is known by a Christian name which seems to have been prophetic of his future renown as a king among men, — and his chief title to our regard comes to us through a *long line of descent;* not that genealogical line, which, proceeding from father to son, can be distinctly traced, — uniting family with family, — but *that line, which, descending from Valentia on the coast of Ireland, and stretching two thousand miles across the bed of the Atlantic to Newfoundland, reaches "Heart's Content" —*

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uniting continent with continent — nation with nation — Europe with America; bringing all into the most intimate relations, and securing to each other instant knowledge of every thing that is of mutual concern.

6. I venture to say there is not an emotion known to the human soul, — whether of joy or sorrow, of pleasure or pain, of disappointment following high-wrought expectation, of anxiety bordering on despair, of hope mounting to the region of sublimest faith, — that, during these twelve last years, has not entered into the experience of our long-tried and well-proved champion.

7. We may fairly claim, that, from first to last, CYRUS W. FIELD has been more closely, more consistently, identified with the Atlantic Telegraph than any other living man; and his name and his fame, which the Queen of Great Britain has justly left to the care of the American government and people, will be proudly cherished and gratefully honored. We are in daily use of the fruits of his labors; and it is meet that the men of commerce, of literature and law, of science and art, of all the professions that impart dignity and worth to our nature, should come together, and give a hearty, joyous, and generous welcome to this truly chivalrous son of America.

8. We have met, not to celebrate a victory of arms on land or sea; not the acquisition of conquered provinces, annexed to our national domain; but we have met, rather, to *commemorate an event* of vast international interest; an ĕpoch in the progress of science; the attainment of a great commercial boon; a triumph over obstacles hitherto deemed insurmountable. We are met to celebrate an achievement that reflects much credit upon the handicraft of the mechanic, on the skill and capacity of the sailor, on the intelligence and liberality of the merchant, — an

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achievement which elicits our admiration of the electricians who have artfully explored the occult laws of Nature, and, seizing subtle powers hitherto but partially developed, have converted them to the use of man, — giving him a new sense of what Omnipresence is.

9. We have come here to acknowledge the aid imparted to the Atlantic Telegraph Company by the Governments of Great Britain and the United States, through the enlightened action of their respective and intelligent statesmen; to own the important part taken by the naval ships of both countries; the generous pecuniary support rendered by the wealthy merchants and factors of Great Britain; and, above all, to recognize the goodness of that Divine Being who has crowned the labors of all with abundant success, — who has vouchsafed such wonderful gifts to man!

LESSON LXXXVII.

RECOVERY OF THE LOST ATLANTIC CABLE.

CYRUS W. FIELD.

BUT our work was not over. After landing the cable safely at Newfoundland, we had another task, — to return to mid-ocean and recover that lost in the expedition of last year. This achievement has, perhaps, excited more surprise than the other. Many even *now* "do not understand it;" and every day I am asked, "How was it done?" Well, it *does* seem rather difficult to fish for a jewel at the bottom of the ocean two and half miles deep. But it is not so *very* difficult, when you know how.

2. You may be sure we did not go a-fishing at random, nor was our success mere "luck." It was the triumph of

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the highest nautical and engineering skill. We had four ships, and on board of them some of the best seamen in England, — men who knew the ocean as a hunter knows every trail in the forest. There was Capt. MORIARTY, who was in "The Agamemnon" in 1857–8. He was in "The Great Eastern" last year, and saw the cable when it broke; and he and Capt. ANDERSON at once took their observations so exact, that they could go right to the spot.

3. After finding it, they marked the line of the cable by a row of buoys; for fogs would come down, and shut out sun and stars, so that no man could take an observation. These buoys were anchored a few miles apart. They were numbered, and each had a flag-staff on it, so that it could be seen by day, and by a lantern at night. Thus, having taken our bearings, we stood off three or four miles, so as to come broadside on, and then, casting over the grapnel, drifted slowly down upon it, dragging the bottom of the ocean as we went.

4. At first, it was a little awkward to fish in such deep water; but our men got used to it, and soon could cast a grapnel almost as straight as an old whaler throws a harpoon. Our fishing line was of formidable size. It was made of rope, twisted with wires of steel, so as to bear a strain of thirty tons. It took about two hours for the grapnel to reach bottom; but we could tell when it struck. I often went to the bow, and sat on the rope, and could feel by the quiver that the grapnel was dragging on the bottom two miles under us.

5. But it was a very slow business. We had storms and calms, and fogs and squalls. Still we worked on, day after day. Once, on the 17th of August, we got the cable up, and had it in full sight for five minutes, — a long, slimy monster, fresh from the ooze of the ocean's bed; but our men

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began to cheer so wildly, that it seemed to be frightened, and suddenly broke away, and went down into the sea. This accident kept us at work two weeks longer; but finally, on the last night of August, we caught it. We had cast the grapnel thirty times.

6. It was a little before midnight on Friday, that we hooked the cable; and it was a little after midnight, Sunday morning, when we got it on board. What was the anxiety of those twenty-six hours! The strain on every man's life was like the strain on the cable itself. When, finally, it appeared, it was midnight; the lights of the ship, and in the boats around our bows, as they flashed in the faces of the men, showed them eagerly watching for the cable to appear on the water.

7. At length, it was brought to the surface. All who were allowed to approach, crowded forward to see it. Yet not a word was spoken: only the voices of the officers in command were heard giving orders. All felt as if life and death hung on the issue. It was only when it was brought over the bow, and on to the deck, that men dared to breathe. Even then they hardly believed their eyes. Some crept toward it to feel of it, to be sure it was there.

8. Then we carried it along to the electricians' room, to see if our long-sought treasure was alive or dead. A few minutes of suspense, and a flash told of the lightning current again set free. Then did the feeling long pent up burst forth. Some turned away their heads and wept; others broke into cheers; and the cry ran from man to man, and was heard down in the engine-rooms, deck below deck, and from the boats on the water, and the other ships, while rockets lighted up the darkness of the sea.

9. Then, with thankful hearts, we turned our faces again to the west. But soon the wind arose, and, for thir-

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ty-six hours, we were exposed to all the dangers of a storm on the Atlantic. Yet, in the very hight and fury of the gale, as I sat in the electricians' room, a flash of light came up from the deep, which, having crossed to Ireland, came back to me in mid-ocean, telling that those so dear to me, whom I had left on the banks of the Hudson, were well, and following us with their wishes and their prayers. This was like a whisper of God from the sea, bidding me keep heart and hope.

10. "The Great Eastern" bore herself proudly through the storm, as if she knew that the vital chord, which was to join two hemispheres, hung at her stern; and so, on Saturday, the 7th of September, we brought our second cable safely to the shore. Even the sailors caught the enthusiasm of the enterprise, and were eager to share in the honor of the achievement. Brave, stalwart men they were, — at home on the ocean and in the storm, — of that sort that have carried the flag of England around the globe. I see them now as they dragged the shore-end up the beach at Heart's Content, hugging it in their brawny arms as if it were a shipwrecked child, whom they had rescued from the dangers of the sea. God bless them all!

11. Such, in brief, is the story of the Telegraph. It has been a long, hard struggle, — nearly thirteen years of anxious watching and ceaseless toil. Often my heart has been ready to sink. Many times, when wandering in the forests of Newfoundland, in the pelting rain, or on the deck of ships, on dark, stormy nights, — alone, far from home, — I have almost accused myself of madness and folly to sacrifice the peace of my family, and all the hopes of life, for what might prove, after all, but a dream. I have seen my companions one and another falling by my side, and feared that *I*, too, might not live to see the end. And

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yet one hope has led me on, and I have prayed that I might not taste of death till this work was accomplished. That prayer is answered; and now, beyond all acknowledgments to men, is the feeling of GRATITUDE TO ALMIGHTY GOD.

LESSON LXXXVIII.

HOW CYRUS LAID THE CABLE.

J. G. SAXE.

1. COME, listen all unto my song;
It is no silly fable;
'Tis all about the mighty cord
They call the Atlantic Cable.

2. Bold CYRUS FIELD, he said, says he,
"I have a pretty notion
That I can run a telegraph
Across the Atlantic Ocean."

3. Then all the people laughed, and said
They'd like to see him do it;
He might get half-seas-over, but
He never could go through it.

4. To carry out his foolish plan
He never would be able;
He might as well go hang himself
With his Atlantic Cable.

5. But Cyrus was a valiant man,
A fellow of decision,
And heeded not their mocking words,
Their laughter and derision.

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6. Twice did his bravest efforts fail,
And yet his mind was stable;
He wa'n't the man to break his heart
Because he broke his cable.

7. "Once more, my gallant boys!" he cried;
"*Three times!*—you know the fable,—
(I'll make it *thirty*," muttered he,
"But I will lay this cable!")

8. Once more they tried,—*hurrah!* HURRAH!
What means this great commotion?
The Lord be praised! the cable's laid
Across the Atlantic Ocean!

9. Loud ring the bells!—for, flashing through
Six hundred leagues of water,
Old Mother England's benison
Salutes her eldest daughter!

10. O'er all the land the tidings sped;
And soon, in every nation,
They'll hear about the cable with
Profoundest admiration!

11. Now long live all the noble souls
Who helped our gallant Cyrus!
And may their courage, faith, and zeal,
With emulation fire us!

12. And may we honor evermore
The manly, bold, and stable;
And tell our sons, to make them brave,
How CYRUS laid the cable!

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LESSON LXXXIX.

[1] TROY'S EXILED BANDS, Ænēas and his followers, who, after the destruction of Troy by the Greeks, built ships, and in search of Italy, their destined land, were tossed and harassed by unpropitious winds, caused by the wrath of Juno. The wanderings and trials of Ænēas constitute the theme of Virgil's Æneid.

[2] GEN' O A'S GOD-LIKE CHILD, Columbus, a native of Genoa. See note, page 161.

[3] MAY' FLOW ER, the name of the vessel in which the Pilgrims sailed to America. They landed on Plymouth Rock, Dec. 11, 1620.

[4] FRANK' LIN. See note, page 145.

[5] MORSE, the inventor of the Telegraph, as used in the United States.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

(Successfully laid between Europe and America July 27, 1866.)

REV. GEORGE LANSING TAYLOR.

1. GLORY to God above!
The Lord of Life and love!
Who makes His curtains clouds and waters dark;
Who spreads His chambers on the deep,
While all its armies silence keep;
Whose hand of old, world-rescuing, steered the ark;
Who led Troy's bands[1] exiled,
And Genoa's god-like child,[2]
And Mayflower,[3] grandly wild,
And *now* has guided safe a grander Bark;
Who, from her iron loins,
Has spun the thread that joins
Two yearning worlds made one with lightning spark.

2. Praise God! praise God! praise God!
The sea obeyed His rod,
What time His saints marched down its deeps of yore;

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And now for Commerce, Science, Peace,
Redemption, Freedom, Love's increase,
He bids great Ocean's barriers cease,
While flames celestial flash from shore to shore!
And nations pause 'mid battles' deadliest roar,
Till Earth's one heart swells upward, and brims o'er
With thanks! thanks! thanks, and praise!
To Him who lives always!
Who reigns through endless days!
While halleluiahs sweet
Roll up as incense meet,
And all Earth's crowns are cast before His feet!

3. "And there was no more sea,"
Spake in rapt vision he
Who "a new heaven and a new earth" beheld!
And lo! we see the day
That ends its weltering sway,
And weds the nations, long asunder held!
Twelve years of toil, of failure, fear,
Thousands to scorn and few to cheer,
What are they now to ears that hear,
To eyes that see their triumph near?
When lightning-flames the ends of earth shall weld,
And wrong and right, by lightning beams dispelled,
Shall lift from all man's race,
And God the Father's face
Shall smile o'er all the world millennial grace!

4 FRANKLIN[4]! and MORSE[5]! and FIELD!
Great shades of centuries yield!
Make way for these in your sublimest throng!
Heroes of blood, great in immortal wrong,

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Stoop your helmed heads, and blush! O seers of song!
Of blood and strife no longer sing;
In heavenlier transport smite the string;
Soar, soar on purer, rapter wing,
Till all the throbbing azure ring
The song that erst began: —
"Good will and peace toward man,"
Redeemed and bought with blood,
One mighty brotherhood!
And every bond that brings heart nearer heart,
Shall bring man nearer God, and bear a part
In that great work benign, —
The work of love, that makes all worlds divine!

LESSON XC.

[1] Or' phe an, pertaining to Orpheus, one of the ancient Grecian bards, who is fabled to have tamed the wildest animals by the music of his lyre. Hence, an Orphean song is one that charms like the strains of Orpheus.

[2] An' ti podes or An tip' o dēs (anti, *opposite* or *against;* podes, *feet;*) with feet opposite. People who live on the opposite side of the globe, and whose feet are, of course, directly opposite to the feet of those who live on this side.

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

ANON.

1. HARK! the warning needles click,
Hither — thither — clear and quick.
He who guides their speaking play,
Stands a thousand miles away!
Here we feel the electric thrill
Guided by his simple will;

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Here the instant message read,
Brought with more than lightning speed.
Sing who will of Or'phe-an[1] lyre,
Ours the wonder-working wire!

2. Let the sky be dark or clear,
Comes the faithful messenger;
Now it tells of loss and grief,
Now of joy in sentence brief,
Now of safe or sunken ships,
Now the murderer outstrips,
Now of war and fields of blood,
Now of fire, and now of flood.
Sing who will of Orphean lyre,
Ours the wonder-working wire!

3. Think the thought, and speak the word,
It is caught as soon as heard,
Borne o'er mountains, lakes, and seas,
To the far an-tip'o-dēs;[2]
Boston speaks at twelve o'clock,
Natchez reads ere noon the shock.
Seems it not a feat sublime'?
INTELLECT has conquered Time!
Sing who will of Orphean lyre,
Ours the wonder-working wire!

4. MARVEL! triumph of our day,
Flash all ignorance away!
Flash sincerity of speech,
Noblest aims to all who teach;
Flash till Power shall learn the Right,
Flash till Reason conquer Might;

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Flash resolve to every mind;
Manhood flash to all mankind!
Sing who will of Orphean lyre,
Ours the wonder-working wire!

LESSON XCI.

[1] SE'LAH, a word of doubtful meaning, by some supposed to indicate *special attention* to the subject; by others, to signify *silence* or a *pause* in the musical performance of the song while the instrumental performers played some variation or intervening melody.

BEATITUDES.

BIBLE.

In reading these sentences, an excellent effect may be produced by dividing the class equally into two parts, and letting one part read, in concert, the line or lines marked 1*st Voice;* and the other part, the line or lines marked 2*d Voice;* or one pupil may read that part marked 1*st Voice,* and the next pupil the part marked 2*d Voice,* alternately.

1*st Voice.* Blessed are the poor in spirit;
2*d Voice.* for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
1 *V.* Blessed are they that mourn;
2 *V.* for they shall be comforted.
1 *V.* Blessed are the meek;
2 *V.* for they shall inherit the earth.
1 *V.* Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness;
2 *V.* for they shall be filled.
1 *V.* Blessed are the merciful;
2 *V.* for they shall obtain mercy.
1 *V.* Blessed are the pure in heart;
2 *V.* for they shall see God.

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1 *V.* Blessed are the peace-makers;
2 *V.* for they shall be called the children of God.

1 *V.* Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake;
2 *V.* for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

1 *V.* Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.
2 *V.* Rejoice, and be exceeding glad; for great is your reward in heaven.

1 *V.* Blessed is he that considereth the poor:
2 *V.* the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble.

1 *V.* Blessings are upon the head of the just;
2 *V.* but violence covereth the mouth of the wicked.

1 *V.* The memory of the just is blessed;
2 *V.* but the name of the wicked shall rot.

1 *V.* Blessed are they that dwell in thy house;
2 *V.* they will be still praising thee. SELAH.[1]

1 *V.* Blessed are the people that know the joyful sound;
2 *V.* they shall walk, O Lord! in the light of thy countenance.

1 *V.* Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord, that delighteth greatly in His commandments.
2 *V.* His seed shall be mighty upon the earth: the generation of the upright shall be blessed.

1 *V.* Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.
2 *V.* But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in His law doth he meditate day and night.

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1 *V.* Blessed is the man that heareth me, watching daily at my gates, waiting at the posts of my doors.
2 *V.* For whoso findeth me, findeth life, and shall obtain favor of the Lord.

1 *V.* Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is.
2 *V.* For he shall be as a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out her roots by the river, and shall not see when heat cometh.

1 *V.* Blessed is that servant, whom his lord, when he cometh, shall find so doing.
2 *V.* Verily I say unto you, that he shall make him ruler over all his goods.

1 *V.* Blessed is the man that endureth temptation;
2 *V.* for, when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love Him.

1 *V.* Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth:
2 *V.* Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.

1 *V.* Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection:
2 *V.* on such the second death hath no power.

1 *V.* Blessed are they that do His commandments;
2 *V.* that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.

1 *V.* Blessed be the Lord God of Israel from everlasting to everlasting.
2 *V.* AMEN, and AMEN!

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LESSON XCII.

[1] KEP'LER, see note, page 157.

[2] BRAHE, TYCHO, a distinguished astronomer, was born Dec. 14, 1546; and died Oct. 24, 1601. The celebrated Observatory of Oranienberg, or the *city of the heavens*, was founded in 1576, and supplied with instruments. Within its walls, Tycho Brahe carried on those observations with which his name is inseparably connected.

[3] NEW'TON, see note, page 94.

[4] POPE, ALEXANDER, a celebrated English poet, was born in London, 1688; and died 1744. He was deformed, and small in stature. The principal of his poetical writings are entitled "Essay on Criticism," "Essay on Man," "Moral Essays." He also translated the Iliad and Odyssey of Homer.

[5] ARCTU'RUS, a fixed star of the first magnitude in the constellation Boötes.

[6] NEPT'UNE, a large planet beyond Uranus, discovered by Galle of Berlin, Sept. 23, 1846. Its mean distance from the sun is 2,850,000,000 miles, and its period of revolution is about 164 years.

THE PRIDE OF IGNORANCE.

S. W. TAYLOR.

TELL me not of the *pride of scientific men!* We have, it is true, some *few cases* of the pride of learning, but a *multitude of the pride of ignorance.* The grossly ignorant man, imagining himself placed at the very center of the earth's fancied plane, and exactly beneath the highest point in heaven's arch, with arms akimbo, struts forth, as the principal occupant of the material universe. This is manifest to common observation. Something like this is also seen among the different classes in the same school, and in communities, among individuals of different grades of civilization.

2. An accurate knowledge of men and things, naturally *represses pride* and *promotes humility.* The diligent student of Nature, as he gains a deeper and deeper knowledge

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of the great book of God's wisdom, goodness, and power, necessarily sees all finite glory dwindling and fading; he must see himself, too, *depreciating* in comparison with the extent and grandeur of the objects which successively occupy his vast and illuminated field of view. It is evident, that the more we learn of what *other* men have accomplished in pursuits and circumstances like our own, and the more clearly we discover how much we depend on *others* for what we possess and accomplish, the more effectually will our *humility* be cultivated.

3. The philosopher is in circumstances peculiarly favorable to make him feel and acknowledge his heavy indebtedness to his predecessors and contemporaries. He can not fail of being convinced, that, were any generation of men entirely destitute of transmitted knowledge, they could hardly, within the ordinary limits of human life, find time to *clothe themselves*, and *erect permanent dwellings*. They must commence life as savages, and, at death, have nothing better than blankets and wigwams to bequeath to their savage successors.

4. Had not Kepler[1] inherited the avails of Tycho Brahe's[2] labors in *descriptive* astronomy, it is certain he could never have been distinguished in *physical* astronomy, as the legislator of the skies. Without a legacy from his ancestors, even Newton[3] must have been comparatively poor; and the scientific wealth amassed and transmitted by Newton and others, has been the *making of their heirs*, now the illustrious philosophers of Europe and America.

5. But if you chance to meet with a *stubborn case of pride* in a philosopher, do not hastily dismiss the case as *incurable*. He *can be cured* of any extraordinary degree of pride, if he has a breath of the spirit of *true* philosophy. But do nothing, I beseech you, to *lessen* his amount of sci-

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ence; rather follow the good old specific of Pope:[4] Give him to drink more *deeply*. Direct his attention to the treasures of science already amassed.

6. Show him the schools, the laboratories, and observatories of Europe and the United States of America; show him their libraries, whose shelves are bending beneath ponderous tomes, the faithful records of literary and philosophical research; show him the rich gifts of science to agriculture, commerce, and the whole sisterhood of the arts of peace; show him not only what *has* been accomplished, but show him every enlightened *part* of the earth, at this moment busy as a bee-hive in all the departments of philosophy.

7. Then conduct him into those extensive fields of sober enterprise which sound philosophy has projected, and you give him the position which Newton held when under the conviction that all which philosophy *has done*, in comparison with what it is *destined to accomplish* in ages to come, amounts to nothing more than the examination of a few pebbles and pearls thrown upon the shore of a broad ocean, from the undiminished treasures of its immense bed.

8. If our patient is not yet recovered, immerse him in the great deep of space. Show him something of the *extent of Jehovah's works*. Bid him look at himself, and then at the earth, whose extended radius spreads the earth's surface into an apparent plain. Next, equip him with the quick wings of light, putting him upon a rate of traveling equivalent to twenty-four diameters of the earth in a single second. Within eight minutes he finds himself alighting upon the sun, compared with which, instead of the earth as a standard of bulk, he has the mortification to perceive that his body has shrunk from the dimensions of three cubic feet to the one two-hundredth part of a cubic inch,—*physically*, a contemptible insect!

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9. Here let him stop long enough to ask the question, which millions of years will not answer, — "What wonders, what treasures, are contained in that deep ocean of light?" Thence let him, with undiminished velocity, speed his way to Sirius,* whose matchless orb, at the end, perhaps, of a three-years' flight, he beholds under his feet, exerting upon a splendid retinue of planets, in the powers of light, heat, and gravitation, the energy of fourteen suns, such as the one in whose light we are rejoicing.

10. If still there is any thing of our philosopher's *pride* or of *himself* remaining, let him range himself within the sublime circumference of the *galaxy;* let him, with the most powerful telescope in use, spy out some faint nebula most delicately fringing the absurdly imagined borders of infinity, and not unlike the subtle vapor which the keen-eyed little girl can possibly discern issuing from the throat of the singing-sparrow. But send him not thither with only the speed of light; for, with *that*, thousands of years might not suffice for the journey. Give him, rather, the mysterious power of the *imagination*, by which he can assume, with equal facility, and in equal time, stations indefinitely near, and infinitely remote.

11. From the station first assumed, he sees *that nebula* resolved into brilliant points; from the next, he sees each of those points bright as Arcturus[5] or Capella; and, from the next station, he beholds it a *glorious sun!* What had been deemed the center and circumference of the material universe, have reciprocated their positions; and, from one of those *foreign* suns, he looks back after the locality of his native earth; when, lo! the vast orbit of Neptune[6] has closed in upon the focus occupied by our sun; the sun himself has dwindled to a point, — that *point* has vanished,

* Sir' i us, the large, bright star called the Dog-star.

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and taken with it all earth-born philosophers, with their works, the scene of their labors, and the entire sphere of their observation. How, *naturally*, must our philosopher now adopt the language of the sublime prophet with reference to the infinite Creator! — "All nations before Him are as nothing, and they are counted to Him *less* than nothing, and vanity."*

LESSON XCIII.

[1] AR CHI ME' DĒS, the most celebrated of the ancient geometers, was born at Syracuse about 291 years B.C.; and died 212 B.C. He was related to Hiero, King of Syracuse, who deemed it a great honor to have so distinguished a philosopher as his relative. He devoted his time to the cultivation of mathematical and physical sciences. He invented the screw for raising water, which bears his name; and we owe to him the process of detecting the adulteration of the precious metal in King Hiero's crown. Such was his joy at this discovery, it is said he rushed through the streets of Syracuse in a state of nudity, exclaiming, — "Eureka, Eureka!" — *"I have found, I have found!"*

[2] EM PY RE' AN, the highest heaven, where the pure element of fire was supposed by the ancients to subsist.

[3] PHA' E TON, the son of Phœbus and Clymene, or of Cephalus and Aurora, that is, the son of light, or of the sun. He is fabled to have begged of Phœbus that he would permit him to guide the chariot of the sun; in doing which he manifested want of skill; and, being struck with a thunderbolt by Jupiter, he was hurled headlong into the River Po.

SCIENCE AND ART.

D. BREWSTER.

IN the study of natural philosophy, chemistry, and natural history, a wide field of knowledge will be spread out before you, in which every fact you observe, and every truth you learn, will surprise and delight you. Creations of boundless extent, displaying unlimited power, matchless

* Isaiah, 40th chapter, 17th verse.

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wisdom, and overflowing beneficence, will, at every step, surround you. The infinitely *great* and the infinitely *little* will compete for your admiration; and, in contemplating the great scheme of creation which these inquiries present to your minds, you will not overlook the almost superhuman power by which it has been developed.

2. Fixed upon the pedestal of his native earth, and with no other instrument but the eye and the hand, the genius of man has penetrated the dark and distant recesses of time and space. The *finite* has comprehended the *infinite.* The being of a day has pierced backwards into *primeval time,* deciphering the subterranean monuments, and inditing its chronicle of countless ages. In the rugged crust and shattered pavement of our globe, he has detected those gigantic forces by which our seas and continents have changed places, — by which our mountain ranges have emerged from the bed of the ocean, — by which the gold, and the silver, the coal, and the iron, and the lime, have been thrown into the hands of man as the materials of civilization, — and by which *mighty cycles* of animal and vegetable life have been embalmed and entombed.

3. In your *astronomical studies,* the Earth on which you dwell will stand forth in space a suspended ball, taking its place as one of the smallest of the planets, and like them pursuing its appointed path, — the arbiter of times and seasons. Beyond our planetary system, now extended, by the discovery of Neptune, to nearly three thousand millions of miles from the sun, and throughout the vast expanse of the universe, the telescope will exhibit to you new suns and systems of worlds, infinite in number and variety, sustaining, doubtless, myriads of living beings, and presenting new spheres for the exercise of divine power and beneficence. . . .

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4. The advances which have recently been made in the *mechanical* and useful arts, have already begun to influence our social condition, and must affect still more deeply our systems of education. The knowledge which used to constitute a scholar, and fit him for social and intellectual intercourse, will not avail him under the present ascendency of practical science. New and gigantic *inventions* mark almost every passing year, — the colossal *tubular bridge*, conveying the monster train over an arm of the sea, — the *submarine cable*, carrying the pulse of speech beneath *two thousand miles* of ocean, — the *monster ship* freighted with thousands of lives, — and the *huge rifle-gun*, throwing its fatal charge across miles of earth or of ocean.

5. New *arts*, too, useful and ornamental, have sprung up luxuriantly around us. New *powers of Nature* have been evoked, and man communicates with man across seas and continents with more certainty and speed than if he had been endowed with the velocity of the race-horse, or provided with the pinions of the eagle. Wherever we are, in short, *art* and *science* surround us. They have given birth to new and lucrative professions. Whatever we purpose to do, they help us. In our houses, they greet us with light and heat. When we travel, we find them at every stage on land, and at every harbor on our shores. They stand beside our board by day, and beside our couch by night.

6. To our thoughts they give the *speed* of lightning; and to our time-pieces, the *punctuality* of the sun; and though they can not provide us with the boasted lever of Archimedes[1] to move the earth, or indicate the spot upon which we must stand, could we do it, they have put into our hands *tools of matchless power*, by which we can study the remotest worlds; and they have furnished us with an

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intellectual plummet, by which we can sound the depths of the earth, and count the cycles of its endurance.

7. In his hour of presumption and ignorance, man has tried to do *more* than this; but, though he was not permitted to reach the heavens with his cloud-capped tower of stone, and has tried in vain to navigate the aërial ocean, it was given him to ascend into the empyrean[2] by chains of thought which no lightning could fuse, and no comet strike; and though he has not been allowed to grasp with an arm of flesh the products of other worlds, or tread upon the pavement of gigantic planets, he has been enabled to scan, with more than an eagle's eye, the mighty creations in the bosom of space, — to march *intellectually* over the mosaics of sidereal systems, and to follow the adventurous Phaeton[3] in a chariot which can never be overturned.

LESSON XCIV.

[1] GAUL, a native or inhabitant of Gaul, the name anciently given to France.
[2] GOTH, one of an ancient tribe or nation, of Asiatic origin, who overran the Roman Empire, and took an important part in its subversion.

ADVANCE.

D. F. M'CARTHY.

1. GOD bade the Sun with golden step sublime
Advance!
He whispered in the listening ear of Time,
Advance!
He bade the guiding Spirit of the stars,
With lightning speed, in silver-shining cars,
Along the bright floor of his azure hall
Advance!
Sun, Stars, and Time obey the voice, and all
Advance!

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2. The river at its bubbling fountain cries,
Advance!
The clouds proclaim, like heralds, through the skies,
Advance!
Throughout the world, the mighty Master's laws
Allow not one brief moment's idle pause;
The earth is full of life, — the swelling seeds
Advance!
And summer hours, like flowery harnessed steeds,
Advance!

3. To man's most wondrous hand the same voice cried,
Advance!
Go, clear the woods, and o'er the bounding tide
Advance!
Go, draw the marble from its secret bed,
And make the cedar bend its giant head;
Let domes and columns through the wandering air
Advance!
The world, O man! is thine. But wouldst thou share?
Advance!

4. Unto the soul of man the same voice spoke,
Advance!
From out the chaos thunder-like it broke,
Advance!
Go, track the comet in its wheeling race,
And drag the lightning from its hiding-place;
From out the night of ignorance and tears,
Advance!
For love and hope, borne by the coming years,
Advance!

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5. All heard, and some obeyed, the great command,
Advance!
It passed along from listening land to land,
Advance!
The strong grew stronger, and the weak grew strong,
As passed the war-cry of the world along, —
Awake, ye nations! know your powers and rights;
Advance!
Through Hope and Work, to Freedom's new delights,
Advance!

6. Knowledge came down, and waved her steady torch,
Advance!
Sages proclaimed, 'neath many a marble porch,
Advance!
As rapid lightning leaps from peak to peak,
The Gaul,[1] the Goth,[2] the Roman, and the Greek,
The painted Briton, caught the wingèd word,
Advance!
And earth grew young, and caroled as a bird,
Advance!

LESSON XCV.

THE POLAR STAR.

WESTBY GIBSON.

1. STAR of the North, whose clear, cold light
Breaks on the darkness of the sky,
When solemn-paced the pilgrim Night
In silence journeys by!
Watcher by heaven's embattled walls,
How far through Nature's circle falls
The radiance of thine eye?

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Thou center-point of myriad spheres,
Through aged Time's gray round of years!

2. Bright dweller by the unfooted North,
New light hath ever clothed thy face,
Since the high God first launched thee forth
Into the boundless space;
Mountains have from their base been cast, —
Earthquakes have opened caverns vast, —
Old Ocean changed its place;
Nations and tribes of star-bright fame
Have perished, — thou art still the same!

3. Thy glance is ever bold and bright, —
Thou never weariest in thy task;
What time departs the sable night,
And morn with rosy mask
Glides on through clouds, like hills of snow,
Or, in the noontide's passionate glow,
All earth and ocean bask;
Till westward, down the reddening air
Drops the round sun, — thou still art there!

4. Long wert thou worshiped as a guide
By the bold dwellers on the sea,
Where neither mark nor track abide, —
Changefully eternally!
When o'er them crept the night-hours' dark,
Through the wide waste they urged the bark,
By science won from thee,
Till the dark presence of the storm
Smote from their eyes thy beaming form.

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5. What ages from yon arctic bed
Hath thy deep-fountained radiance shone!
Nor may that golden flame be dead
So long as Time rolls on;
But still, with clear and steadfast rays,
Emblem that faith by which we gaze
On the Eternal One, —
The beacon by whose light we ride,
Triumphing o'er Life's dangerous tide.

6. O bright and beautiful! in thee
We read God's love — His power, how strong,
That through the sky's immensity
Thy giant mass out-flung!
So distant from our rolling world,
That, were thy sphere of beauty hurled
From the resounding throng,
Thousands of years might pass away
Ere thine old realm in darkness lay.

LESSON XCVI.

[1] O LYM' PI AN, pertaining to Olympus, a mountain in Thessaly, the fabled abode of the gods.

[2] TI' TANS, giants of ancient mythology, enormous in size and strength.

[3] SI' NA I, a mountain in the peninsula of Arabia, from the summit of which God published his law to the Israelites.

[4] CAL' VA RY, the name given to a slight elevation north of the ancient city of Jerusalem, perhaps half a mile distant from the temple, and noted as the place of the crucifixion of Christ.

[5] A POC A LYP' TIC, pertaining to the Revelation of St. John, in Patmos, near the close of the first century.

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MOUNTAINS.

E. M. MORSE.

MOUNTAINS! who was your Builder? Who laid your awful foundations in the central fires, and piled your rocks and snow-capped summits among the clouds? Who placed you in the gardens of the world, like noble altars, on which to offer the sacrificial gifts of many nations? Who reared your rocky walls in the barren desert, like towering pyramids, like monumental mounds, like giants' graves, like dismantled piles of royal ruins, telling a mournful tale of glory, once bright, but now fled forever, as flee the dreams of a midsummer's night? Who gave you a home in the islands of the sea, — those emeralds that gleam among the waves, — those stars of ocean that mock the beauty of the stars of night?

2. Mountains! I know who built you. It was GOD! His name is written on your foreheads. He laid your corner-stones on that glorious morning when the orchestra of Heaven sounded the anthem of creation. He clothed your high, imperial forms in royal robes. He gave you a snowy garment, and wove for you a cloudy vail of crimson and gold. He crowned you with a diadem of icy jewels; pearls from the arctic seas; gems from the frosty pole. Mountains! ye are glorious. Ye stretch your granite arms away toward the vales of the undiscovered: ye have a longing for immortality.

3. But, Mountains! ye long in vain. I called you glorious, and truly ye are; but your glory is like that of the starry heavens, — it shall pass away at the trumpet-blast of the angel of the Most High. And yet ye are worthy of a high and eloquent eulogium. Ye were the lovers of the daughters of the gods; ye are the lovers of the daugh-

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ters of Liberty and Religion now; and in your old and feeble age the children of the skies shall honor your bald heads. The clouds of heaven — those shadows of Olympian[1] power, those spectral phantoms of dead Titans[2] — kiss your summits, as guardian angels kiss the brow of infant nobleness. On your sacred rocks I see the footprints of the Creator; I see the blazing fires of Sinai,[3] and hear its awful voice; I see the tears of Calvary,[4] and listen to its mighty groans.

4. Mountains! ye are proud and haughty things. Ye hurl defiance at the storm, the lightning, and the wind; ye look down with deep disdain upon the thunder-cloud; ye scorn the dev'astating tempest; ye despise the works of puny man; ye shake your rock-ribbed sides with giant laughter, when the great earthquake passes by. Ye stand as giant sentinels, and seem to say to the boisterous billows, — "Thus far shalt thou come, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed!"

5. Mountains! ye are growing old. Your ribs of granite are getting weak and rotten; your muscles are losing their fatness; your hoarse voices are heard only at distant intervals; your volcanic heart throbs feebly; and your lava-blood is thickening, as the winters of many ages gather their chilling snows around your venerable forms. The brazen sunlight laughs in your old and wrinkled faces; the pitying moonlight nestles in your hoary locks; and the silvery starlight rests upon you like the halo of inspiration that crowned the heads of dying patriarchs and prophets. Mountains! ye must die. Old Father Time, that sexton of earth, has dug you a deep, dark tomb; and in silence ye shall sleep after sea and shore shall have been pressed by the feet of the apocalyptic[5] angel, through the long watches of an eternal night.

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LESSON XCVII.

THE ALPS.

WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

1. PROUD monuments of God! sublime ye stand
Among the wonders of His mighty hand;
With summits soaring in the upper sky,
Where the broad day looks down with burning eye;
Where gorgeous clouds in solemn pomp repose,
Flinging rich shadows on eternal snows:
Piles of triumphant dust, ye stand alone,
And hold, in kingly state, a peerless throne!

2. Like olden conquerors, on high ye rear
The regal ensign and the glittering spear:
Round icy spires the mists, in wreaths unrolled,
Float ever near, in purple or in gold;
And voiceful torrents, sternly rolling there,
Fill with wild music the unpillared air.
What garden or what hall, on earth beneath,
Thrills to such tones as o'er the mountains breathe?

3. There, through long ages past, those summits shone
When morning radiance on their state was thrown;
There, when the summer-day's career was done,
Played the last glory of the sinking sun;
There, sprinkling luster o'er the cataract's shade,
The chastened moon her glittering rainbow made;
And, blent with pictured stars, her luster lay
Where to still vales the free streams leaped away.

4. Where are the thronging hosts of other days,
Whose banners floated o'er the Alpine ways;

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Who, through their high defiles, to battle wound,
While deadly ordnance stirred the hights around?
Gone, like the dream that melts at early morn
When the lark's anthem through the sky is borne;
Gone, like the wrecks that sink in ocean's spray;
And chill Oblivion murmurs, — "Where are they?"

5. Yet "Alps on Alps" still rise; the lofty home
Of storms and eagles, where their pinions roam:
Still round their peaks the magic colors lie,
Of morn and eve, imprinted on the sky;
And still, while kings and thrones shall fade and fall,
And empty crowns lie dim upon the pall,—
Still shall their glaciers flash, their torrents roar,
Till kingdoms fail, and nations rise no more.

LESSON XCVIII.

DESIRE TO BE REMEMBERED.

FORGOTTEN! How harshly that word grates upon the ear! With what icy coldness it falls on the heart! How we shrink from the thought, that, ere long, all memory of us will have faded from the minds of men; that there will be a time, when, of all who love us *now*, or who ever *will* love us, not one will be left to tell that we existed; when, of those who may dwell in the places we now occupy, not one will recognize a vestige of any thing we ever did, or that we ever lived!

2. To be forgotten!—oh! fearful thought! It is *this* which makes us linger when we say farewell; it is *this* which nerves the heart and strengthens the arm when the

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horrid din of war shuts out the memory of dear associations; and *this* wrings the life-blood from that heart, and causes the arm to fall powerless. It is *this* which bears up against discouragements those who would mount to Fame's highest pinnacle, there to inscribe a name which shall live long after they themselves have passed away. A NAME! — what a slight token of remembrance for the giant minds of earth to bequeath! A NAME! when the form, the countenance, shall have a place in the memory of none!

3. We all love to cherish the thought that we shall *not be forgotten*, that we shall *not* be dead to others, when the warm pulsations of our hearts have ceased; that "dumb forgetfulness" will *not* bind our memories in the chains of silence. We can all designate some in our immediate presence, in whose surviving thoughts our love, ourselves, would gladly dwell. Assured of this, and who would not

> "Leave the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
> Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind"?

But it may not be. When our eyes are stamped with the seal of death, some few faithful ones will mourn our loss, some bitter tears be shed over our graves, and, in a little while, we shall be forgotten.

4. There are those, however, and not a few, who have won an earthly *immortality by their thoughts and deeds*. To *these*, though their forms have faded from the eye of Time, and their monuments been fanned to dust by his wing, — to *these* it has never been said, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." They live, love, and are loved, as when the earth was gladdened by their actual presence. We have felt their spirits breathing into and mingling with ours, when the world looked dark, and all has become bright again.

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5. With a prophetic tone their voices have rung in our ears, rousing us from dull torpor and senseless slumber to high thought and holy purpose. *No: they are not dead; they are not forgotten!* Aspirer after fame, wouldst thou leave some traces on the shores of Time, over which the waves of oblivion shall dash with all their fury in vain'? Wouldst thou be lulled to thy last sleep with the sweet consciousness that thou wilt not be forgotten'? If so, "go thou and do likewise."

6. A little star shining so soothingly, whispering peace to the rebellious heart, and hope to the desolate, were the decree of the Almighty to go forth that its light must be extinguished, would long afterwards be seen by us, twinkling and cheering as ever. So with the great and good of earth. The light which hovers around their pathway, can not grow dim, though we consign their bodies to the tomb, until Time's course is fully run; and even then it will shine as brightly as ever, in a holier, a purer land than this. In that land, also, it is our hope that the severed ties of nature and of friendship will be reunited. There we shall see those whom we have loved, and there *forgotten* is a *forbidden* word.

LESSON XCIX.

[1] MIL'TON. See note, page 107.

[2] KLOP'STOCK, Friedrich, a celebrated German poet, was born in Prussian Saxony, 1724, and died 1803. He devoted himself entirely to literature. His greatest work was the sacred epic called "The Messiah." He made himself respectably known also by philological writings.

[3] OLD MORTALITY, a character and the title of a novel by Sir Walter Scott. The name is said to have been a sobriquet popularly conferred upon Robert Patterson, a religious itinerant of the later half of the last cen-

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tury, the traditions concerning whom are related in the story, and who is described as a solitary, frequenting country church-yards, and the graves of the Covenanters, in the south of Scotland, and whose occupation consisted in clearing the moss from the gray tombstones, renewing with his chisel the half-defaced inscriptions, and repairing the emblems of death with which the monuments were adorned.

[4] PLA' TO, an illustrious Grecian philosopher, who taught the immortality of the soul and the beauty of goodness, was born at Athens 429 years before Christ, and died in his 80th year. He was the disciple of Socrates. His system of philosophy is known as the *Platonic*.

[5] AD' DI SON, JOSEPH, one of the most elegant writers in English literature, was born in 1672, and died in 1719.

THE DESIRE OF REPUTATION.

REV. ALBERT BARNES.

THE desire of an *honored name* exists in all. It is an original principle in every mind, and lives often when every other generous principle has been obliterated. It is the wish to be *known* and *respected* by others, — to *extend the knowledge of our existence* beyond our individual consciousness of being, — to be *remembered*, at least, for a little while after we are dead. Next to the dread of annihilation, we dread the immediate *extinction of our names* when we die. We would not have the earth at once made level over our graves; we would not have the spot where we sleep at once forgotten; we would not have the last traces of our existence at once obliterated from the memory of the living world.

2. We need not go into an argument to prove that *this desire exists* in the human soul. Any one has only to look into his own heart to find it always there in living power, and in controlling influence. We need not ask you to cast your eyes upon the pages of history to see the proofs, that the desire has found a home in the heart of man. We need not point you to the distinguished heroes, orators, and poets of the past or modern times; nor need we attempt

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to trace its operations in animating to deeds of noble daring, or its influence on the beautiful productions of art.

3. Milton[1] was warmed by the same generous emotion, and the same conviction that he would be remembered, and felt that there dwelt within him the innate power of *rearing a monument* which would convey his name to latest times, when he uttered this sentiment: —"I began to assent to my friends here at home, and not less to an inward prompting which now grew daily upon me, that by labor and intense study, (which I take to be my portion in this life,) joined with the strongest propensity of nature, I might, perhaps, leave *something* so written to after times, as they should not willingly let it die." Klopstock,[2] in one of his best odes, has described the instinctive *desire of future reputation*, and of living in the memory of posterity, when founded on a virtuous principle.

4. "Sweet are the thrills the silver voice of Fame
Triumphant through the bounding bosom darts!
And immortality! how proud an aim!
What noble toil to spur the noblest hearts!
My charm of song to live through future time,
To hear, still spurning death's invidious stroke,
Enraptured choirs rehearse one's name sublime,
E'en from the mansions of the grave invoke:
Within the tender heart e'en then to rear
Thee, Love! thee, Virtue! fairest growth of Heaven!
Oh, this, indeed, is worthy men's career;
This is the toil to noblest spirits given!"

5. The desire of a grateful *remembrance* when we are dead, lives in every human bosom. The earth is full of the *memorials* which have been erected as the *effect* of that desire; and though thousands of the monuments that had

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been reared by anxious care and toil, by deeds of valor on the battle-field, or by early efforts at distinction in the forum, have perished, still we can not traverse a land where the indications of this deep-rooted desire do not meet us on every side. The once lofty column, now broken and decaying; the marble, from which the name has been obliterated by time; the splendid mausoleum, standing over remains long since forgotten; and the lofty pyramid — though the name of its builder is no longer known — each one shows how deeply *this desire* once fixed itself in some human heart.

6. Every work of art, every temple and statue, every book on which we carelessly cast the eye as we pass along the alcoves of a great library, is probably a monument of this *desire to be remembered* when life is gone. Every rose or honeysuckle that we plant over the grave of a friend, is but a response to the desire not to be forgotten, which once warmed the cold heart beneath. And who would be willing to be forgotten? Who could endure the thought, that, when he is committed to the earth, no tear would ever fall on his grave; no thought of a friend ever be directed to his tomb; and that the traveler would never be told who is the sleeper there?

7. To this universal desire in the bosom of man to be *remembered* when he is dead, the living world is not reluctant to respond; for everywhere it manifests such tokens of respect as it deems best suited to perpetuate the memory of the departed. Affection, therefore, goes forth and plants the rose on the grave; rears the marble, molded into breathing forms, over the dust; like Old Mortality,[3] cuts the letters deeper when the storms of time efface them; and hands down in verse and song the names of those who have deserved well of mankind.

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8. "Patriots have toiled, and in their country's cause
Bled nobly; and their deeds, as they deserve,
Receive proud recompense. We give in charge
Their names to the sweet lyre. The Historic Muse,
Proud of the treasure, marches with it down
To latest times; and Sculpture, in her turn,
Gives bond in stone and ever-during brass,
To guard them, and to immortalize her trust.
But fairer wreaths are due, though never paid,
To those who, posted at the shrine of Truth,
Have fallen in her defense."

9. Why is this passion implanted in the human bosom? Why is it so universal? Why is it seen in so many forms? We answer,—*It is one of the proofs of man's immortality*,—the strong, instinctive, universal desire to live, and live forever. It is that to which philosophers have appealed, in the lack of better evidence, to sustain the hope that *man would survive the tomb*. It is the argument on which Plato[4] rested to sustain his soul in the darkness which enveloped him, and which has been put into the mouth of every school-boy, in the language of Addison[5]:—

10. "Whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the Soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man."

11. And while this desire lingers in the human soul, as it always will, man can not forget that he is immortal; and it will be vain to attempt to satisfy him that he wholly

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ceases to be when the body dies. He *will* not, he *can* not, believe it. He would not always sleep. He would not always be forgotten. He would live again, — live on in the memory of his fellow-man, as long as the flowers can be made to bloom, or the marble to perpetuate his name; and then *still live on* when "seas shall waste, and skies in smoke decay."

LESSON C.

VANITY OF EARTHLY FAME.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

1. Oh, how weak
Is mortal man! how trifling! how confined
His scope of vision! Puffed with confidence,
His phrase grows big with immortality,
And he, poor insect of a summer's day,
Dreams of *eternal honors* to his name, —
Of endless glory and perennial bays!
He idly reasons of eternity,
As of the train of ages; when, alas!
Ten thousand thousand of *his* centuries
Are, in comparison, a little point
Too trivial for account!

2. Oh, it is strange,
'Tis passing strange, to mark his fallacies!
Behold him proudly view some pompous pile,
Whose high dome swells to emulate the skies,
And smile, and say, "*My name* shall live with this
Till Time shall be no more;" while at his feet,
Yea, at his very feet, the crumbling dust
Of the fallen fabric of the other day
Preaches the solemn lesson!

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3. He *should* know
That Time must conquer; that the loudest blast
That ever filled Renown's obstreperous trump
Fades in the lapse of ages, and expires.
Who lies inhumed in the terrific gloom
Of the gigantic pyramid? or who
Reared its huge walls? Oblivion laughs, and says,
"The prey is mine! They sleep, and never more
Their names shall strike upon the ear of man!"

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

4. What is glory? What is fame?
The echo of a long-lost name;
A breath; an idle hour's brief talk;
The shadow of an arrant naught;
A flower that blossoms for a day,
Dying next morrow;
A stream that hurries on its way,
Singing of sorrow;
The last drop of a bootless shower,
Shed on a sear and leafless bower;
A rose stuck in a dead man's breast,—
This is the world's fame at the best!

5. What is fame? and what is glory?
A dream; a jester's lying story,
To tickle fools withal, or be
A theme for second infancy;
A joke scrawled on an epitaph;
A grin at Death's own ghastly laugh;
A visioning that tempts the eye,
But mocks the touch — nonentity;

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A rainbow, substanceless as bright,
Flitting forever
O'er hill-top to more distant hight,
Nearing us never;
A bubble blown by fond conceit,
In very sooth *itself* to cheat;
The witch-fire of a frenzied brain;
A fortune that to lose were gain;
A word of praise, perchance of blame;
The wreck of a time-bandied name,—
Ay, this is glory! — this is fame!

LESSON CI.

[1] Co rin' thi an, pertaining to the Corinthian order of architecture,— characterized by a profusion of ornamentation.

"THIS, TOO, MUST PASS AWAY."

MRS. E. C. HOWARTH.

An old baron gave a grand banquet. In the midst of the festivities, he requested the seer to write some inscription on the wall in memory of the occasion. The seer wrote,—"*This, too, must pass away.*"

1. ONCE in a banquet-hall,
'Mid mirth and music, wine and garlands gay,
These words were written on the garnished wall,—
"This, too, must pass away."
And eyes that sparkled when the wine was poured
'Mid song and jest, and merry minstrel lay,
Turned sad and thoughtful from the festive board
To read, 'mid pendent banner, lyre, and sword,—
"*This, too, must pass away.*"

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2. And where are they to-night, —
The gay retainers of that festive hall?
Like blooming rose, like waxen taper's light,
They have departed all.
Long since the banners crumbled into dust,
The proud Corinthian[1] pillars met decay,
The lyre is broken, and the sword is rust;
The kingly bards who sang of love and trust —
They, too, have passed away.

3. Yet Genius seeks the crown,
And Art builds stately homes for wealth and pride,
And Love beside the household shrine kneels down,
And Dust is deified:
Yet, 'midst our loves, ambitions, pleasures, all,
The spirit struggles ever with the clay:
On every ear a warning voice will fall,
Each eye beholds the writing on the wall, —
"*This, too, must pass away.*"

LESSON CII.

GOD, THE TRUE OBJECT OF CONFIDENCE.

GREENWOOD.

WE receive such repeated intimations of decay in the world, — decline, change, and loss follow in such rapid succession, — that we can almost catch the sound of universal wasting, and hear the work of desolation going on busily around us. "The mountain falling cometh to naught, and the rock is removed out of his place. The waters wear the stones. Thou washest away the things which grow

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out of the dust of the earth, and Thou destroyest the hope of man.*

2. Conscious of our own instability, we look about for *something* on which to rest, but we look in vain. The heavens and the earth had a beginning, and they will have an end. The face of the world is changing daily and hourly. All animated things grow old, and die. The rocks crumble, — the trees fall, — the leaves fade, — the grass withers. The clouds are flying, and the waters are flowing away from us.

3. The firmest works of man, too, are gradually giving way. The ivy clings to the moldering tower, — the brier hangs out from the shattered window, — and the wall-flower springs from the disjointed stones. In the spacious domes which once held our fathers, the serpent hisses, and the wild bird screams. The halls which were once crowded with all that taste, and science, and labor could procure, — which resounded with melody, and were lighted up with beauty, — are buried by their own ruins, — mocked by their own desolation. The voice of merriment or of wailing, — the steps of the busy or the idle, — have ceased in the deserted courts.

4. While we thus walk among the ruins of the past, a sad feeling of insecurity comes over us; and that feeling is by no means diminished when we arrive at home. If we turn to our friends, we can hardly speak to them, before they bid us farewell. We see them for a few moments; and, in a few moments more, their countenances are changed, and they are sent away. The ties which bind us together, are never too close to be parted, or too strong to be broken. We gain no confidence, then, no feeling of

* Job, 14th chap., 18th and 19th verses.

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security, by turning to our contemporaries and kindred. We know that the forms that are breathing around us, are as short-lived and fleeting as those were which have been dust for centuries.

5. If every thing which comes under our notice has endured for so short a time, and in so short a time will be no more, we can not say that we receive the least assurance by thinking on ourselves. When a few more friends have left, a few more hopes deceived, and a few more changes mocked us, "we shall be brought to the grave, and shall remain in the tomb. The clods of the valley shall be sweet unto us."

6. When we ourselves have gone, even the *remembrance* of us will not long remain. A few of the near and dear will bear our likenesses in their bosoms, till they, too, have arrived at the end of their journey, and entered the dark dwelling of unconsciousness. In the thoughts of others, we shall live only till the last sound of the bell, which informs them of our departure, has ceased to vibrate in their ears.

7. A stone, perhaps, may tell some wanderer where we lie, — when we came here, — when we went away; but even *that* will soon refuse to bear us record. Time's "effacing fingers" will be busy on its surface, and will, at length, wear it smooth. The stone itself will sink, or crumble; and the wanderer of another age will pass, without a single call upon his sympathy, over our unheeded graves.

8. Is there nothing to counteract the sinking of the heart, which must be the effect of observations like these'? Is there no substance among all these shadows'? Can no support be offered, — can no source of confidence be named'? Yes'! There is a Being, to whom we can look with a perfect conviction of finding that security which nothing about us can give, — nothing can take away. To

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this Being we can lift up our souls, and on Him we may rest them, exclaiming in the language of the monarch of Israel, —

"Before the mountains were brought forth,
Or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world,
Even from everlasting to everlasting, THOU ART GOD."

9. "Of old hast Thou laid the foundations of the earth;
And the heavens are the work of Thy hands.
They shall perish, but Thou shalt endure;
Yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment;
As a vesture shalt Thou change them, and they shall be changed;
But Thou art the same, and Thy years shall have no end." *

Here, then, is a support which will never fail. *Here* is a foundation which can never be moved, — the everlasting Creator of countless worlds, —

"The high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity."

10. When we have looked on the pleasures of life, and they have vanished away; when we have looked on the works of Nature, and perceived that they were changing; on the monuments of Art, and seen that they would not stand; on our friends, and they have fled while we were gazing; on ourselves, and felt that we were as fleeting as they, — we can look to the throne of God. Change and decay have never reached that. The waves of an eternity have been rushing past it, but it has remained unshaken. The waves of another eternity are rushing toward it, but it is fixed, and can never be disturbed.

11. We shall shortly finish our allotted time on earth, and a world of other days and other men will be entirely

* 90th Ps., 2d verse; and 102d Ps., 25th, 26th, and 27th verses.

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ignorant that once we lived. But the same unalterable Being will still preside over the universe, through all its changes, and from His remembrance we shall never be blotted. He is our Father and our God forever. He takes us from earth that He may lead us to Heaven, — that He may refine our nature from all its principles of corruption, — share with us His own immortality, admit us to His everlasting habitation, and crown us with His eternity.

LESSON CIII.

[1] Col os se' um, the amphitheater of Vespasian in Rome, the largest in the world.

[2] O lym' pus, or Olympia, a town in Greece, celebrated for the Olympic games that took place there once in four years, and continuing five days.

[3] Sib' yl, (in Pagan antiquity,) a woman supposed to be endowed with a spirit of prophecy, and who wrote books of prophecies, in verse, supposed to contain the fate of the Roman Empire.

[4] Mil' ton. See note, page 107.

[5] Shak' spēare. See note, page 106.

INSPIRATION OF LIVING GENIUS.

MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

"OF making many books, there is no end," * exclaims the wise man, foreseeing the accumulation of *words* in the coming ages, at the expense of *ideas*. That individuals think less, and achieve less, now that books are multiplied to such an extraordinary degree, must be manifest to the dullest observer. Men expend their lives in reading what has been said by *others*, and thus neglect their *own resources*. They pore over obsolete ideas; they garner the treasury of familiar expression; and in the meanwhile opportunity escapes, time rolls onward, and they themselves add nothing to the munificence of thought.

* Eccl., 12th chap., 12th verse.

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2. Were it otherwise, were books less abundant, did libraries teem less with the culture of the ages, men would be compelled to *delve into the mine of their own genius*, and each age would present us with its poets, its heroes, and philosophers. We should have, not book-worms, but the *inspirations of living genius*, — not imitators and plagiarists, such as abound in our time, but revelations, and utterances to electrify the nations. We have a host of scholars, and only now and then a man of *original experience*. We reproduce the old in diluted forms; whereas, were we deprived of these models, we might do something in our own right.

3. Our literature is full of artists, but poor in genius. It is easy to reconstruct — difficult to originate. For ages the Colosseum[1] has been the great quarry whence modern Rome has been built, and yet it stands magnificent and inspiring in its devastation and decay. The age that conceived the Colosseum, will no more appear. We reproduce the ancients, — but only in poorer forms, and upon a more limited scale.

4. Once nations poured themselves upon the arena of Greece to compete at the games of Olympus.[2] The crash of chariot-wheels thundered along the way, where the racer bent his forces intent upon the goal, and horsemen vaulted from back to back, as his flying steeds, four abreast, filled the air with animation. In our day we revive the Olympic reminiscence in the lecture-room of the Lyceum, and the bombast of the stump-orator. The gladiator is the modern pugilist, and for the charioteer and daring horseman is the tent-covered arena of the modern circus.

5. We are less heroic altogether. We make life a fact, not an inspiration. What will come of it? Where will it end? Is there no great idea to be revealed, which shall

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refresh and enlarge our humanity'? Assuredly there is. Let us wait and listen. Poets and artists have too many aids; and therefore they copy each other, instead of going forth to look into the heart of Nature. The wise man or woman will write out inspirations, and cast them like the leaves of the Sibyl.[3] If the world needs them, they will be gathered; if not, they should feel no pang, as they eddy, like dry leaves, at the will of the inconstant blast.

6. There is no absolute necessity that any one should win fame: there is no fame worth the winning except that illustrative of the religious faith of the people; no ideas are perpetual but those of the religious. Take out of the world Milton,[4] Shakspeare,[5] and the Bible, and chaos would come again; leave us the Bible, Milton, and Shakspeare, and we have little need of libraries.

7. Science will take care of itself; facts are perpetual. Those that are needful to us, will be kept alive; and others, which are incomplete links to the perfect chain, may as well die. There is no doubt a lazy pleasure in sitting in one's library, and reading the thoughts which inspired the hearts of heroes and sages in the past ages; but the thought that may be made vital and effective in the present, is better to the true, earnest man or woman.

8. Let the good thing but be said, and it matters not by whom it is uttered. If the author be truly large and original, the world will not forget him. Nature is chary of her gems: she hides the diamond in the deepest caves; but once brought forth to the light, its rays are choicely garnered, and its record kept as persistently as the crown of a king's head. The harp and the lute may fade away adown sweet-scented valleys and vine-clad hills; but the trumpet awakens the wilderness to action, and lends a voice to the everlasting hills.

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LESSON CIV.

[1] JOHN'SON, SAMUEL, the celebrated English lexicographer, was born at Lichfield, England, 1709; and died 1784. He was educated at Oxford, and became one of the most prominent characters in English literary history. A large portion of his writings appeared in the "Gentleman's Magazine," "The Rambler," and "The Idler." His Life by Boswell contains a curious collection of sayings, that are held to convey a more favorable impression of his real strength, both in thought and language, than any thing in the works which he wrote or published.

GENIUS AND ORIGINALITY.

REV. DR. G. W. EATON.

MY philosophy teaches me that what is called *genius*, is an extraordinary development of a *single faculty*, or set of faculties; and is in many, perhaps in most cases, an evidence of *disease* or *distortion* in mental constitution; and, therefore, something neither to be envied nor desired. GENIUS! — who wants more genius than he possesses in a mind of immortal and ever-growing capacities? Let him *stir up his powers*, and set them energetically to work. It is *this* that marks a man as *original* and peculiar among his fellow-men.

2. It is not that he possesses faculties which others have not, and tendencies which do not belong to common humanity; but he has *waked up his immortal energies*, and they live, and intensely act within him; and his whole intellectual and moral nature stands out in bold and glowing relief. He may be called original and eccentric, and "a genius," and be looked upon as something out of the ordinary course of nature; but all his originality and eccentricity may be owing to the fact that he does his *own* thinking.

3. He forms his *own* opinions, and therefore they must be cast, whatever the material may be, in the peculiar

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mold of his own mind, and partake of all the peculiarities of that mold. If there was more deep and *original thinking*, there would be a greater number of *real geniuses*, of original and eccentric characters; or rather eccentricity would be seen to be a natural movement. It is *this* process which makes "originals." We all might be original and peculiar, if we would take the pains to improve to the utmost the powers our Creator has given us.

4. Trust not, then, to an *imaginary phantom* to breathe inspiration into your sluggish spirits, nor wait for the auspicious moment, when some pitying Muse, invoked from a distant sphere, shall descend and infuse life into your torpid faculties, and kindle up the "glow of composition." If you have an exercise in composition to prepare, act upon the advice of the sage Dr. Johnson,[1] — "Sit down *doggedly* to the work." I know of no certain way to bring on the "glow of composition," (which is indeed a most desirable state,) but by the intense friction of great truths with our faculties.

5. This will soon kindle up an internal fire that will send a warmth and glow through the entire system. It is this friction which causes the strange transitions in the mind, of which we have spoken. When we first address ourselves to the examination of a difficult subject, all may be dark as midnight, and we have no power to do any thing with it. But by holding it steadily before the mind, pressing the faculties up to it, and keeping up the friction, by and by a sort of electric power is generated, which emits blazing illuminations, dispelling the darkness, and elances a lightning energy, splitting into ribbons the gnarled and refractory subject.

6. Now the toil is over. Henceforth all is enthusiastic play. The mind moves with freedom and majesty. "The

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hidings of its power" are disclosed. Bright and glorious thoughts come thronging round, attended by words, their obedient "servitors," all ready to robe them in appropriate attire. But how few ever attain to this state of mental elevation and power! And why? They give over too soon. The process is discontinued before the result is reached.

LESSON CV.

HURRYING ON.

1. "HURRYING on, hurrying on!"
Says a Voice that speaks from the works of God;
And the rolling Spheres, as they flame along
O'er the glorious path of the great untrod,
Take up the sound, and the strain prolong;
Nor cease they from chanting the nightly song,—
"*We are hurrying on, hurrying on.*"

2. "Hurrying on, hurrying on!"
Says the voice of Time; and his stealthy feet
Are crossing the threshold, unbid, unseen,
And urging us on at each pulse's beat,
From the past to the future: the pause between
Is the fleeting NOW — the feverish dream
Of the life that is *hurrying on.*

3. "Hurrying on, hurrying on!"
The busy throng of the city and town,
The peaceful tiller of rural glade,
The warrior thirsting for bloody renown,
The prince and the beggar, however arrayed,
Together approaching the solemn shade,
Are hurrying on, hurrying on.

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4. "Hurrying on, hurrying on!"
The myriads that walk on this busy stage,
With youth's gay trip, with man's firm tread,
And the trembling step of hoary age,
In untroubled sleep to lay their head
With the ghostly tribes, the slumbering dead,
Are hurrying on, hurrying on.

LESSON CVI.

THE PEOPLE'S ADVENT.

GERALD MASSEY.

This piece should be read in a bold, spirited manner; and an excellent effect will be produced by having the last line of each stanza read by the whole class in concert, as indicated.

1. 'TIS coming up the steep of Time,
And this old world is growing brighter:
We may not see its dawn sublime,
Yet high hopes make the heart throb lighter.
We may be sleeping 'neath the ground
When it awakes the world in wonder,
But we have felt it gathering round,
And heard its voice of living thunder,—
(*Whole class*) *'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!*

2. 'Tis coming now, the glorious time
Foretold by seers, and sung in story,
For which, when *thinking* was a crime,
Souls leaped to Heaven from scaffolds gory!
They passed, nor saw the work they wrought,
Nor the crowned hopes of centuries blossom;
But the live lightning of their thought,

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And daring deeds, doth pulse earth's bosom,—
(*Whole class*) *'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!*

3. Creeds, Systems, Empires, rot with age;
But the great People's ever youthful;
And it shall write the Future's page
To our humanity more truthful.
The gnarlish heart hath tender chords
To waken at the name of "Brother:"
The time will come, when scorpion words
We shall not speak to sting each other,—
(*Whole class*) *'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!*

4. Out of the light, old Past! nor fling
Your dark, cold shadows on us longer!
Aside! thou effete thing called King:
The People's step is quicker, stronger.
There's a divinity within
That makes men great whene'er they will it:
God works with all who dare to win,
And the time cometh to reveal it,—
(*Whole class*) *'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!*

5. Ay, it *must* come! The tyrant's throne
Is crumbling, with our hot tears rusted;
The sword earth's mighty have leaned on
Is cankered, with our hearts' blood crusted.
Room! for the Men of Mind make way!
Ye robber-rulers, pause no longer;
Ye can not stop the opening day;
The world rolls on, the light grows stronger,—
(*Whole class*) *The People's Advent's coming!*

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LESSON CVII.

[1] MAN HAT' TANS, native Indians who inhabited the Island of Manhattan, on which the city of New York is now situated.

DISCOVERY OF MANHATTAN.

MARY L. BOOTH.

ON the second day of September, 1609, Henry Hudson, on board a small yacht called "The Half Moon," manned by a crew of twenty men, came in sight of the Highlands of Neversink, which he describes as "a pleasant land to see." Here he remained all night, and, setting sail the next morning, came to what he represents as "three great rivers," — the northernmost of which he attempted to enter, but was prevented by the shoal bar before it. This was probably Rockaway Inlet; the others, the Raritan, and the Narrows. Foiled in this attempt, he rounded Sandy Hook, sending a boat before him to sound the way, and anchored his vessel in the lower bay. They landed at Cony Island, and were *the first white men that ever set foot on the soil of the Empire State.*

2. Enraptured with the beautiful scenery before him, he determined to explore this strange, new country, which was worth more than all the wealth of the Indies. The shores were covered with gigantic oaks from sixty to seventy feet high, the hills beyond were crowned with grass and fragrant flowers, strange wild birds were flitting in the air, and the fish were darting through the sparkling waters. Friendly Indians, dressed in mantles of feathers and fine furs, and decorated with copper ornaments, flocked on board the vessel, bringing corn, tobacco, and vegetables for the mysterious strangers. Hudson received them kindly, and gave them axes, knives, shoes, and stockings in

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return. But these articles were all new to them, and they put them to a new use: they hung the axes and shoes about their necks for ornaments, and used the stockings for tobacco-pouches.

3. Hudson remained in the lower bay for a week, sending a boat's crew, in the mean time, to sound the river. They passed the Narrows, entered the bay, and came in sight of the grassy hills of Manhattan. Passing through the Kills, between Staten Island and Bergen Neck, they proceeded six miles up the river, and discovered Newark Bay. On their return, the boat was attacked by the natives. An English sailor, named John Colman, was struck in the neck by an arrow, and killed; two others were slightly wounded; and the rest escaped to the ship with the dead body of their companion, to carry the tidings of the mournful catastrophe.

4. This was the first white man's blood ever shed in the territory; and it is probable, though not certain, that the sailors themselves were the first aggressors. Colman was an old comrade of Hudson: he had been the companion of his earlier voyages, and his death inspired him with distrust and hatred of the natives, whom, before, he had regarded with favor. On the following day, the 9th of September, the first white man's grave in these regions was dug on Sandy Hook; and the spot was called Colman's Point, in memory of the departed.

5. On the 11th of September, "The Half Moon" passed through the Narrows, and anchored in New-York Bay. Distrusting the fierce Manhattans,[1] the captain remained but a single day. Canoes, filled with men, women, and children, flocked around the ship, bringing oysters and vegetables; but, though these were purchased, not a native was suffered to come on board. The next day, Hudson

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made his way up the river which now bears his name, and through which he hoped to find the long-sought passage to the Indies.* Slowly sailing up the river, and anchoring at night in the friendly harbors so plentifully scattered along his way, Hudson pursued his course toward the head of ship-navigation, admiring the ever-changing panorama of the beautiful river, with its lofty palisades, its broad bays, its picturesque bends, its romantic highlands, and its rocky shores covered with luxuriant forests.

6. Everywhere he was greeted with friendly reception. The river Indians, more gentle than those of the Island Manhattan, welcomed the strangers with offerings of the best the land afforded, and urged them to remain with them. Fancying that the white men were afraid of their arrows, the Indians broke them in pieces, and threw them into the fire. Game was killed for their use, hospitalities were urged upon them, and every attention which a rude but generous nature could prompt was offered to the strangers. Indeed, this seems in the beginning to have been the usual conduct of the natives; and it is probable that in their future hostilities, in nearly every instance, the whites were the aggressors.

7. On the 19th of September, Hudson reached the site of the present city of Albany, which, greatly to his disappointment, he found to be the head of navigation. To be sure of the fact, he dispatched the mate with a boat's crew to sound the river higher up; but after proceeding eight or nine leagues, finding but seven feet of water, they were forced to return with the unwelcome intelligence. After

* In 1607, a company of English merchants fitted out a ship, and intrusted it to the command of Henry Hudson, with instructions to search for a passage through the Polar seas to China and Japan. In this, however, he was unsuccessful; and in 1609 he renewed the search in the service of the Dutch.

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remaining at anchor for several days, during which time he continued to hold friendly intercourse with the natives, Hudson prepared to descend the river.

8. His stay here was marked by a revel, the tradition of which is still preserved among the Indian legends, and the scene of which is laid by some historians upon the Island of Manhattan. Various legends of a similar import, concerning the introduction of the fatal "fire-water," are in existence among the different tribes of Indians: everywhere the same causes produced the same results, and the multiplicity of the traditions may be easily accounted for.

9. On the 23d of September, Hudson commenced to descend the river. He ascended in eleven days; he descended it in the same time, constantly receiving demonstrations of friendship from the natives of the neighboring shores. But unfortunately this harmony was soon destined to be broken. While anchored at Stony Point, an Indian was detected pilfering some goods through the cabin windows. The offender was instantly shot by the mate, and the frightened natives fled in consternation.

10. Nor was this the only rupture of peaceful relations with the hitherto friendly natives. Following the example of other discoverers, who were accustomed to carry to their own homes specimens of the natives of the new countries which they had visited, Hudson had seized and detained two Indians on board his ship at Sandy Hook, both of whom had escaped during his passage up the river, and were lying in wait for his return, to avenge their captivity.

11. Their narrative had enlisted the sympathies of their countrymen, and a large body gathered in their canoes at the head of Manhattan Island, and attempted to board the vessel. Repulsed in their attempt, they discharged a harm-

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less flight of arrows at the yacht, which were returned by a musket-shot, which killed two of their number. They scattered in dismay only to gather again, re-enforced by several hundreds, at Fort Washington, where they again attacked the vessel as she was floating down the stream. A few musket-shots soon put them to flight, with the loss of nine of their warriors.

12. This strange, new weapon of the white men, speaking in tones of thunder, and belching forth fire and smoke, was more terrible to them than an army of invaders. They did not return to the attack, and Hudson pursued his way unmolested to the bay near Hoboken, where he anchored for the last time, and, lying windbound there for one day, set sail for Europe on the 4th of October, one month after his arrival, to carry to his patrons the news of the discovery of a new country, and the opening of a new commerce.

LESSON CVIII.

[1] PHIL′IP OF MACEDON, who was raised to the supremacy over all Greece, was born 383 B.C. Athens and Thebes had reached their highest vigor when Philip came to the throne. He soon possessed himself of Amphipolis, which gave him access to the gold-mines of Mount Pangæus; which became a source of immense revenue to him, and the reason of his founding the town of Philippi. He marched into Thessaly at the head of twenty thousand men. The terror of his name provoked the "Philippics" of Demosthenes, who endeavored to rouse the people of Athens to form a general league against him; but they were cajoled or bribed by Philip into a shameful peace, and he marched into Greece, and was acknowledged the chief of the whole Hellenic world. He was murdered at the instigation of Olympias, while engaged at a religious festival, 336 years B.C.

[2] FRANK′LIN. See note, page 145.

[3] GÄL VÄ′NI LUIGI, a distinguished physician and philologist, was born at Bologna, 1737; and died 1798. His name has become a household

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word from his great discovery of galvanism. The story, as told, is as follows: — The physician had been preparing some frog-soup for his sick wife, and some of these animals were lying stripped of their skins. An assistant had accidentally touched the crural nerve of one of the animals with the point of a scalpel, in the neighborhood of a conductor of an electrical machine, when the limbs were immediately thrown into convulsions. Galvani supposed that the cause of this was, as he called it, "animal electricity;" but Volta and others corrected the error, and showed that it was due to chemical electricity, or *Galvanism*.

CHOICE EXTRACTS.

I.

PERSONAL RELIGION.

WEBSTER.

POLITICAL eminence and professional fame fade away and die with all things earthly. Nothing of character is *really* permanent but virtue and personal worth. These remain. Whatever of excellence is wrought into the soul itself, belongs to both worlds. *Real* goodness does not attach itself merely to *this* life; it points to another world. Political or professional reputation can not last forever; but a conscience void of offense toward God and man is an inheritance for eternity.

2. Religion, therefore, is a necessary and indispensable element in any great human character. There is no living without it. Religion is the tie that connects man with his Creator, and holds him to His throne. If that tie be all sundered, all broken, he floats away, a worthless atom in the universe, its proper attractions all gone, its destiny thwarted, and its whole future nothing but darkness, desolation, and death. A man with no sense of religious duty is he whom the Scriptures describe, in such terse but terrific language, as living "without God in the world." Such a man is out of his proper being, — out of the circle

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of all his duties, and out of the circle of all his happiness, and away, far, *far* away, from the purposes of his creation.

II.

THE BEAM OF DEVOTION.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

1. I NEVER could find a good reason
   Why sorrow unbidden should stay,
   And all the bright joys of life's season
   Be driven unheeded away.
   Our cares would wake no more emotion,
   Were we to our lot but resigned,
   Than pebbles flung into the ocean,
   That leave scarce a ripple behind.

2. The world has a spirit of beauty,
   Which looks upon all for the best,
   And, while it discharges its duty,
   To Providence leaves all the rest:
   That spirit's the beam of devotion
   Which lights us through life to its close,
   And sets, like the sun in the ocean,
   More beautiful far than it rose.

III.

PROGRESS.

Two principles govern the moral and intellectual world. One is *perpetual progress*, the other the necessary *limitations* to that progress. If the *former* alone prevailed, there would be nothing steadfast and durable on earth, and the whole of social life would be the sport of winds and waves. If the *latter* had exclusive sway, or even if it obtained a mischievous preponderancy, every thing

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would petrify or rot. The best ages of the world are always those in which the two principles are the most equally balanced. In such ages, every enlightened man ought to adopt *both principles* into his whole mind and conduct, and with one hand develop what he *can*, with the other restrain and uphold what he *ought*.

IV.

LOVE DUE TO THE CREATOR.

G. GRIFFIN.

1. AND ask ye why He claims our love?
   O, answer, all ye winds of even!
   O, answer, all ye lights above,
   That watch in yonder darkening heaven!
   Thou Earth, in vernal radiance gay
   As when His angels first arrayed thee,
   And thou, O deep-tongued Ocean, say
   Why man should love the Mind that made thee!

2. There's not a flower that decks the vale,
   There's not a beam that lights the mountain,
   There's not a shrub that scents the gale,
   There's not a wind that stirs the fountain,
   There's not a hue that paints the rose,
   There's not a leaf around us lying,
   But in its use or beauty shows
   True love to us, and love undying.

V.

INFLUENCE OF GOLD.

ADDISON.

A MAN who is furnished with arguments from the mint, will convince his antagonist much sooner than one who draws them from reason and philosophy. Gold is a won-

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derful clearer of the understanding. It dissipates every doubt and scruple in an instant; accommodates itself to the meanest capacities; silences the loud and clamorous, and brings over the most obstinate and inflexible. Philip of Macedon[1] was a man of most invincible reason in this way. He refuted by it all the wisdom of Athens, confounded their statesmen, struck their orators dumb, and, at length, argued them out of all their liberties.

VI.

INGRATITUDE.

SHAKSPEARE.

1. Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude:
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

2. Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.

VII.

THE BIBLE.

WAYLAND.

That the truths of the Bible have the power of awakening an intense moral feeling in man, under every variety of character, learned or ignorant, civilized or savage, — that they make bad men good, and send a pulse of

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healthful feeling through all the domestic, civil, and social relations, — that they teach men to love right, to hate wrong, and to seek each other's welfare, as the children of one common Parent, — that they control the baleful passions of the human heart, and thus make men proficient in the science of self-government, — and, finally, that they teach him to aspire after a conformity to a Being of infinite holiness, and fill him with hopes infinitely more purifying, more exalted, more suited to his nature, than any other which this world has ever known, — are facts as incontrovertible as the laws of philosophy, or the demonstrations of mathematics.

VIII.

THE MOMENTS.

J. L. EGGLESTON.

1. THE moments are little and unseen things;
Light forms have they, and unseen wings;
They glide o'er our heads with the morning's beam,
And slip from our grasp with the day's last gleam;
They tick in our ears with the staid old clock;
They stand at our hearts, and there warningly knock;
They bid us not loiter, if Fame we would win;
They knock, and entreat us to gather them in.

2. O, list to the moments! though little they seem,
They are bearing your bark on a swift, silent stream;
And onward, still *onward*, you glide from the shore,
To that vast, boundless ocean where time is no more.
Take heed to the moments; for with them they bear
Of gems the most precious, and diamonds rare.
Take care of the moments; for life's but a span;
Then carefully hoard them, O vain, dreaming man!

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IX.

THE WAR-HORSE.

BOOK OF JOB.

HAST thou given the horse strength? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?

Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? the glory of his nostrils is terrible.

He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength; he goeth on to meet the armed men.

He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword.

The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear, and the shield.

He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage; neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet.

He saith among the trumpets, — "Ha, ha!" and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting.

X.

SECLUSION.

BEATTIE.

OH, how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her votary yields?
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields,
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven, —
Oh, how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven?

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XI.

THE POWER OF LITTLE THINGS.

SMILES.

1. When Franklin[2] made his discovery of the identity of lightning and electricity, it was sneered at, and people asked, — "Of what use is it?" To which his apt reply was, — "What is the use of a child? It may become a man!" When Galvani[3] discovered that a frog's leg twitched when placed in contact with different metals, it could scarcely have been imagined that so apparently insignificant a fact could have led to important results. Yet therein lay the germ of the Electric Telegraph, which binds the intelligence of continents together, and probably, before many years elapse, will "put a girdle around the globe." So, too, little bits of stone and fossil, dug out of the earth, intelligently interpreted, have issued in the science of geology, and the practical operations of mining, in which large capitals are invested, and vast numbers of persons profitably employed.

2. The gigantic machinery employed in pumping our mines, working our mills and manufactories, and driving our steam-ships and locomotives, in like manner, depends for its supply of power upon so slight an agency as particles of water expanded by heat. The steam which we see issuing from the common tea-kettle, when pent up within an ingeniously-contrived mechanism, displays a force equal to that of millions of horses, and contains a power to rebuke the waves, and to set even the hurricane at defiance. Nay, it is the same power at work within the bowels of the earth, which has been the cause of many of those semi-miraculous catastrophes — volcanoes and earthquakes — that have played so mighty a part in the history of the globe.

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XII.

INFLUENCE.

MRS. S. T. BOLTON.

THE smallest bark on Life's tumultuous ocean
Will leave a track behind for evermore;
The lightest wave of influence, set in motion,
Extends and widens to the eternal shore.
We should be wary, then, who go before
A myriad yet to be, and we should take
Our bearing carefully, where breakers roar,
And fearful tempests gather: one mistake
May wreck unnumbered barks that follow in our wake.

LESSON CIX.

[3] POL'YPHE'MUS, a fabulous monster, of gigantic size; one of the Cyclops; who had but one eye, and that in the middle of the forehead. The allusion in the text is to his efforts at revenge, after having been blinded by Ulysses.

[4] SPHINX, a monster usually represented as having the body of a lion, with a human countenance.

THE SEA.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MICHELET.

THAT immense mass of water which we call the sea, dark and inscrutable in its great depths, ever and always impresses the human mind with a vague and resistless awe. With what a soothing, hallowed, and hallowing melancholy do we, evening after evening, behold the sun, that great world's joy, that brilliant, life-quickening, and life-giving sun of all that live, fade, sink, die,—though so surely to rise and live again! Ah! as that glorious sun departs, how tenderly do we think of the *human loves*

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that have died from us, — of the hour when we, also, shall thus depart from human ken, lost, for the time, to this world, to shine more gloriously in that other world, now dark, distant, unknown, but certain!

2. Descend to even a slight depth in the sea, and the beauty and brilliancy of the upper light are lost. You enter into a persistent twilight, and misty, half-lurid haze; a little lower, and even that sinister and hideous twilight is lost, and all around you is night, showing nothing, but suggesting every thing that darkness can suggest. Above, below, all around, darkness, utter darkness, save when, from time to time, the swift and gracefully terrible motion of some passing monster of the deep makes "darkness visible" for a brief moment; and then that passing gleam leaves you in darkness more dense, more utter, more terrible, than ever.

3. The waters of the sea afford no encouragement by their *transparency*. Opaque, heavy, mighty, merciless, the sea is a liquid Polyphemus,[1] a blind giant that cares not, reasons not, feels not, but hits a terribly hard blow. Trust yourself upon that vast and ever-heaving bosom, bold swimmer, and marvelously will you be upheld; the mighty thing that upholds you, dominates you too; you are a mere weak child, upheld indeed, for the instant, by a giant hand. In another moment, that giant hand may smite you with a giant's fatal force.

4. Childish as we may regard those terrors, they really are much the same as the emotions which we may any day see evinced by an inland novice, who, for the first time, looks upon the sea. And not merely man, but all animals, experience the same surprise, the same shock, when suddenly brought face to face with the mighty water-world. Even at ebb-tide, when the water so gently and so lovingly

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caresses, as it leaves, that shore to which it shall so boisterously return, your horse quite evidently likes it not: he shudders, balks, snorts, and very often bolts from it at the very top of his speed. Your dog recoils, howls, and never concludes a real peace with the element which to him seems positively hostile.

5. Long before we are face to face with the sea, we can hear and imagine that grand and terrible entity. At first, we hear only a dull, uniform, and distant moaning, which grows louder and louder still, until its majestic roar silences, or covers, all minor sounds. Very soon we perceive that *that* roar is not monotonous, but has its alternating notes, — its full, rich, mellow tenor, and its round, deep, majestic bass. The pendulum of the clock oscillates less regularly than that alternating moan and roar of the Ocean in her grand unrest. In "what those wild waves are saying," we feel, or fancy we feel, the thrilling intonations of life.

6. And how many other voices hath the mighty Sea, I know not, and will not anticipate. I will not speak of those terrible concerts in which, haply, ere long, she will take the principal part; of her duets with the rocks; of the basses, those muttered thunders which she utters in the deep caverns of the rocky shore; or those strange, wild, weird, shrieking tones, in which we seem to recognize the melancholy cry of "*Help! spare! save!*" of some fearfully imperiled humanity. No: let us, for the present, contemplate her in her calmer moods, when she is strong, indeed, but not violent.

7. We need not be at all surprised if childhood and ignorance are astounded when they first find themselves face to face with that vast and mysterious sphinx[2] of the great Master's sculpture, the ocean. Why, in fact, should we be astonished by their gaze of mingled awe, admiration,

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and bewilderment, when *we* ourselves, despite our early culture and life-long experience, see so much in the great riddle of that vast sphinx, which we can not even hope to explain?

8. What is the real extent of the ocean? That it is greater than that of the earth, is about as much as, conscientiously, we can at all positively affirm. On the entire surface of the globe, water is the *generality*, land the *exception*. But what is their relative proportion? That water covers four-fifths of the globe is probable; yet it is difficult, not to say impossible, to answer the question precisely.

9. The *real depth of the sea* is still less known to us than its extent. We are only at the mere commencement of our early, few, and imperfect soundings. That those mighty depths contain a great and diversified world of life, love, war, and reproduction of all sorts and sizes, we may with confidence affirm; but we have only and barely touched upon the threshold of that world. If we need the ocean, the ocean in no wise needs us. Nature, fresh from the hand of Deity, scorns the too prying gaze, and the too shallow judgment of finite but presumptuous man.

10. Shifting and capricious as the ocean appears, it suffers, in reality, *no change;* on the contrary, it is a perfect model of *regularity*. The really constantly changing creature is man! Fragile and fleeting as man is, he has, indeed, good reason for reflection and humility, when he finds himself in presence of the great unchanging and unchangeable powers of Nature, which are ever just, grand, and glorious, as his hope, his belief, and certainty of a spiritual immortality. Despite that delightful hope, that confident belief, that sustaining certainty, man yet is necessarily and terribly saddened by the strange suddenness with which he hourly sees the thread of his life forever broken.

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11. Whenever we approach the Sea, she seems to murmur from her dark, inscrutable depths, — *unchangeable* as His will who made it, — "Mortal, to-morrow you shall pass away; but I, *I* am, and ever shall be, unchanged, unchangeable, mighty, and mysterious! The earth will not only receive your bones, but will soon convert them into kindred earth; but *I*, ever and always, shall remain, the same majestic entity, — the great perfectly-balanced Life, daily harmonizing myself with the harmonious and majestic life of the bright worlds that shine above and around you!"

12. Look upon the Ocean where and when you may, you everywhere and always find her the same grand and terrible teacher of that hardest of all the lessons man has to learn, MAN'S INSIGNIFICANCE! Take your stand upon some bold headland, from which, with earnest and well-trained eye, you can sweep the entire horizon, or wander, with shortened ken, on the sandy desert, — go whithersoever you will, where old Ocean shall lash the shore, and everywhere and always you shall find her the same, — MIGHTY AND TERRIBLE!

LESSON CX.

A WILD NIGHT AT SEA.

CHARLES DICKENS.

ON, *on*, ON, over the countless miles of angry space, roll the long heaving billows. Mountains and caves are here, and yet are not; for what is now the *one* is now the *other;* then all is but a boiling heap of rushing water.

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Pursuit, and flight, and mad return of wave on wave, and savage struggling, ending in a spouting-up of foam that whitens the black night; incessant change of place, and form, and hue; constancy in nothing but eternal strife: on, *on*, ON they roll, and darker grows the night, and louder howl the winds, and more clamorous and fierce become the million voices in the sea; when the wild cry goes forth upon the storm, "A SHIP!"

2. *Onward* she comes, in gallant combat with the elements, her tall masts trembling, and her timbers starting on the strain: *onward* she comes, now high upon the curling billows, now low down in the hollows of the sea, as hiding for the moment from its fury; and every storm-voice in the air and water cries more loudly yet, "A SHIP!" Still she comes striving on; and, at her boldness and the spreading cry, the angry waves rise up above each other's hoary heads to look; and round about the vessel, far as the mariners on her decks can pierce into the gloom, they press upon her, forcing each other down, and starting up, and rushing forward from afar, in dreadful curiosity.

3. High over her they break, and round her surge and roar, and, giving place to others, moaningly depart, and dash themselves to fragments in their baffled anger: still she comes onward bravely. And though the eager multitude crowd thick and fast upon her all the night, and dawn of day dissevers the untiring train yet bearing down upon the ship in an eternity of troubled water, *onward* she comes, with dim lights burning in her hull, and people there, asleep, as if no deadly element were peering in at every seam and chink, and no drowned seaman's grave, with but a plank to cover it, were yawning in the unfathomable depths below.

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LESSON CXI.

THE SAILOR'S EARLY HOME.

REV. S. D. PHELPS.

1. AWAY, away, o'er the dashing spray,
My bark speeds light and free;
And the piping gale, through the straining sail,
Whistles loud in its merry glee;
And the stars at night, with luster bright,
Shine out o'er the vast expanse;
And the moon from her throne on high looks down
On the restless billows' dance.

2. There's a charm in the eye when the waves leap high,
And a music in their roar;
And the stars, as they shine in their spheres divine,
A joy on the spirits pour.
But the sea in its might, and the stars with their light,
That glance on the crested foam,
Can not make me gay; for my thoughts are away
In my childhood's early home.

3. And dreams come fast of the blissful past,
Ere my heart had felt or known
The ills of life, and the cares and strife
That oppress and weigh it down;
Or experience, bought by suffering, taught
The lesson sad and drear,
That each sparkling joy finds its sad alloy,
And hope is chilled by fear.

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4. In a quiet nook, by a gentle brook,
Stands that home to memory dear;
And the purling stream, as it glides in the beam
Of the sun, shines bright and clear.
I am there again with a happy train,—
The same who in other years
Held their festive play with spirits gay,
And eyes undimmed by tears.

5. Those years as they passed have shadows cast
On *them*, as they have on me,
And none remain who swelled the train
Of joy 'neath the household tree;
And I weep as the thought with sadness fraught
Settles dark on my troubled brain,
That the bliss I proved and the friends I loved
Shall never be mine again.

6. To the church-yard nigh, where the wild winds sigh,
With a low and mournful tone,
And the peaceful rest of earth's tranquil breast,
The cherished ones are gone.
There, clustering round, in that hallowed ground,
Affection's tablets stand;
And the last stone reared on that spot endeared
Was raised by my trembling hand.

7. Away, far away, o'er the dashing spray,
My bark bears me fast and free;
And my destiny lies under other skies
Than those so beloved by me.
And downward apace o'er my storm-beaten face,
Tears fall like the summer rain,
As my thoughts wander back from my ocean track
To the home I shall ne'er see again.

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LESSON CXII.

THE FIREMAN.

R. T. CONRAD.

1. THE City slumbers! (*sl.*) O'er its mighty walls
Night's dusky mantle, soft and silent, falls;
Sleep o'er the world slow waves its wand of lead,
And welcome torpors wrap each sinking head.
Stilled is the stir of labor and of life;
Hushed is the hum, and tranquillized the strife.
Man is at rest, with all his hopes and fears;
The young forget their sports, the old their cares;
The grave or gay, all those who joy or weep,
Now rest unconscious on the arm of sleep.

2. Sweet is the pillowed rest of Beauty now,
And slumber smiles upon her tranquil brow;
Her bright dreams lead her to the moonlit tide,
Her heart's own partner wandering by her side.
(*p.*) 'Tis summer's eve: the soft gales scarcely rouse
The low-voiced ripple and the rustling boughs;
And, faint and far, some minstrel's melting tone
Breathes to her heart a music like its own.

3. But hark! (*″*) O horror! what a crash is there!
What shriek is that which fills the midnight air?
(*ff.*) *'Tis fire!* 'TIS FIRE! She wakes to dream no more!
The hot blast rushes through the blazing door!
The dun smoke eddies round; and, hark! that cry!
"*Help!* HELP!—Will no one aid? *I die!* I DIE!"
(=) She seeks the casement: shuddering at its hight,
She turns again; the fierce flames mock her flight;

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Along the crackling stairs they fiercely play,
And roar, exulting, as they seize their prey.
"*Help!* HELP!—Will no one come?" She can no more,
But, pale and breathless, sinks upon the floor.

4. Will no one save thee'? Yes'; there yet is *one*
Remains to save, when hope itself is gone;
When all have fled, when all but *he* would fly,
The FIREMAN comes, to rescue or to die!
He mounts the stair—it wavers 'neath his tread;
He seeks the room—flames flashing round his head;
He bursts the door; he lifts her prostrate frame,
And turns again to brave the raging flame.

5. The Fire-blast smites him with his stifling breath;
The falling timbers menace him with death;
The sinking floors his hurried step betray,
And ruin crashes round his desperate way.
Hot smoke obscures—ten thousand cinders rise—
Yet still he staggers forward with his prize.
He leaps from burning stair to stair. *On!* ON!
(<) COURAGE! One effort more, and all is won!
The stair is passed—the blazing hall is braved!
Still on! yet on! Once more! THANK HEAVEN, SHE'S SAVED!

6. The hardy seaman pants the storm to brave,
For beckoning Fortune wooes him to the wave;
The soldier battles 'neath his smoky shroud,
For Glory's bow is painted on the cloud;
The fireman also dares each shape of death,
But not for Fortune's gold nor Glory's wreath.

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No selfish throbs within their breasts are known;
No hope of praise or profit cheers them on:
They ask no meed, no fame; and only seek
To shield the suffering and protect the weak.

7. For this the howling midnight storm they woo;
For this the raging flames rush fearless through;
Mount the frail rafter—thrid the smoky hall—
Or toil, unshrinking, 'neath the tottering wall:
Nobler than they who, with fraternal blood,
Dye the dread field or tinge the fearful flood,—
O'er their firm ranks no crimson banners wave;
They dare—they suffer—not to slay, *but save!*

LESSON CXIII.

[1] SA MAR'I TAN and LE'VITE. For an account of, see the 10th chapter of Luke, from the 30th to the 37th verse.

[2] SYB'A RITE, an inhabitant of Syb'a ris, an ancient city of Italy, noted for the effeminacy and voluptuousness of its inhabitants. A person devoted to luxury and pleasure.

BENEFITS OF AGRICULTURE.

D. S. DICKINSON.

WE have the high authority of history, sacred and profane, for declaring that *agriculture is a dignified and time-honored calling*,—ordained and favored of Heaven, and sanctioned by experience; and we are invited to its pursuit by the rewards of the past and the present, and the rich promises of the future. While the fierce spirit of war, with its embattled legions, has, in its proud triumphs, "whelmed nations in blood, and wrapped cities in fire,"

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and filled the land with lamentation and mourning, it has not brought peace or happiness to a single hearth, dried the tears of the widows or hushed the cries of the orphans it has made, bound up or soothed one crushed or broken spirit, nor hightened the joys of domestic or social life in a single bosom.

2. But how many dark recesses of the earth has agriculture illumined with its blessings! How many firesides has it lighted up with radiant gladness! How many hearts has it made buoyant with domestic hope! How often, like the Good Samaritan,[1] has it alleviated want and misery, while the priest and the Levite of power have passed by on the other side! How many family altars, and gathering-places of affection, has it erected! How many desolate homes has it cheered by its consolations! How have its peaceful and gentle influences filled the land with plenteousness and riches, and made it vocal with praise and thanksgiving!

3. It has pleased the benevolent Author of our existence to set in boundless profusion before us the necessary elements for a high state of cultivation and enjoyment. Blessings cluster around us like fruits of the land of promise; and Science unfolds her treasures, and invites us to partake, literally without money and without price. The propensities of our nature, as well as the philosophy of our being, serve to remind us that man was formed for care and labor, the acquisition and enjoyment of property, for society and government, to wrestle with the elements around him; and that, by an active exercise of his powers and faculties alone, can he answer the ends of his creation, or exhibit his exalted attributes.

4. His daily wants, in all conditions of life, prompt him to exertion; and the spirit of acquisition, so deeply im-

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planted in the human breast, — that "ruling passion strong in death," so universally diffused through the whole family of man, — is the parent of that laudable enterprise which has caused the wilderness to bud and blossom like the rose, planted domestic enjoyments in the lair of the beast of prey, and transformed the earth from an uncultivated wild into one vast store-house of subsistence and enjoyment.

5. What can be more acceptable to the patriot or the philanthropist than to behold the great mass of mankind raised above the degrading influences of tyranny and indolence to the rational enjoyment of the bounties of their Creator; to see, in the productions of man's magic powers, the cultivated country, the fragrant meadow, the waving harvest, the smiling garden, and the tasteful dwelling, and himself, chastened by the precepts of religion, and elevated by the refinements of science, partaking of the fruits of his own industry, with proud consciousness that he eats not the bread of idleness or fraud; that his gains are not met with the tears of misfortune, nor wrung from his fellow by the devices of avarice or extortion; his joys hightened, his sorrows alleviated, and his heart rectified by the cheering voice and heaven-born influences of woman?

6. Well may he sit down under his own vine and fig-tree without fear of molestation, and his nightly repose be more quiet than that of the stately monarch of the East upon his down of cygnets, or the voluptuous Sybarite[2] upon his bed of roses. And while he and all his dwellings of care and toil are borne onward with the circling spheres, and the spangled heavens around him, in their infinite depths, invite his thoughts to the contemplation of the Creator's handiwork; still, in all the worlds of philosophy and intellect, *he must be a worker*. He *is* nothing, *can* be nothing, can *achieve* nothing, without LABOR.

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LESSON CXIV.

[1] A POL' LO. See note, page 56.

[2] LA OC' O ON, a priest of Apollo, who, as Virgil describes, was, with his two sons, crushed in the folds of two enormous serpents, on account of an affront offered to Minerva.

THE WORK OF ELOQUENCE.

ORVILLE DEWEY.

THE LABORS requisite to form the public speaker are by no means duly appreciated. An absurd idea prevails among our scholars, that the finest productions of the mind are the fruits of hasty impulse, the unfoldings of a sudden thought, the brief visitations of a fortunate hour or evening, the flashings of intuition, or the gleamings of fancy. Genius is often compared to lightning from the cloud, or the sudden bursting out of a secret fountain; and eloquence is regarded as if it were a kind of inspiration.

2. When a man has made a happy effort, he is next possessed with an absurd ambition to have it thought that it cost him nothing. He will say, perhaps, that it was a three-hours' work. Now, it is not enough to maintain that nothing could be more injurious to our youth than this way of thinking; for the truth is, that nothing can be more false. The mistake lies, in confounding, with the mere arrangement of thoughts, or the manual labor of putting them on paper, *the long previous preparation of mind*, the settled habits of thought. It has taken but three hours, perhaps, to compose an admirable piece of poetry, or a fine speech; but *the reflections of three years, or of thirty*, may have been tending to that result.

3. To give the noblest thoughts the noblest expression; to stand up in the pure light of reason, or to create a new atmosphere, as it were, for intellectual vision; to put on

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all the glories of imagination as a garment; to penetrate the soul, and to make men feel as if they were themselves new creatures, to make them conscious of new powers and a new being; to exercise, in the loftiest measure, the only glorious and godlike sway, — that over willing minds; to fill the ear, the eye, the inmost soul, with sounds, and images, and holy visions of beauty and grandeur; to make truth and justice, to make wisdom and virtue and religion, more lovely and majestic things than men had ever thought them before; to delight as well as to convince; to charm, to fascinate, to win, to arouse, to calm, to terrify, to overwhelm, — *this is the work of eloquence;* and it is a glorious work.

4. The great object of all the liberal arts is to exhibit the mind; to exhibit character, thought, feeling, in their various aspects. In this consists all their power and sublimity. For this, the painter spreads upon the dull canvas the breathing forms of life; the sculptor causes the marble to speak; the architect models the fair and majestic structure, with sublimity enthroned in its dome, with beauty shaped in its columns, and glory written upon its walls; and the poet builds his lofty rhyme; and the eloquent in music, orders his movement and combination of sweet sounds. But, of this mind, the human frame is the appointed instrument. It was designed for this end. For it could have answered all the purposes of physical existence, without any of its present grace and beauty. It was made with no more obvious intent than to be the expression of mind, the organ of the soul, the vehicle of thought.

5. And when all its powers are put in requisition for this purpose, — the voice, with all its thrilling tones; the eye, "through which, as a window, the soul darts forth its light;" the lips, on which "grace is poured;" the whole

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glowing countenance, the whole breathing frame, which, in their ordinary forms, can express more than the majesty of an Apollo,[1] more than the agony of a Laocoön;[2] when every motion speaks, every lineament is more than the written line of genius, every muscle swells with the inspiration of high thoughts, every nerve is swayed to the movings of some mighty theme,—what instrument of music, what glories of the canvas, can equal it?

6. Eloquence is *the combination of all arts*, and it excels them all in their separate powers. Nor is it confined to the mere gratification of taste. The great and ultimate object of social existence is for man to act on man; and eloquence is the grandest medium of this action. It is not only the highest perfection of a human being, (for "the orator must be a *good man*,") but it is that perfection in act. It is sublimity, beauty, genius, power, in their most glorious exercise.

LESSON CXV.

THE VOICE AND THE PEN.

D. F. M'CARTHY.

1. OH! the orator's Voice is a mighty power
As it echoes from shore to shore;
And the fearless Pen has more sway o'er men
Than the murderous cannon's roar.
What bursts the chain far o'er the main,
And brightens the captive's den?
'Tis the fearless Voice and the Pen of power,—
(*f.*) Hurrah for the Voice and Pen!

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2. The tyrant knaves who deny our rights,
And the cowards who blanch with fear,
Exclaim with glee, "No arms have ye,
Nor cannon, nor sword, nor spear!
Your hills are ours; with our forts and towers
We are masters of mount and glen."
Tyrants, beware! for the arms we bear
Are the Voice and the fearless Pen.

3. Though your horsemen stand with their bridles in hand,
And your sentinels walk around,
Though your matches flare in the midnight air,
And your brazen trumpets sound, —
Oh! the orator's tongue shall be heard among
These listening warrior men;
And they'll quickly say, "Why should we slay
Our friends of the Voice and Pen?"

4. When the Lord created the earth and sea,
The stars and the glorious sun,
The Godhead *spoke*, and the universe woke,
And the mighty work was done!
Let a word be flung from the orator's tongue,
Or a drop from the fearless Pen,
And the chains accursed asunder burst,
That fettered the minds of men!

5. Oh! *these* are the swords with which we fight,
The *arms* in which we trust;
Which no tyrant hand will dare to brand,
Which time can not dim or rust!

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When *these* we bore, we triumphed before,—
With *these* we'll triumph again;
And the world will say, "No power can stay
The Voice and the fearless Pen!"

LESSON CXVI.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

ANON.

1. BY Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
And no man dug that sepulcher,
And no man saw it e'er;
For the "Sons of God" upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

2. That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the tramping,
Or saw the train go forth.
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the blazing sun;

3. Noiselessly as the Spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves;

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So, without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown
The great procession swept.

4. Perchance the bald old eagle,
On gray Beth-peor's hight,
Out of his rocky aerie,
Looked on the wondrous sight;
Perchance the lion stalking
Still shuns that hallowed spot;
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

5. But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed, and muffled drum,
Follow the funeral-car:
They show the banners taken,
They tell the battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute-gun.

6. Amid the noblest of the land
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place,
With costly marble dressed,
In the great minster transept,
Where lights like glories fall;
And the sweet choir sings, and the organ rings
Along the emblazoned wall.

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7. *This* was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword,
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, *truths* half as sage
As *he* wrote down for men.

8. And had he not high honor? —
The hill-side for his pall;
To lie in state while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall;
And the dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave;
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave.

9. O lonely tomb in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-peor hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath His mysteries of grace,
Ways that we can not tell;
And hides them deep, like the secret sleep
Of him He loved so well.

LESSON CXVII.

[1] DI'VES is a Latin word, meaning *rich*. It is used as a name, and applied to the *rich man* referred to in the 16th chapter of Luke.

[2] TYRE, one of the most celebrated cities of antiquity, was, for a long time, considered the emporium of commerce. It was in its most flourishing

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state about 500 years before Christ. It was situated on an island near the eastern shore of the Mediterranean Sea, which was joined by Alexander to the main land by a mole, or mound, by means of which he took the city after a siege of seven months. It was surrounded by a wall 150 feet high, and of proportionate width. Its palaces are now supplanted by miserable hovels, though relics of its ancient splendor are everywhere still seen, and the poor fisherman now inhabits those cellars where were once stored the treasures of the world.

[3] E′ DOM, or I DU ME′ A, is a country including the south of Palestine.

[4] MU EZ′ ZIN, in Mohammedan countries, is the public crier who announces the hours of prayer from the minaret. Five prayers are repeated daily.

[5] KLE′ BER was a French general, distinguished not less for his humanity and integrity than for his courage, activity, and coolness.

[6] MU RAT′ (Mü rä′) was a French general, distinguished more for his daring courage and impetuosity than for his sagacity, and strength of mind.

MOUNT TABOR.

J. T. HEADLEY.

WHAT strange contrasts this earth of ours presents! Noonday and midnight are not more opposite than the scenes that are constantly passing before our eyes. Truth and falsehood walk side by side through our streets, and vice and virtue meet and pass every hour of the day. The hut of the starving stands in the shadow of the palace of the wealthy, and the carriage of Dives[1] every day throws the dust of its glittering wheels over the tattered garments of Lazarus.

2. Health and sickness lie down in the same apartment; joy and grief look out of the same window; and hope and despair dwell under the same roof. The cry of the infant, and the groan of the dying, rise together from the same dwelling; the funeral procession treads close on the heels of the bridal party; and the tones of the lute and viol have scarcely died away, before the requiem for the dead comes swelling after. Oh! the beautiful and deformed, the pure and corrupt, joy and sorrow, ecstasies and ago-

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nies, life and death, are strangely blended on this our restless planet.

3. What different events have transpired on the same spot! Where the smoke of the Indian's wigwam arose, and the stealthy tread of the wolf and panther was heard over the autumn leaves at twilight, the population of New York now surges along. Where once Tyre,[2] the queen of the sea, stood, fishermen are spreading their nets on the desolate rocks, and the bright waves are rolling over its marble columns. In the empty apartments of Edom,[3] the fox makes his den; and the dust of the desert is sifting over the forsaken ruins of Palmyra.

4. The owl hoots in the ancient halls of kings, and the wind of the summer night makes sad music through the rents of the once-gorgeous palaces. The Arab spurs his steed along the streets of ancient Jerusalem, or scornfully stands and curls his lip at the pilgrim pressing wearily to the sepulcher of the Savior. The muezzin's[4] voice rings over the bones of the prophets, and the desert wind heaps the dust above the foundations of the seven churches of Asia. Oh, how good and evil, light and darkness, chase each other over the world!

5. Forty-seven years ago, a form was seen standing on Mount Tabor, with which the world has since become familiar. It was a bright spring morning; and, as he sat on his steed in the clear sunlight, his eye rested on a scene in the vale below, which was sublime and appalling enough to quicken the pulsations of the calmest heart. That form was NAPOLEON BONAPARTE; and the scene before him, the fierce and terrible "BATTLE OF MOUNT TABOR."

6. From Nazareth, where the Savior once trod, KLEBER[5] had marched with three thousand French soldiers forth into the plain; when, lo! at the foot of Mount Tabor,

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he saw the whole Turkish army drawn up in order of battle. Fifteen thousand infantry, and twelve thousand splendid cavalry, moved down in majestic strength on this band of three thousand French. Kleber had scarcely time to throw his handful of men into squares, with the cannon at the angles, before those twelve thousand horse, making the earth smoke and thunder as they came, burst in a headlong gallop upon them.

7. But round those steady squares rolled a fierce devouring fire, emptying the saddles of those wild horsemen with frightful rapidity, and strewing the earth with the bodies of riders and steeds together. Again and again did those splendid squadrons wheel, re-form, and charge with deafening shouts, while their uplifted and flashing cimeters gleamed like a forest of steel through the smoke of battle; but that same wasting fire received them, till those squares seemed bound by a girdle of flame, so rapid and constant were the discharges.

8. Before their certain and deadly aim, as they stood fighting for existence, the charging squadrons fell so fast, that a rampart of dead bodies was soon formed around them. Behind this embankment of dead men and horses, this band of warriors stood and fought for six dreadful hours, and was still steadily thinning the ranks of the enemy, when Napoleon debouçhed with a single division on Mount Tabor, and turned his eye below. What a scene met his gaze! The whole plain was filled with marching columns, and charging squadrons of wildly galloping steeds, while the thunder of cannon and fierce rattle of musketry, amid which now and then were heard the blast of thousands of trumpets and strains of martial music, filled the air.

9. The smoke of battle was rolling furiously over the

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hosts, and all was confusion and chaos in his sight. Amid the twenty-seven thousand Turks that crowded the plain, and enveloped their enemy like a cloud, and amid the incessant discharge of artillery and musketry, Napoleon could tell where his own brave troops were struggling, only by the steady simultaneous volleys which showed how discipline was contending with the wild valor of overpowering numbers. The constant flashes from behind that rampart of dead bodies were like spots of flame on the tumultuous and chaotic field.

10. Napoleon descended from Mount Tabor with his little band, while a single twelve-pounder, fired from the hights, told the wearied Kleber that he was rushing to the rescue. Then for the first time he took the offensive, and, pouring his enthusiastic followers on the foe, carried death and terror over the field. Thrown into confusion, and trampled under foot, that mighty army rolled turbulently back toward the Jordan, where MURAT[6] was anxiously waiting to mingle in the fight. Dashing with his cavalry among the disordered ranks, he sabered them down without mercy, and raged like a lion amid the prey.

11. This chivalric and romantic warrior declared that the remembrance of the scenes that once transpired on Mount Tabor, and on these thrice-consecrated spots, came to him in the hottest of the fight, and nerved him with tenfold courage. As the sun went down over the plains of Palestine, and twilight shed its dim ray over the rent, and trodden, and dead-covered field, a sulphurous cloud hung around the summit of Mount Tabor. The smoke of battle had settled there where once the cloud of glory rested, while groans, and shrieks, and cries rent the air. Nazareth, Jordan, and Mount Tabor! what spots for battle-fields!

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LESSON CXVIII.

[1] Es dra e' lon is a plain of Palestine, often mentioned in sacred history. It has been from the earliest history often the scene of bloody conflicts. It is situated south of the plain of Galilee.

MOUNT TABOR. — Continued.

J. T. HEADLEY.

ROLL back eighteen centuries, and again view that mount. The day is bright and beautiful, as on the day of battle, and the same rich Oriental landscape is smiling in the same sun. There is Nazareth, with its busy population, — the same Nazareth from which Kleber marched his army; and there is Jordan, rolling its bright waters along, — the same Jordan along whose banks charged the glittering squadrons of Murat's cavalry; and there is Mount Tabor, — the same on which Bonaparte stood with his cannon; and the same beautiful plain where rolled the smoke of battle, and struggled thirty thousand men in mortal combat.

2. But how different is the scene that is passing there! The Son of God stands on that hight, and casts his eye over the quiet valley, through which Jordan winds its silvery current. Three friends are beside Him. They have walked together up the toilsome way; and now they stand, mere specks on the distant summit. Far away to the north-west shines the blue Mediterranean; all around is the great plain of Esdraelon[1] and Galilee; eastward the Lake of Tiberias dots the landscape; while Mount Carmel lifts its naked summit in the distance.

3. But the glorious landscape at their feet is forgotten in a sublimer scene that is passing before them. The son of Mary — the carpenter of Nazareth — the wanderer,

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with whom they have traveled many a weary league, in all the intimacy of companions and friends, begins to change before their eyes. Over his garments is spreading a strange light, steadily brightening into intenser beauty, till that form glows with such splendor, that it seems to waver to and fro, and dissolve in the still radiance.

4. The three astonished friends gaze on it in speechless admiration, then turn to that familiar face. But, lo! a greater change has passed over it. That sad and solemn countenance which has been so often seen stooping over the couch of the dying, entering the door of the hut of poverty, passing through the streets of Jerusalem, and pausing by the weary way-side, — ay, bedewed with the tears of pity, — now burns like the sun in his mid-day splendor. Meekness has given way to majesty; sadness, to dazzling glory; the look of pity, to the grandeur of a God.

5. The still radiance of Heaven sits on that serene brow, and all around that divine form flows an atmosphere of strange and wondrous beauty. Heaven has poured its brightness over that consecrated spot; and on the beams of light which glitter there, Moses and Elias have descended, and, wrapped in the same shining vestments, stand beside him. Wonder follows wonder, for those three glittering forms are talking with each other; and amid the thrilling accents are heard the words, "Mount Olivet," "Calvary!" — "the agony and the death of the crucifixion!"

6. No wonder a sudden fear came over Peter, that paralyzed his tongue, and crushed him to the earth, when, in the midst of his speech, he saw a cloud descend like a falling star from heaven, and, bright and dazzling, balance itself over those forms of light, while from its bright foldings came a voice, saying, — "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye Him!"

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7. How long the vision lasted, we can not tell; but all that night did Jesus, with his friends, stay on that lonely mountain. Of the conversation that passed between them there, we know nothing; but little sleep, we imagine, visited their eyes that night; and as they sat on the high summit, and watched the stars as they rose one after another above the horizon, and gazed on the moon as she poured her light over the dim and darkened landscape, words were spoken that seemed born of Heaven, and truths never to be forgotten were uttered in the ears of the subdued and reverent disciples.

8. Oh, how different are Heaven and earth! Can there be a stronger contrast than the BATTLE and TRANSFIGURATION of Mount Tabor? One shudders to think of Bonaparte and the Son of God on the same mountain, — one with his wasting cannon by his side, and the other with Moses and Elias just from Heaven. But no after desecration can destroy the first consecration of Mount Tabor; for, surrounded with the glory of Heaven, and honored with the wondrous scene of the TRANSFIGURATION, it stands a SACRED MOUNTAIN on the earth.

LESSON CXIX.

NATHAN HALE.

FRANCIS M. FINCH.

Part of a poem delivered in 1853 at a centennial anniversary of the Linonian Society, Yale College. Nathan Hale was one of the early members.

1. TO drum-beat, and heart-beat,
A soldier marches by:
There is color in his cheek,
There is courage in his eye;
Yet to drum-beat, and heart-beat,
In a moment he must die.

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2. By starlight and moonlight
He seeks the Briton's camp;
He hears the rustling flag,
And the armèd sentry's tramp;
And the starlight and moonlight
The silent wanderer's lamp.

3. With slow tread, and still tread,
He scans the tented line;
And he counts the battery-guns
By the gaunt and shadowy pine;
And his slow tread, and still tread,
Gives out no warning sign.

4. A sharp clang, a steel clang,
And terror in the sound;
For the sentry, eagle-eyed,
In the camp a spy hath found;
With a sharp clang, a steel clang,
The patriot is bound.

5. With calm brow, steady brow,
He listens to his doom:
In his look there is no fear,
Nor a shadow-trace of gloom;
But with calm brow, steady brow,
He robes him for the tomb.

6. In the long night, the still night,
He kneels upon the sod;
And his brutal guards withhold
E'en the solemn word of God;
In the long night, the still night,
He "passeth under the rod."*

* Ezekiel, 20th chapter, 37th verse.

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7. 'Neath the blue morn, the sunny morn,
He dies upon the tree;
And he mourns that he can lose
But *one life* for Liberty;
In the blue morn, the sunny morn,
His spirit-wings are free.

8. His last words, his message-words,
They burn, lest friendly eye
Should read how proud and calm
A patriot could die;
With his last words, his message-words,
A soldier's battle-cry.

9. From fame-leaf, and angel-leaf,
From monument and urn,
The sad of Earth, the glad of Heaven,
His tragic fate shall learn;
And on fame-leaf and angel-leaf
The name of HALE shall burn.

LESSON CXX.

[1] COL OS SE' UM. See note, page 333.
[2] PAR' THE NON, a celebrated temple of Minerva at Athens, in Greece.

LOSS OF THE UNION IRREPARABLE.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

From a eulogy on Washington, delivered in the city of Washington, in honor of his centennial birthday, Feb. 22, 1832.

WASHINGTON, therefore, could regard, and did regard, nothing as of paramount political interest, but the integrity of the Union itself. With a *united government*, well administered, he saw we had nothing to fear;

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and, without it, nothing to hope. The sentiment is just, and its momentous truth should solemnly impress the whole country.

2. If we might regard our Country as personated in the spirit of Washington, if we might consider him as representing her in her past renown, her present prosperity, and her future career, and as, in that character, demanding of us all to account for our conduct as political men or as private citizens, how should he answer him who has ventured to talk of disunion and dismemberment? Or how should he answer him who dwells perpetually on local interests, and fans every kindling flame of local prejudice? How should he answer him who would array State against State, interest against interest, and party against party, careless of the continuance of that *unity of government which constitutes us one people?*

3. Gentlemen, the political prosperity which this country has attained, and which it now enjoys, it has acquired mainly through the instrumentality of the present government. While this agent continues, the capacity of attaining to still higher degrees of prosperity exists also. We have, while this lasts, a political life capable of beneficial exertion, with power to resist or overcome misfortunes, to sustain us against the ordinary accidents of human affairs, and to promote, by active efforts, every public interest.

4. But *dismemberment strikes at the very being which preserves these faculties.* It would lay its rude and ruthless hand on this great agent itself. It would sweep away, not only what we possess, but all power of regaining lost or acquiring new possessions. It would leave the country, not only bereft of its prosperity and happiness, but without limbs, or organs, or faculties, by which to exert itself hereafter in the pursuit of that prosperity and happiness.

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5. Other misfortunes may be borne, or their effects overcome. If disastrous war should sweep our commerce from the ocean, another generation may renew it; if it exhaust our treasury, future industry may replenish it; if it desolate and lay waste our fields, still, under a new cultivation, they will grow green again, and ripen to future harvests. It were but a trifle even, if the walls of yonder Capitol were to crumble, if its lofty pillars should fall, and its gorgeous decorations be all covered by the dust of the valley. All these might be rebuilt. But *who shall reconstruct the fabric of demolished government?* Who shall rear again the well-proportioned columns of constitutional liberty? Who shall frame together the skillful architecture which unites national sovereignty with state rights, individual security, and public prosperity?

6. No, gentlemen: if these columns fall, they will be raised not again. Like the Colosseum,[1] and the Parthenon,[2] they will be destined to a mournful, a melancholy immortality. Bitterer tears, however, will flow over them than were ever shed over the monuments of Roman or Grecian art; for they will be the remnants of a more glorious edifice than Greece or Rome ever saw, — the edifice of constitutional American liberty.

7. But, gentlemen, let us hope for better things. Let us trust in that gracious Being who has hitherto held our country as in the hollow of His hand. Let us trust to the virtue and the intelligence of the people, and to the efficacy of religious obligation. Let us trust to the influence of Washington's example. Let us hope that *that* fear of Heaven which expels all other fear, and that regard to duty which transcends all other regard, may influence public men and private citizens, and lead our country still onward in her happy career.

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8. Full of these gratifying anticipations and hopes, let us look forward to the end of that century which is now commenced. A hundred years hence, other disciples of Washington will celebrate his birth, with no less of sincere admiration than we now commemorate it. When they shall meet, as we now meet, to do themselves and him that honor, so surely as they shall see the blue summits of his native mountains rise in the horizon, so surely as they shall behold the river on whose banks he lived, and on whose banks he rests, still flowing on toward the sea, so surely may they see, as we now see, the flag of the Union floating on the top of the Capitol; and then, as now, may the sun in his course visit no land more free, more happy, more lovely, than this our own country!

LESSON CXXI.

[1] PER I HE' LI ON, (PERI, *near;* HELION, the *sun;*) the point of a planet's orbit nearest to the sun.

[2] PLE' IAD, one of the Pleiades, a group of seven small stars situated in the neck of the constellation Taurus, regarded by Madler as the central group of the system of the Milky Way.

[3] SOUTH' ERN CROSS. See note, page 138.

[4] POLE-STAR. See note, page 138.

[5] DI A PA' SON, (DIA, *through;* PASON, *all;*) all through the octave, or interval which includes all the tones of the diatonic scale; the entire compass of tones.

STARS IN MY COUNTRY'S SKY.

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

1. ARE ye all there, are ye all there,
Stars of my country's sky?
Are ye *all* there, *are ye all there,*
In your shining homes on high?

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"Count us, count us!" was their answer,
As they dazzled on my view,
In glorious perihelion,[1]
Amid their field of blue.

2. I can not count ye rightly;
There's a cloud with sable rim;
I can not make your number out,
For my eyes with tears are dim.
Oh! bright and blessed angel
On white wing floating by,
Help me to count, and not to miss
One star in my country's sky!

3. Then the angel touched mine eyelids,
And touched the frowning cloud;
And its sable rim departed,
And it fled with murky shroud.
There was no missing Pleiad[2]
'Mid all that sister race;
The Southern Cross[3] gleamed radiant forth,
And the Pole-star[4] kept its place.

4. Then I knew it was the angel
Who woke the hymning strain,
That, at our Redeemer's birth,
Pealed out o'er Bethlehem's plain:
And still its heavenly key-tone
My listening country held;
For all her constellated stars
The diapason[5] swelled.

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LESSON CXXII.

GOD BLESS OUR STARS.

B. F. TAYLOR.

1. "GOD bless our stars forever!"
Thus the angels sang sublime,
When round God's forges fluttered fast
The sparks of starry time;
When they fanned them with their pinions,
Till they kindled into day,
And revealed Creation's bosom,
Where the infant Eden lay.

2. "God bless our stars forever!"
Thus they sang, the seers of old,
When they beckoned to the Morning,
Through the future's misty fold,—
When they waved the wand of wonder,—
When they breathed the magic word,
And the pulses' golden glimmer
Showed the waking granite heard.

3. "God bless our stars forever!"
'Tis the burden of the song
Where the sail through hollow midnight
Is flickering along;
When a ribbon of blue heaven
Is a-gleaming through the clouds,
With a star or two upon it,
For the sailor in the shrouds.

4. "God bless our stars forever!"
It is Liberty's refrain,

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From the snows of wild Nevada
To the sounding woods of Maine:
Where the green Multno'mah wanders;
Where the Alabama rests;
Where the thunder shakes his turban
Over Alleghany's crests;

5. Where the mountains of New England
Mock Atlantic's stormy main;
Where God's palm imprints the prairie
With the type of heaven again;
Where the mirrored morn is dawning,
Link to link, our lakes along;
And Sacramento's Golden Gate
Swinging open to the song,—

6. There and there, "Our stars forever!"
How it echoes! How it thrills!
Blot that banner? Why, they bore it
When no sunset bathed the hills.
Now over Bunker see it billow,
Now at Bennington it waves,
Ticonderoga swells beneath,
And Saratoga's graves!

7. Oh! long ago at Lexington,
And above those minute-men,
The "Old Thirteen" were blazing bright,—
There were *only thirteen* then!
God's own stars are gleaming through it,—
Stars not woven in its thread;
Unfurl it, and that flag will glitter
With the heaven overhead.

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8. Oh! it waved above the Pilgrims,
On the pinions of the prayer;
Oh! it billowed o'er the battle,
On the surges of the air;
Oh! the stars have risen in it,
Till the eagle waits the sun,
And Freedom from her mountain-watch
Has counted "THIRTY-ONE."*

9. When the weary Years are halting
In the mighty march of Time,
And no new ones throng the threshold
Of its corridors sublime,—
When the clarion call, "Close up!"
Rings along the line no more,—
Then adieu, thou blessed banner,
Then adieu, and not before!

LESSON CXXIII.

[1] CORN WAL' LIS, CHARLES, was born Dec. 31, 1738. He entered the British army early, and obtained deserved promotion and credit in the last campaign of *the Seven-Years' War*. He served actively and honorably as major-general under Howe and Clinton, in the first year of the American War; and, in 1780, he held an independent command. He gained several victories; but was at last shut up and besieged in Yorktown, where he was obliged to surrender himself and his army, after an obstinate and gallant defense, on the 19th of October, 1781. In 1805, he was a second time made Governor of India; but the old warrior's strength failed him, and he died at Ghazepore, Oct. 5, 1805.

[2] KNOX, HENRY, a major-general in the American army, was born in Boston, July 25, 1750. He served as a volunteer at the battle of Bunker Hill. In 1776, he was appointed to the command of the artillery-corps, with the rank of brigadier-general. He distinguished himself at Trenton, Princeton, Germantown, and Monmouth. He died in 1806.

* There are now thirty-six States.

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WASHINGTON'S JOURNEY TO HIS INAUGURATION.

W. IRVING.

ON the fourteenth of April, 1789, he received a letter from the President of the Congress, duly notifying him of his election; and he prepared to set out immediately for New York, the seat of government. An entry in his diary, dated the 16th, says, — "About ten o'clock, I bade adieu to Mount Vernon, to private life, and to domestic felicity; and, with a mind oppressed with more anxious and painful sensations than I have words to express, set out with the best disposition to render service to my country in obedience to its call, but with less hope of answering its expectations."

2. At the first stage of his journey, a trial of his tenderest feelings awaited him at a public dinner given him in Alexandria by his neighbors and personal friends, among whom he had lived in the constant interchange of kind offices, and who were aware of the practical beneficence of his private character. A deep feeling of regret mingled with their festivity. The mayor, who presided, and spoke the sentiments of the people of Alexandria, deplored in his departure the loss of the first and best of their citizens, the ornament of the aged, the model of the young, the improver of their agriculture, the friend of their commerce, the benefactor of their poor; but "*go*," added he, "*and make a grateful people happy*, who will be doubly grateful when they contemplate this new sacrifice for their interests."

3. Washington was too deeply affected for many words in reply. "JUST AFTER HAVING BADE ADIEU TO MY DOMESTIC CONNECTIONS," said he, "THIS TENDER PROOF OF YOUR FRIENDSHIP IS BUT TOO WELL CALCULATED TO

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AWAKEN STILL FURTHER MY SENSIBILITY, AND INCREASE MY REGRET AT PARTING FROM THE ENJOYMENTS OF PRIVATE LIFE. ALL THAT NOW REMAINS FOR ME IS TO COMMIT MYSELF AND YOU TO THE CARE OF THAT BENEFICENT BEING, WHO, ON A FORMER OCCASION, HAPPILY BROUGHT US TOGETHER AFTER A LONG AND DISTRESSING SEPARATION. PERHAPS THE SAME GRACIOUS PROVIDENCE WILL AGAIN INDULGE ME. BUT WORDS FAIL ME. UNUTTERABLE SENSATIONS MUST, THEN, BE LEFT TO MORE EXPRESSIVE SILENCE, WHILE, FROM AN ACHING HEART, I BID ALL MY AFFECTIONATE FRIENDS AND KIND NEIGHBORS FAREWELL!"

4. His progress to the seat of government was a continual ovation. The ringing of bells and roaring of cannonry proclaimed his course through the country. The old and young, women and children, thronged the highways to bless and welcome him. Deputations of the most respectable inhabitants from the principal places came forth to meet and escort him. Washington had hoped to be spared all military parade, but found it was not to be evaded. Cavalry had assembled from the surrounding country; a superb white horse was led out for Washington to mount; and a grand procession set forward, with Gen. St. Clair, of Revolutionary notoriety, at its head. It gathered numbers as it advanced; passed under triumphal arches intwined with laurel, and entered Philadelphia amid the shouts of the multitude.

5. A day of public festivity succeeded, ended by a display of fireworks. Washington's reply to the congratulations of the mayor, at a great civic banquet, spoke the genuine feelings of his modest nature, amid these testimonials of a world's applause. "When I contemplate the interposition of Providence, as it was visibly manifested in

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guiding us through the Revolution, in preparing us for the reception of the general government, and in conciliating the good will of the people of America toward one another after its adoption, I feel myself oppressed and almost overwhelmed with a sense of divine munificence. I feel that nothing is due to my personal agency in all those wonderful and complicated events, except what can be attributed to an honest zeal for the good of my country."

6. We question whether any of these testimonials of a nation's gratitude affected Washington more sensibly than those he received at Trenton. It was on a sunny afternoon when he arrived on the banks of the Delaware, where, *twelve years before*, he had crossed in darkness and storm, through clouds of snow and drifts of floating ice, on his daring attempt to strike a blow at a triumphant enemy. Here, at present, all was peace and sunshine; the broad river flowed placidly along; and crowds awaited him on the opposite bank, to hail him with love and transport.

7. We will not dwell on the joyous ceremonials with which he was welcomed; but there was *one* too peculiar to be omitted. The reader may remember Washington's gloomy night on the banks of the Assunpink, which flows through Trenton; the camp-fires of Cornwallis[1] in front of him, the Delaware full of floating ice in the rear, and his sudden resolve on that midnight retreat which turned the fortunes of the campaign. On the bridge crossing that eventful stream, the ladies of Trenton had caused a triumphal arch to be erected. It was intwined with evergreens and laurels, and bore the inscription, — "THE DEFENDER OF THE MOTHERS WILL BE THE PROTECTOR OF THE DAUGHTERS."

8. At this bridge the matrons of the city were assembled

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to pay him reverence; and, as he passed under the arch, a number of young girls, dressed in white and crowned with garlands, strewed flowers before him, singing an ode expressive of their love and gratitude. Never was ovation more graceful, touching, and sincere; and Washington, tenderly affected, declared that the impression of it on his heart could never be effaced. His whole progress through New Jersey must have afforded a similar contrast to his weary marchings to and fro, harassed by doubts and perplexities, with bale-fires blazing on its hills, instead of festive illuminations, and when the ringing of bells and booming of cannon, now so joyous, were the signals of invasion and maraud.

9. In respect to his reception at New York, Washington had signified in a letter to Governor Clinton that none could be so congenial to his feelings as a quiet entry, devoid of ceremony; but his modest wishes were not complied with. At Elizabethtown Point, a committee of both Houses of Congress, with various civic functionaries, waited by appointment to receive him. He embarked on board of a splendid barge constructed for the occasion. It was manned by thirteen branch-pilots, masters of vessels, in white uniforms, and commanded by Commodore Nicholson. Other barges fancifully decorated followed, having on board the heads of departments, and other public officers, and several distinguished citizens. As they passed through the strait between the Jerseys and Staten Island, called the Kills, other boats decorated with flags fell in their wake, until the whole, forming a nautical procession, swept up the broad and beautiful bay of New York to the sound of instrumental music.

10. On board of two vessels were parties of ladies and gentlemen, who sang congratulatory odes as Washington's

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barge approached. The ships at anchor in the harbor, dressed in colors, fired salutes as it passed. One alone, "The Galveston," a Spanish man-of-war, displayed no signs of gratulation until the barge of the general was nearly abreast; when suddenly, as if by magic, the yards were manned; the ship burst forth, as it were, into a full array of flags and signals, and thundered a salute of thirteen guns. He approached the landing-place of Murray's Wharf amid the ringing of bells, the roaring of cannonry, and the shouting of multitudes collected on every pier-head.

11. On landing, he was received by Governor Clinton. General Knox,[2] too, who had taken such affectionate leave of him on his retirement from military life, was there to welcome him in his civil capacity. Other of his fellow-soldiers of the Revolution were likewise there, and mingled with the civic dignitaries. At this juncture, an officer stepped up and requested Washington's orders, announcing himself as commanding his guard. Washington desired him to proceed according to the directions he might have received in the present arrangements; but that, for the *future*, the affection of his fellow-citizens was all the guard he wanted.

12. Carpets had been spread to a carriage prepared to convey him to his destined residence; but he preferred to walk. He was attended by a long civil and military train. In the streets through which he passed, the houses were decorated with flags, silken banners, garlands of flowers and evergreens, and bore his name in every form of ornament. The streets were crowded with people, so that it was with difficulty a passage could be made by the city officers. Washington frequently bowed to the multitude as he passed, taking off his hat to the ladies, who thronged

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every window, waving their handkerchiefs, throwing flowers before him, and many of them shedding tears of enthusiasm.

LESSON CXXIV.

[1] CÆ′ SAR, CAIUS JULIUS, the first Roman emperor, was born July 12, B.C. 100. He was one of the greatest warriors that Rome ever produced. Having subjugated Gaul, he quarreled with Pompey, and, pursuing him into Greece, brought the contest to a final issue on the plains of Pharsalia, Aug. 4, B.C. 48. He next went to Africa; and, having vanquished the army under Scipio and Cato, he returned in triumph to Rome, and devoted himself to the duties of dictator. But his career was destined to be short. A conspiracy against his life was formed; and on the Ides, or 15th, of March, he perished by the hands of assassins in the senate-house, B.C. 44. As a warrior, statesman, and a man of letters, Cæsar was one of the most remarkable men that ever lived.

[2] BO′ NA PARTE, NAPOLEON, one of the most remarkable of military men, was born in Corsica, an island in the Mediterranean, Feb. 5, 1768: although he afterwards gave out that he was born 15th August, 1769; and that is usually considered as the period of his nativity. After leaving the military school at Brienne, he went to Paris, and entered upon his military career. In 1804, he became Emperor of France. After remarkable successes and reverses, he was defeated by the allied armies under Wellington, June 18, 1815. He was removed to St. Helena, where he died May 5, 1821.

LINCOLN'S JOURNEY TO HIS INAUGURATION.

L. H. WHITNEY.

A SPECIAL train of cars was provided for him; and, on the eleventh day of February, 1861, bidding farewell to his neighbors and friends at Springfield in these solemn words, he took his departure: —

"*My Friends*, — NO ONE, NOT IN MY POSITION, CAN APPRECIATE THE SADNESS I FEEL AT THIS PARTING. TO THIS PEOPLE I OWE ALL THAT I AM. HERE HAVE I LIVED FOR

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MORE THAN A QUARTER OF A CENTURY; HERE MY CHILDREN WERE BORN, AND HERE ONE OF THEM LIES BURIED. I KNOW NOT HOW SOON I SHALL SEE YOU AGAIN. A DUTY DEVOLVES UPON ME, WHICH IS, PERHAPS, GREATER THAN THAT WHICH HAS DEVOLVED UPON ANY OTHER MAN SINCE THE DAYS OF WASHINGTON. NO MAN COULD HAVE SUCCEEDED, EXCEPT BY THE AID OF DIVINE PROVIDENCE, UPON WHICH HE AT ALL TIMES RELIED. I FEEL THAT I CAN NOT SUCCEED WITHOUT THE SAME DIVINE AID THAT SUSTAINED HIM, AND IN THE SAME ALMIGHTY BEING I PLACE MY RELIANCE FOR SUPPORT; AND I HOPE YOU, MY FRIENDS, WILL ALL PRAY THAT I MAY RECEIVE THAT DIVINE ASSISTANCE, WITHOUT WHICH I CAN NOT SUCCEED, BUT WITH WHICH SUCCESS IS CERTAIN. AGAIN I BID YOU ALL AN AFFECTIONATE FAREWELL."

2. Toward the conclusion of these remarks, himself and audience were moved to tears. His request that he might have the prayers of his friends and neighbors for his success was responded to by choked exclamations of "*We will! we will!*" As he turned, and entered the cars, three cheers burst involuntarily from a thousand lips; and a Godspeed and safe journey were wished him as the train moved slowly out of sight. When he went forth from his quiet home in the West to put upon him the majestic robes of that more than kingly office, the nation and the world listened to his utterances and watched his steps with extraordinary interest.

3. His journey was like the march of a conqueror. Curious crowds gathered all along the road to catch a glimpse of him as the train rushed past them. Cheers, the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, and the booming of cannon, greeted him at every station. At the last town in his State, he told the throng that gathered about him that

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he was "leaving them upon an errand of national importance, attended with many difficulties; but, as the poet has expressed it, let us believe that

'There's a silver lining to every cloud.'"

The train swept on; his route lay through most of the great cities of the Northern States, and all vied to do him honor.

4. Immense crowds awaited his coming. Flags and banners were suspended across the track. The roar of cannon announced his approach. The streets were literally blocked with people assembled to greet him. The reception was an era in his life, as well as in the history of the country. No king, however mighty, was ever greeted with such welcome. Cæsar[1] and Napoleon[2] had their triumphs; but they rode to power amid a deluge of blood and tears. The object of this grateful homage had been elevated to an honor more lofty than their thrones by the wish and will of a great and intelligent people, through the peaceful agency of the ballot-box.

LESSON CXXV.

DAY-STAR OF LIBERTY.

M. A. MOSES.

1. IN that dark, gloomy night,
Ere Freedom's bright morn,
When the strong hand of Might
Man's Right laughed to scorn, —

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Through battle and strife,
Through blood and through death,
Came a glorious life, —
'Twas Liberty's birth!
Through the smoke of that conflict pervading the skies,
Behold the day-star of Liberty rise!

2. In the gathering gloom
Of that perilous hour,
When our fathers o'erturned
The mad tyrant's power;
Through darkness and storm,
By night and by day,
The pure light of freedom
Illumined the way:
'Twas then, O Columbia! 'mid carnage and war,
First dawned on the world thy bright natal star!

3. On Lexington's sward,
Down Bunker's steep side,
From the breasts of the slain
Ran the crimson life-tide;
Across Delaware's stream,
Through bleak Valley Forge,
Where blood marked their steps
In that wild mountain gorge;
Still Freedom's blest hope those heroes led on
To battle and death, till triumph was won.

4. On Camden's hot plains,
By Brandywine's wave,
The cohorts of foemen
Found many a grave;

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And Yorktown's proud rampart
In vain raised its side
'Gainst the wild rushing surge
Of Liberty's tide;
In a halo of glory, o'er land and o'er sea,
Now floats in glad triumph the flag of the free!

5. From hill-top and mountain,
From valley and plain,
Ring glad shouts from millions
For Liberty's reign;
The forest and prairie,
The ocean and stream,
In the sunlight of freedom
With new luster gleam;
While our bright starry banner, wherever unfurled,
Is humanity's beacon, — the hope of the world!

6. Say, sons of the martyrs
In Freedom's cause slain,
Shall the strong hand of tyrants
This land rend in twain?
By the blood of those martyrs
For you freely given,
By the prayers of the millions
Ascending to heaven,
Go, kneel at the graves of your fathers, and swear
That our flag shall still float in Freedom's pure air!

LESSON CXXVI.

'XERX' ES, (*Zerks' ēs,*) the celebrated King of Persia, was the son of Darius. He succeeded his father, 485 B.C., and raised an army of 1,700,000 foot and 80,000 horse, besides camels, chariots, and ships of war. While the Pass of Thermopylæ was defended by Leonidas and

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his Spartans, Themistocles rallied his countrymen, and defeated Xerxes at the battle of Salamis, 480 B.C. (Refer to note in Fourth Reader.)

[2] GRAC'CHUS, Tiberius and Caius, two brothers, Roman tribunes, who having urged the revival of the agrarian laws, which required a division of the public lands among the people, were successively slain in a tumult raised by the senators and nobles. The mother of the Gracchi was Cornelia, the daughter of the famous Scipio Africanus, who defeated Hannibal in the battle of Zama, and humbled the pride of Carthage, at the close of the Second Punic War, 202 B.C.

[3] HER'MANN, or Arminius, a brave German patriot and soldier, who for some time supported a bloody war against Rome, but was at last defeated by Germanicus, and subsequently poisoned through the treachery of one of his friends, A.D. 19.

[4] TELL, WILLIAM, was a peasant, born near Altorf, in Switzerland, and celebrated for his resistance to the tyranny of Gesler, an Austrian governor. He was compelled to shoot an apple from his son's head for refusing to bow to Gesler's hat elevated on a pole. Being a skillful archer, he cleft the apple without injury to his son.

[5] SPAR'TA CUS, a native of Thrace, became a soldier in the Roman army, and, having deserted, was sold as a slave, and finally numbered with the gladiators condemned to destroy each other for the amusement of the people. Having made his escape, he collected a band of desperadoes, and, for a long time, bade defiance to the whole power of Rome. He was at last, however, defeated by the Romans under Crassus, 71 B.C.

[6] WAT THE TYLER. In the reign of Richard II., King of England, a poll-tax of three groats was levied on each male and female above the age of fifteen. The proceedings of the collectors of these taxes were of the most inquisitorial character; and their insults to the young women became so odious, that they were resisted by the people. One Walter the Tyler, having knocked a tax-gatherer on the head for insulting his daughter, was made chief of the insurgents; and hence the popular rising of the people is known as Wat the Tyler's Rebellion.

"ON TO FREEDOM."

A. J. H. DUGANNE.

1. "ON to Freedom! on to Freedom!"
'Tis the everlasting cry
Of the floods that strive with ocean,
Of the storm that smites the sky,

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Of the atoms in the whirlwind,
Of the seed beneath the ground,
Of each living thing in Nature
That is bound.
'Twas the cry that led from Egypt,
Through the desert wilds of Edom,—
Out of darkness, out of bondage,—
"*On to Freedom! on to Freedom!*"

2. O thou stony-hearted Pharaoh,
Vainly warrest thou with God!
Moveless at thy palace-portals,
Moses waits with lifted rod!
O thou poor barbarian Xerxes,[1]
Vainly o'er the Pontic main
Flingest thou to curb its utterance
Scourge or chain!
For the cry that led from Egypt,
Over desert wilds of Edom,
Speaks alike through Greek and Hebrew,—
"*On to Freedom! on to Freedom!*"

3. In the Roman streets, from Gracchus,[2]
Hark! I hear that cry out-swell;
In the German woods, from Hermann;[3]
And on Switzer hills, from Tell[4]!
Up from Spartacus,[5] the bondman,
When his tyrant's yoke he clave;
And from stalwart Wat the Tyler,[6]
Saxon slave!
Still the old, old cry of Egypt,
Struggling out from wilds of Edom,
Sounding down through all the ages,—
"*On to Freedom! on to Freedom!*"

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4. God's own mandate, — "On to Freedom!"
Gospel-cry of laboring Time,
Uttering still, through seers and heroes,
Words of hope and faith sublime!
From our Sidneys, and our Hampdens,
And our Washingtons, they come;
And we *can* not, and we *dare* not,
Make them dumb!
Out of all the shames of Egypt,
Out of all the snares of Edom,
Out of darkness, out of bondage, —
"*On to Freedom! on to Freedom!*"

LESSON CXXVII.

ADDRESS TO THE RETURNED SOLDIERS.

REV. J. M. MANNING.

SOLDIERS from the army and navy, once soldiers, but now again citizens, we hail you to-day as our benefactors and deliverers. We welcome you home from the fatigues of the march, the wearisome camp, and the awful ecstasy of battle. Through four terrible years you have looked without quailing on the ghastly visage of war. You have patiently borne the heats of summer and the frosts of winter. You have cheerfully exchanged the delights of home for the hardships of the campaign or blockade. Not only the armed foe, but the wasting malaria, has lurked along your resistless advance.

2. You know the agony and the transport of the deadly encounter. How many times, standing each man at his post, in the long line of gleaming sabers and bayonets,

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every hand clinched, and every eye distended, you have caught the peal of your leader's clarion, and sprung through the iron storm to the embrace of victory! But all that has passed away. The mangled forests are putting on an unwonted verdure, the fields once blackened by the fiery breath of war are now covered with their softest bloom, and the vessels of commerce are riding on all the national waters.

3. The carnage, the groans, the cries for succor, the fierce onset and sullen recoil, the thunders of the artillery, and the missiles screaming like demons in the air, have given way to pæans, civic processions, and songs of thanksgiving. The flag of your country, so often rent and torn in your grasp, and which you have borne in triumph again and again, over the quaking earth, or through the hurricane of death, on river and bay, rolls out its peaceful folds above you, every star blazing with the glory of your deeds, in token of a Nation's gratitude. We come forth to meet you — sires and matrons, young men and maidens, children and those bowed with age — to own the vast debt which we can never pay, and to say, from full hearts, we thank you; God bless you!

4. But while we thus address you, you are thinking of the fallen. With a soldier's generosity, you wish they could be here to share in this welcome. But they peacefully rest in the humble grave in which you laid them, and their names are enshrined in the grateful remembrance of the Nation. You may tarnish your laurels, or an envious hand may pluck them from your brows. But your fallen comrades are exposed to no such accident. They are doubly fortunate; for the same event which crowned them with honor, has placed them beyond the possibility of losing their crown.

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5. Many of them died in the darkest hours of the republic; others in the early dawn of peace, while the morning-stars were singing together. But victory and defeat make no differences among them now. They have all conquered in the final triumph. Their names will thrill the coming ages, as they are spoken by the tongues of the eloquent; and their deeds will forever be chanted by immortal minstrels.

6. "By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there."

LESSON CXXVIII.

THE HONORED DEAD.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

HOW bright are the honors which await those who, with sacred fortitude and patriotic patience, have endured all things that they might save their native land from division! THE HONORED DEAD! They that die for a good cause are redeemed from death. Their names are gathered and garnered. Their memory is precious. Each place grows proud for them who were born there.

2. There is to be, ere long, in every village, and in every neighborhood, a glowing pride in its martyred heroes. Tablets shall preserve their names. Pious love shall renew their inscriptions as time and the unfeeling elements efface them. And the national festivals shall give multitudes of precious names to the orator's lips.

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Children shall grow up under more sacred inspirations, whose elder brothers, dying nobly for their country, left a name that honored and inspired all who bore it. Orphan children shall find thousands of fathers and mothers to love and help those whom dying heroes left as a legacy to the gratitude of the public.

3. Oh, tell me not that they are DEAD, — that generous host, that airy army of invisible heroes! They hover as a cloud of witnesses above this nation. Are *they* dead that yet speak louder than *we* can speak, and a more universal language'? Are *they* dead that yet act'? Are *they* dead that yet move upon society, and inspire the people with nobler motives and more heroic patriotism'?

4. Ye that mourn, let gladness mingle with your tears. He *was* your son; but *now* he is the nation's. He made your household bright; *now* his example inspires a thousand households. Dear to his brothers and sisters, he is now brother to every generous youth in the land. *Before*, he was narrowed, appropriated, shut up to *you*. *Now* he is augmented, set free, and given to *all*. He has died from the family that he might live to the nation. Not one name shall be forgotten or neglected; and it shall, by and by, be confessed of our modern heroes, as it is of an ancient hero, that he did more for his country by his death than by his whole life.

5. Neither are they less honored who shall bear through life the marks of wounds and sufferings. Neither epaulet nor badge is so honorable as wounds received in a good cause. Many a man shall envy him who henceforth limps. So strange is the transforming power of patriotic ardor, that men shall almost covet disfigurement. Crowds will give way to hobbling cripples, and uncover in the presence of feebleness and helplessness. And buoyant children

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shall pause in their noisy games, and with loving reverence honor those whose hands can work no more, and whose feet are no longer able to march except upon that journey which brings good men to honor and immortality.

6. O mother of lost children! set not in darkness nor sorrow those whom a nation honors. O mourners of the early dead! they shall live again, and live forever. Your sorrows are our gladness. The nation lives because you gave it men that loved it better than their own lives. And when a few more days shall have cleared the perils from around the Nation's brow, and she shall sit in unsullied garments of liberty, with justice upon her forehead, love in her eyes, and truth upon her lips, she shall not forget those whose blood gave vital currents to her heart, and whose life, given to her, shall live with her life till time shall be no more.

7. Every mountain and hill shall have its treasured name, every river shall keep some solemn title, every valley and every lake shall cherish its honored register; and till the mountains are worn out, and the rivers forget to flow, till the clouds are weary of replenishing springs, and the springs forget to gush, and the rills to sing, shall their names be kept fresh with reverent honors which are inscribed upon the book of National Remembrance.

LESSON CXXIX.

[1] TAT TOO', a beat of drum at night, giving notice to soldiers to retreat, or to repair to their quarters in garrison, or to their tents in camp.

[2] BIV' OUAC, (*biv' wăk,*) the guard or watch of a whole army, as in cases of great danger of surprise or attack; an encampment without tents or covering.

The following poem was written on the occasion of the removal to the cemetery at Frankfort of the remains of Kentucky soldiers who fell at Buena Vista, Mexico.

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THE SOLDIER'S DIRGE.

COL. O'HARA.

1. THE muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo[1];
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread;
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac[2] of the dead.

2. No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thoughts, at midnight haunts,
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn, nor screaming fife,
At dawn shall call to arms.

3. Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,
Dear as the blood ye gave;
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave.
Nor shall your glory be forgot,
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where valor proudly sleeps.

4. Yon faithful herald's blazoned stone
With mournful pride shall tell,
When many a vanished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell.

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Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's flight,
Nor time's remorseless doom,
Shall mar one ray of glory's light
That gilds your deathless tomb.

LESSON CXXX.

THE WIDOWED SWORD.

ANON.

1. THEY have sent me the sword that my brave boy wore
On the field of his young renown,—
On the last red field, where his faith was sealed,
And the sun of his days went down.
Away with the tears
That are blinding me so!
There is joy in his years,
Though his young head be low:
And I'll gaze with a solemn delight, evermore,
On the sword that my brave boy wore.

2. 'Twas for Freedom and Home that I gave him away,
Like the sons of his race of old;
And though, aged and gray, I am childless this day,
He is *dearer* a thousand-fold.
There's glory above him
To hallow his name;
A land that will love him
Who died for its fame;
And a solace will shine, when my old heart is sore,
Round the sword that my brave boy wore.

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3. All so noble, so true, — how they stood, how they fell,
In the battle, the plague, and the cold!
Oh, as bravely and well as e'er story could tell
Of the flower of the heroes of old!
Like a sword through the foe
Was that fearful attack
That, so bright ere the blow,
Comes so bloodily back;
And, foremost among them, his colors he bore;
And here is the sword that my brave boy wore.

4. It was kind of his comrades, ye know not how kind;
It is more than the Indies to me;
Ye know not how kind and how steadfast of mind
The soldier to sorrow can be.
They know well how lonely,
How grievously wrung,
Is the heart that its only
Love loses so young;
And they closed his dark eyes when the battle was o'er,
And sent his old father the sword that he wore.

LESSON CXXXI.

"GOOD-BY, OLD ARM, GOOD-BY!"

GEORGE COOPER.

The incident, so pathetically described in this short poem, took place in one of our hospitals during the war. The piece should be read in a low and plaintive tone of voice.

1. THE knife was still, — the surgeon bore
The shattered arm away;
Upon his bed, in painless sleep,
The noble hero lay;

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He woke, but saw the vacant place
Where limb of his had lain,
Then faintly spoke, — "Oh, let me see
My strong right arm again!"

2. "Good-by, old arm!" the soldier said,
As he clasped the fingers cold;
And down his pale but manly cheeks
The tear-drops gently rolled:
"My strong right arm, no deed of yours
Now gives me cause to sigh;
But it's hard to part such trusty friends:
Good-by, old arm! good-by!

3. "You've served me well these many years,
In sunlight and in shade;
But, comrade, we have done with war,—
Let dreams of glory fade.
You'll never more my saber swing
In battle fierce and hot;
You'll never bear another flag,
Or fire another shot.

4. I do not mourn to lose you now
For home and native land:
Oh, proud am I to give my mite
For freedom pure and grand!
Thank God! no selfish thought is mine
While here I bleeding lie:
Bear, bear it tenderly away,—
Good-by, old arm! good-by!"

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LESSON CXXXII.

[1] CIR CUM VAL LA' TION, (CIRCUM, *around;* VALLAT, *to wall,* from VALLUM, *rampart;* ION, *the act of,*) the act of surrounding with a wall or rampart.

THE TEACHER, THE HOPE OF AMERICA.

SAMUEL BELLS, 1837.

THE patriot who contemplates the vastness of this republic, and the diversified and conflicting interests of its entire population, can not but regard its future welfare with the deepest solicitude. Look abroad over this Country; mark her extent, her wealth, her fertility, her boundless resources, the giant energies which every day develops, and which she seems already bending on that fatal race,— tempting, yet always fatal to republics, — the race for physical greatness and aggrandizement.

2. Behold, too, that continuous and mighty tide of population, native and foreign, which is forever rushing through the great valley toward the setting sun; sweeping away the wilderness before it like grass before the mower; waking up industry and civilization in its progress; studding the solitary rivers of the West with marts and cities; dotting its boundless prairies with human habitations; penetrating every green nook and vale; climbing every fertile ridge; and still gathering and pouring onward, to form new States in those vast and yet unpeopled solitudes where the Oregon rolls his majestic flood, and

"Hears no sound save his own dashing."

3. Mark all this, and then say by *what bonds* will you hold together so mighty a people and so immense an empire? What safeguard will you give us against the dangers which must inevitably grow out of so vast and

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complicate an organization? In the swelling tide of our prosperity, what a field will open for political corruption! What a world of evil passions to control, and jarring interests to reconcile! What temptations will there be to luxury and extravagance! What motives to private and official cupidity! What prizes will hang glittering at a thousand goals, to dazzle and tempt ambition!

4. Do we expect to find our security against these dangers in railroads and canals, in our circumvallations,[1] and ships of war? Alas! when shall we learn wisdom from the lessons of history? *Our most dangerous enemies will grow up from our own bosom.* We may erect bulwarks against foreign invasion; but what power shall we find in walls and armies to protect the people against themselves? There is but *one* sort of "internal improvement"—more *thoroughly internal* than that which is lauded by politicians —that is able to save this country. I mean *the improvement of the minds and souls of her people.*

5. If *this* improvement shall be neglected, and shall fail to keep pace with the increase of our population and our physical advancement, one of two alternatives is certain: either the nation must dissolve in anarchy, under the rulers of its own choice; or, if held together at all, it must be by a government so strong and rigorous as to be utterly inconsistent with constitutional liberty. Let the hundreds of millions which, at no very distant day, will swarm in our cities, and fill up our great interior, remain sunk in ignorance and vice, and nothing short of an iron despotism will suffice to govern the nation,—to reconcile its vast and conflicting interests, control its elements of agitation, and hold back its fiery and headlong energies from dismemberment and ruin.

6. How, then, is this improvement to be effected? Who

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are the agents of it? Who are they who shall stand perpetually as priests at the altar of Freedom, and feed its sacred fires by dispensing that *knowledge* and *cultivation* on which hangs our political salvation? They are the TEACHERS of our schools, the instructors in our academies and colleges, and in all those institutions, of whatever name, which have for their object the *intellectual* and *moral culture* of our youth, and the diffusion of knowledge among our people.

7. *Theirs* is the moral dignity of stamping the great features of our *national character*, and, in the moral worth and intelligence which they give it, of erecting a bulwark which shall prove impregnable in that hour of trial, when armies, and fleets, and fortifications shall be vain. And when those mighty and all-absorbing questions shall be heard, which are even now sending their bold demands into the ear of rulers and lawgivers, which are momentarily pressing forward to a solemn decision in the sight of God and of all nations, and which, when the hour of their decision shall come, will shake this country — the Union, the Constitution — as with the shaking of an earthquake, — it is *they* who, in that fearful hour, will gather around the structure of our political organization, and, with uplifted hands, stay the reeling fabric till the storm and the convulsion be overpast.

LESSON CXXXIII.

TRUE GLORY OF A NATION.

BISHOP WHIPPLE.

THE true glory of a nation is in an intelligent, honest, industrious Christian people. The civilization of a people depends on their individual character; and a con-

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stitution which is not the outgrowth of this character, is not worth the parchment on which it is written. You look in vain in the past for a single instance where the people have preserved their liberties after their individual character was lost.

2. It is not in the magnificence of its palaces, not in the beautiful creations of art lavished on its public edifices, not in costly libraries and galleries of pictures, not in the number or wealth of its cities, that we find pledges of a nation's glory. The ruler may gather around him the treasures of the world, amid a brutalized people; the senate-chamber may retain its faultless proportions long after the voice of patriotism is hushed within its walls; the monumental marble may commemorate a glory which has forever departed. Art and letters may bring no lesson to a people whose heart is dead.

3. The true glory of a nation is in *the living temple of a loyal, industrious, and upright people.* The busy click of machinery, the merry ring of the anvil, the lowing of peaceful herds, and the song of the harvest-home, are sweeter music than pæans of departed glory, or songs of triumph in war. The vine-clad cottage of the hillside, the cabin of the woodsman, and the rural home of the farmer, are the *true citadels* of any country. There is a dignity in honest toil, which belongs not to the display of wealth or the luxury of fashion. The man who drives the plow, or swings his ax in the forest, or with cunning fingers plies the tools of his craft, is as truly the servant of his country as the statesman in the senate or the soldier in battle.

4. The safety of a nation depends not alone on the wisdom of its statesmen or the bravery of its generals. The tongue of eloquence never saved a nation tottering to its

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fall; the sword of a warrior never stayed its destruction. There is a surer defense in every Christian home. I know of no right wrung from tyranny, no truth rescued from darkness and bigotry, which has not waited on a Christian civilization.

5. Would you see the image of true glory, I would show you villages where the crown and glory of the people was in Christian schools, where the voice of prayer goes heavenward, where the people have that most priceless gift,—*faith in God.* With this as the basis, and leavened as it will be with brotherly love, there will be no danger in grappling with any evils which exist in our midst: we shall feel that we may work and bide our time, and die, knowing that God will bring victory.

LESSON CXXXIV.

[1] DEAD SEA FRUITS, or APPLES OF SODOM, a fruit described by ancient writers as externally of fair appearance, but dissolving into smoke and ashes when plucked. It resembles an orange in size and color, but explodes on being touched. It has a bitter taste.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

ANNE C. LYNCH.

1. THERE are countless fields, the green earth o'er,
Where the verdant turf has been dyed with gore;
Where hostile ranks, in their grim array,
With the battle's smoke have obscured the day;
Where hate was stamped on each rigid face,
As foe met foe in the death-embrace;

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Where the groans of the wounded and dying rose
Till the heart of the listener with horror froze;
And the wide expanse of crimsoned plain
Was piled with heaps of uncounted slain:
But a fiercer combat, a deadlier strife,
Is that which is waged in the Battle of Life.

2. The hero that wars on the tented field,
With his shining sword and his burnished shield,
Goes not alone with his faithful brand,—
Friends and comrades around him stand;
The trumpets sound, and the war-steeds neigh
To join in the shock of the coming fray;
And he flies to the onset, he charges the foe,
Where the bayonets gleam and the red tides flow;
And he bears his part in that conflict dire
With an arm all nerve and a heart all fire.

3. What though he fall? At the battle's close,
In the flush of victory won, he goes
With martial music, and waving plume,
From a field of fame to a laureled tomb!
But the hero that wars in the Battle of Life
Must stand *alone* in the fearful strife,—
Alone in his weakness or strength must go,
Hero or coward, to meet the foe:
He may not fly; on that fatal field
He must win or lose, he must conquer or yield.

4. Warrior, who com'st to this battle now
With a careless step and a thoughtless brow,
As if the day were already won,
Pause, and gird all thy armor on!

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Dost thou bring with thee hither a dauntless will,
An ardent soul that no fear can chill'?
Thy shield of Faith hast thou tried and proved'?
Canst thou say to the mountain, "Be thou removed'"?
In thy hand does the sword of Truth flame bright'?
Is thy banner inscribed "for God and the Right'"?
In the might of prayer dost thou wrestle and plead'?
Never had warrior greater need!

5. Unseen foes in thy pathway hide;
Thou art encompassed on every side:
There Pleasure waits with her siren train,
Her poison flowers and her hidden chain;
Flattery courts with her hollow smiles,
Passion with silvery tongue beguiles,
Love and Friendship their charmed spells weave:
Trust not too deeply; they may deceive!

6. Hope with her Dead Sea fruits[1] is there;
Sin is spreading her gilded snare;
Disease with a ruthless hand would smite,
And Care spread o'er thee her withering blight;
Hate and Envy with visage black,
And the serpent Slander, are on thy track;
Falsehood and Guilt, Remorse and Pride,
Doubt and Despair, in thy pathway glide;
Haggard Want, in her demon joy,
Waits to degrade thee, and then destroy;
And Death, the insatiate, is hovering near
To snatch from thy grasp all thou holdest dear.

7. In war with these phantoms that gird thee round,
No limbs dissevered may strew the ground;

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No blood may flow, and no mortal ear
The groans of the wounded heart may hear,
As it struggles and writhes in their dread control,
As the iron enters the riven soul.
But the youthful form grows wasted and weak,
And sunken and wan is the rounded cheek;
The brow is furrowed, but not with years;
The eye is dimmed with its secret tears;
And streaked with white is the raven hair, —
These are the tokens of conflict there.

8. The battle is ended: the hero goes
Worn and scarred to his last repose.
He has won the day, he has conquered doom,
He has sunk unknown to his nameless tomb.
For the victor's glory no voice may plead,
Fame has no echo, and earth no meed.
But the guardian angels are hovering near;
They have watched unseen o'er the conflict here:
They bear him now on their wings away
To a realm of peace, to a cloudless day.
Ended now is his earthly strife,
And his brow is crowned with the Crown of Life!

LESSON CXXXV.

THE HISTORIAN'S REFLECTIONS.

BLAKE.

THROUGH the long period of five thousand years, the eye of the historian wanders among innumerable millions, and descries peoples, nations, and languages, who

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were once active in the busy scenes of time, but are now reaping the retributions of eternity. The great nations which enjoyed universal empire, are now silent in the dust. And, as objects subtend a less angle in proportion to their distance, so a century, buried deep in the vale of antiquity, appears but as an hour, and the duration of a nation but as a day.

2. In the morning its infancy is weak, and its chief defense is in its obscurity or insignificance, or in the weakness of others. It gathers strength by adversity, and at length acquires a vigorous youth. At mid-day it acquires a strong and lofty attitude; it basks for an hour in the beams of prosperity, and drinks deep the inebriating draughts of luxury and pleasure. And now its beauty fades, its strength decays, its glory perishes, and the declining day hastens a night of storms, and clouds, and everlasting darkness.

3. The nations of men resemble the perpetually rolling and conflicting waves of the ocean. If a billow rise high, it is but to sink as low; if it dash its neighboring billow, it is but to be dashed in its turn; if it rage and foam, it is but to exhaust itself the sooner; if it roll tranquilly on the bosom of the deep, it is but to sink forever by its own gravity. It is thus with all nations, with all human institutions, and with all the noblest inventions and works of art.

> "The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherits, shall dissolve,
> And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
> Leave not a wreck behind."

4. And alas! the ravages of time, though rapid and resistless, are too slow to satisfy the furious rage of restless

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mortals! They must share the empire of destruction. To them the work of death is most pleasant; and to cultivate the art of killing and destroying has been their chief pride and glory in all ages, though, while employed in that dreadful work, they sink in destruction themselves. Unhappy children of men! When will you learn to know and prize your true interest? When will you be convinced of that, than which nothing is more certain, that war adds infinitely to the number and weight of your calamities? that it fills the world with misery, and clothes all nature in mourning?

5. Shall brotherly love and cordial affection never become universal, and Peace never wave her white banner throughout the earth'? Is there no durable institution, founded in virtue, and permanent as the eternal rules of justice'? Is there no firm ground of hope? no rock, on which truth and reason may build a fabric that shall never fall'? Yes; there is a *kingdom:* its foundations were laid of old; its King is the God of Heaven; its law is perfect love; its dominions are wide, for they extend to the wise and virtuous in all worlds; all its subjects are safe, for they are defended by almighty power; and they shall rise to eternal prosperity and glory, when all *earthly* kingdoms shall vanish like a shadow or a dream.

6. There is an unseen Hand which guides the affairs of nations. Throughout all their changes and revolutions, through the seemingly dark and troubled chaos of human concerns, an almighty Providence overrules; and all events, past, present, and to come, are employed in directing and completing the destinies of all creatures, in subserviency to that infinitely great and glorious kingdom which shall never be removed.

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LESSON CXXXVI.

[1] How'ard. See note, page 108.

[2] Fry, Mrs. Elizabeth, whose maiden name was Gurney, was born at Earlham, England, in 1780, and died 1844. The benevolence of her disposition early displayed itself by visiting the poor, and establishing schools for the education of their children. Every day she was found visiting charity-schools, in the houses and lanes of the poor, and in the wards of sick-hospitals. She also extended her benevolent attentions to the inmates of prisons and lunatic-asylums. She visited all the principal jails in Scotland, Ireland, France, Holland, Denmark, and Prussia; and her last scheme of philanthropy was begun with a view to benefit British seamen. Her death was lamented throughout Europe as a loss to humanity.

TRUE REFORMERS.

HORACE GREELEY.

TO the rightly constituted mind, to the truly developed man, there always is, there always *must* be, opportunity, — opportunity to be and to learn, nobly to do and to endure; and what matter whether with pomp and *éclat*, with sound of trumpets and shout of applauding thousands, or in silence and seclusion, beneath the calm, discerning gaze of Heaven? No station can be humble on which *that* gaze is approvingly bent; no work can be ignoble which is performed uprightly, and not impelled by sordid and selfish aims.

2. Not from among the children of monarchs, ushered into being with boom of cannon, and shouts of reveling millions, but from amid the sons of obscurity and toil, cradled in peril and ignominy, from the bulrushes and the manger, come forth the benefactors and saviors of mankind. So, when all the babble and glare of our age shall have passed into a fitting oblivion; when those who have enjoyed rare opportunities, and swayed vast empires, and been borne through life on the shoulders of shouting multitudes, shall have been laid at last to rest in golden coffins,

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to molder forgotten, the stately marble their only monuments, it will be found that some humble youth, who neither inherited nor found, but *hewed out his opportunities*, has uttered the thought which shall render the age memorable, by extending the means of enlightenment and blessing to our race.

3. The great struggle for human progress and elevation proceeds noiselessly, often unnoted, often checked, and apparently baffled, amid the clamorous and debasing strifes impelled by greedy selfishness and low ambition. In that struggle, maintained by the wise and good of all parties, all creeds, all climes, bear ye the part of men. Heed the lofty summons, and, with souls serene and constant, prepare to tread boldly in the path of highest duty. So shall life be to you truly exalted and heroic; so shall death be a transition neither sought nor dreaded; so shall your memory, though cherished at first but by a few humble, loving hearts, linger long and gratefully in human remembrance, a watchword to the truthful, and an incitement to generous endeavor, freshened by the proud tears of admiring affection, and fragrant with the odors of heaven! . . .

4. We need a loftier ideal to nerve us for heroic lives. To know and feel our nothingness, without regretting it; to deem fame, riches, personal happiness, but shadows, of which human good is the substance; to welcome pain, privation, ignominy, so that the sphere of human knowledge, the empire of virtue, be thereby extended, — such is the soul's temper in which the heroes of the coming age shall be cast. When the stately monuments of mightiest conquerors shall have become shapeless and forgotten ruins, the humble graves of earth's Howards[1] and Frys[2] shall still be freshened by the tears of fondly admiring millions, and the proudest epitaph shall be the simple entreaty, —

"Write me as one who *loved* his fellow-men."

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5. Say not that I thus condemn, and would annihilate, ambition. The love of approbation, of esteem, of true glory, is a noble incentive, and should be cherished to the end. True fame demands no sacrifices of others; it requires us to be reckless of the outward well-being of but one. It exacts no hecatomb of victims for each triumphal pile; for the more who covet and seek it, the easier and more abundant is the success of each and all. With souls of the celestial temper, each human life might be a triumph which angels would lean from the skies, delighted to witness and admire.

LESSON CXXXVII.

[1] FRED' ER ICK II., King of Prussia, commonly called Frederick the Great, was born Jan. 24, 1712, and began to reign 1740. He found himself in possession of a full treasury and a powerful army, which he soon employed in attacking Austria, and conquering from her the province of Silesia. The great struggle of the Seven-Years' War was begun in 1756. Prussia was now attacked by Austria, Russia, France, Saxony, and Sweden; and her destruction and dismemberment seemed inevitable. England was her only ally. Prussia went through the struggle, and came out triumphant. For this glorious result, she was indebted to the moral courage, indomitable energy, and military genius, of her king In 1772, Frederick disgraced himself, and permanently injured the cause of Freedom throughout the world, by participating in the first dismemberment of Poland. Frederick died Aug. 17, 1786.

[2] MONT E ZU' MA, Emperor of Mexico at the time of the Spanish invasion.

UNJUST NATIONAL ACQUISITIONS.

THOMAS CORWIN.

MR. PRESIDENT, — The uneasy desire to augment our territory has depraved the moral sense, and blighted the otherwise keen sagacity, of our people. Sad, very sad, are the lessons which Time has written for us.

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Through and in them all, I see nothing but the inflexible execution of that old law, which ordains, as eternal, the cardinal rule, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods, nor any thing which is his." Since I have lately heard so much about the dismemberment of Mexico, I have looked back to see how, in the course of events which some call "Providence," it has fared with other nations who engaged in this work of dismemberment.

2. I see that, in the latter half of the eighteenth century, three powerful nations — Russia, Austria, and Prussia — united in the dismemberment of Poland. They said, too, as you say, — "It is our destiny." They "wanted room." Doubtless each of these thought, with his share of Poland, his power was too strong ever to fear invasion, or even insult. One had his California, another his New Mexico, and the third his Vera Cruz.*

3. Did they remain untouched, and incapable of harm? Alas! no; far, very far, from it. Retributive justice must fulfill its destiny too. A very few years pass off, and we hear of a new man, a Corsican lieutenant, the self-named, "armed soldier of Democracy," Napoleon. He ravages Austria, covers her land with blood, drives the Northern Cæsar from his capital, and sleeps in his palace. Austria may now remember how her power trampled upon Poland. Did she not pay dear, very dear, for her California'?

4. But has Prussia no atonement to make? You see this same Napoleon, the blind instrument of providence, at work there. The thunders of his cannon at Jena† proclaim the work of retribution for Poland's wrongs; and the successors of the Great Frederick,[1] the drill-sergeant of Europe, are seen flying across the sandy plains that sur-

* Pronounced Vā' rä kroos. † Gen' a.

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round their capital, right glad if they may escape captivity or death.

5. But how fares it with the Autocrat of Russia? Is he secure in his share of the spoils of Poland? Nò: suddenly we see six hundred thousand armed men marching to Moscōw. Does his Vera Cruz protect him now? Far from it. Blood, slaughter, devastation, spread abroad over the land; and, finally, the conflagration of the old commercial metropolis of Russia closes the retribution: she must pay for her share in the dismemberment of her impotent neighbor.

6. A mind more prone to look for the judgments of Heaven in the doings of men than mine, can not fail, in all unjust acquisitions of territory, to see the Providence of God. When Moscow burned, it seemed as if the earth was lighted up, that the nations might behold the scene. As that mighty sea of fire gathered and heaved and rolled upward, and yet higher, till its flames licked the stars, and fired the whole heavens, it did seem as though the God of nations was writing, in characters of flame, on the front of His throne, that doom that shall fall upon the strong nation which tramples in scorn upon the weak.

7. And what fortune awaits him, the appointed executor of this work, when it was all done? He, too, conceived the notion that his destiny pointed onward to universal dominion. France was too small: Europe, he thought, should bow down before him. But as soon as this idea takes possession of his soul, he, too, becomes powerless. Right there, while he witnessed the humiliation, and doubtless meditated the subjugation, of Russia, He who holds the winds in His fist, gathered the snows of the North, and blew them upon his six hundred thousand men. They fled, — they froze, — they perished.

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8. And now the mighty Napoleon, who had resolved on universal dominion, *he*, too, is summoned to answer for the violation of that ancient law, "Thou shalt not covet any thing which is thy neighbor's." "How are the mighty fallen!" He, beneath whose proud footstep Europe trembled, is now an exile at Elba, and now, finally, a prisoner on the rock of St. Helena; and there, on a barren island, in an unfrequented sea, in the crater of an extinguished volcano, — there is the death-bed of the mighty conqueror. All his annexations have come to that! His last hour has now come; and *he*, the man of destiny, *he* who had rocked the world as with the throes of an earthquake, is now powerless, still, — even as the beggar, so he died.

9. On the wings of a tempest that raged with unwonted fury, up to the throne of the only Power that controlled him while he lived, went the fiery soul of that wonderful warrior, another witness to the existence of that eternal decree, that *they who do not rule in righteousness shall perish from the earth.* He has found "room" at last. And France — *she*, too, has found "room." Her "eagles" now no longer scream along the banks of the Danube, the Po, and the Borys'thenēs. They have returned home, to their old aerie, between the Alps, the Rhine, and the Pyrenees.

10. So shall it be with yours. You may carry them to the loftiest peaks of the Cordilleras; they may wave, with insolent triumph, in the halls of the Montezumas,[2] — the armed men of Mexico may quail before them: but the weakest hand in Mexico, uplifted in prayer to the God of justice, may call down against you a Power, in the presence of which the iron hearts of your warriors shall be turned into ashes.

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LESSON CXXXVIII.

VANITY OF EARTHLY TREASURES.

ANON.

1. KNEEL not, O friend of mine! before a shrine
That bears the impress of humanity;
Have thou no idol, lest those hopes of thine
Prove but false lights upon a treacherous sea.
Know'st thou that clouds freighted with storm and rain
Will overspread with darkest gloom again
Yon azure sky'?
Know'st thou that rose that blooms beside thy door
Will waste upon the gale its fragrant store,
And fade and die'?
Know also that the loved and tried for years,
The cynosure of all thy hopes and fears,
May pass thee by.

2. Maiden! upon whose fair, unclouded brow,
Half hid by many a curl of clustering hair,
I mark the buds of promise bursting now,
Unmingled with a thought of future care, —
Thou for whose sake the bridal wreath is made,
For whom the rose, in spotless white arrayed,
Expands its leaf, —
Oh! let me teach thee, as a sister may,
A lesson thou shouldst bear in mind alway, —
That life is brief;
That bridal flowers have decked the silent bier,
And smiles of joy been melted with the tear
Of burning grief.

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3 Mother! who gazes with a mother's joy,
And all a mother's changeless love and pride,
Upon the noble forehead of thy boy,
Who stands in childish beauty by thy side,
And, gazing through the mists of coming time,
Beholds him standing in the verdant prime
Of manhood's day, —
I warn thee! build no castles in the air:
That form, so full of life, so matchless fair,
Is only clay;
That bud, just bursting to a perfect flower,
May, like the treasures of thy garden bower,
Soon pass away.

4. Father! whose days, though in "the yellow leaf,"
Have golden tints from life's rich sunset thrown;
Whose heart, a stranger to the pangs of grief,
Still suns itself within the loves of home;
Who, with thy dear companion by thy side,
Hast felt thy bark adown life's current glide
With peaceful breeze, —
Burn thou no incense here! hast thou not seen
The forest change its summer robe of green
For leafless trees?
Believe me, all who breathe the vital breath
Are subjects to the laws of life and death;
And so are these.

5. Ah, yes! beneath the church-yard's grassy mound
Too many an early-smitten idol lies,
Too many a star of promise has gone down
The soul's horizon, never more to rise,

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For *thou* to safely rear thy temple here,
And fancy, while the storm-cloud hovers near,
It stands secure.
Oh! trust it not; that flash of brilliant light
Will only from the thorny path of night
Thy steps allure:
One Arm, that never fails, that never tires,
That moves in harmony the heavenly choirs,
Alone is sure.

6. Be this thy spirit's anchor, — that when all
Most near and dear to thee shall pass away,
When pride, and power, and human hope, shall fall,
A faith in God shall be thy shield and stay.
Lay up thy treasures where the hand of Time,
The storms and changes of this fickle clime,
Shall seek in vain;
Where the bright dreams of youth shall know no blight,
The days of love and joy no starless night,
And life no pain;
And where thou yet shalt find, when cares are o'er,
The loved and lost ones who have gone before
Are thine again.

LESSON CXXXIX.

CHOICE EXTRACTS.

I.

THE WIDOW'S TWO MITES.

WEBSTER.

WHAT more tender, more solemnly affecting, more profoundly pathetic, than this charity, — this offer-

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ing to God of a farthing! We know nothing of her name, her family, or her tribe. We only know that she was a poor woman, and a widow, of whom there is nothing left upon record but this sublimely simple story; that, when the rich men came to cast their proud offerings into the treasury, this poor woman came also, and cast in her two mites, which made a farthing.

2. And the example, thus made the subject of Divine commendation, has been read, and told, and has gone abroad everywhere, and sunk deep into a hundred million of hearts, since the commencement of the Christian era, and has done more good than could be accomplished by a thousand marble palaces; because it was *charity* mingled with *true benevolence*, given in the fear, the love, the service, and the honor of God.

II.

THE HONEY-BEE.

THE honey-bee that wanders all day long
The field, the woodland, and the garden o'er,
To gather in his fragrant winter-store,
Humming in calm content his quiet song,
Sucks not alone the rose's glowing breast,
The lily's dainty cup, the violet's lips;
But from all rank and noisome weeds he sips
The single drop of sweetness ever pressed
Within the poison chalice. Thus, if we
Seek only to draw forth the hidden sweet
In all the varied human flowers we meet
In the wide garden of Humanity,
And, like the bee, if home the spoil we bear,
Hived in our hearts, it turns to nectar there.

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III.

VIRTUE.

COLTON.

1. THERE are two things which speak as with a voice from Heaven, that He who fills the eternal throne must be on the side of Virtue; and that which *He* befriends must finally prosper and prevail. The first is, that the BAD are never completely happy and at ease, although possessed of every thing that this world can bestow; and that the GOOD are never completely miserable, although deprived of every thing this world can take away.

2. We are so framed and constituted, that the most vicious can not but pay a secret though unwilling homage to Virtue, inasmuch as the worst men can not bring themselves thoroughly to esteem a *bad man*, although he may be their dearest friend; nor can they thoroughly despise a *good man*, although he may be their bitter enemy. From this inward esteem for Virtue, which the noblest cherish, and which the basest can not expel, it follows that Virtue is the only bond of union on which we can thoroughly depend.

IV.

HAPPINESS.

POPE.

O HAPPINESS! our being's end and aim,—
Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content, — whate'er thy name;
That *something* still which prompts the eternal sigh;
For which we bear to live, or dare to die;
Which still so near us, yet beyond us, lies,
O'erlooked, seen double, by the fool and wise, —

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Plant of celestial seed! if dropped below,
Say in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?
Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and Nature meant to mere mankind,
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words,—Health, Peace, and Competence:
But Health consists with Temperance alone;
And Peace, O Virtue! Peace is all thy own.

V.

ADVANCE OF SCIENCE.

1. Bacon's prophecies of the advance of Science have been fulfilled far beyond what even he could have anticipated. For Knowledge partakes of Infinity. It widens with our capacities: the higher we mount in it, the vaster and more magnificent are the prospects it stretches out before us. Nor are we in these days, as men are ever apt to imagine of their own times, approaching to the end of them; nor shall we be nearer the end a thousand years hence than we are now.

2. The family of Sciences has multiplied: new sciences, hitherto unnamed, unthought of, have arisen. The seed which Bacon sowed sprang up, and grew to be a mighty tree; and the thoughts of thousands of men came and lodged in its branches; and those branches spread "so broad and long, that in the ground the bended twigs took root, and daughters grew about the mother-tree, a pillared shade high overarched, and echoing walks between,"—walks where Poetry may wander, and wreathe her blossoms around the massy stems; and where Religion may hymn the praises of that Wisdom of which Science erects the hundred-aisled Temple.

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VI.

THE STRUGGLE OF LIFE.

BEATTIE.

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar?
Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
Has felt the influence of malignant star,
And waged with Fortune an eternal war?
Checked by the scoff of Pride, by Envy's frown,
And Poverty's unconquerable bar,
In Life's low vale remote has pined alone,
Then dropped into the grave, unpitied and unknown!

VII.

ANTIQUITY.

COLTON.

It has been observed, that a dwarf standing on the shoulders of a giant will see farther than the giant himself; and the moderns, standing as they do on the vantage-ground of former discoveries, and uniting all the fruits of the experience of their forefathers with their own actual observation, may be admitted to enjoy a more enlarged and comprehensive view of things than the ancients themselves; for that alone is *true antiquity* which embraces the antiquity of the *world*, and not that which would refer us back to a period when the *world was young*. But by whom is *true* antiquity enjoyed? Not by the ancients who *did* live in the infancy, but by the moderns who *do* live in the maturity of things.

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VIII.

BEAUTY.

SHAKSPEARE.

1. Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,
A shining glass that fadeth suddenly,
A flower that dies when first it 'gins to bud,
A brittle glass that's broken presently;
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, faded, broken, dead, within an hour.

2. And as good lost is seld or never found,
As fading gloss no rubbing will refresh,
As flowers dead lie withered on the ground,
As broken glass no cement can redress,
So Beauty, blemished once, forever's lost,
In spite of physic, painting, pain, and cost.

IX.

CUNNING AND DISCRETION.

ADDISON.

1. Cunning has only private, selfish aims, and sticks at nothing which may make them succeed. Discretion has large and extended views, and, like a well-formed eye, commands a whole horizon. Cunning is a kind of short-sightedness, that discovers the minutest objects which are near at hand, but is not able to discern things at a distance. Discretion, the more it is discovered, gives a greater authority to the person who possesses it. Discretion is the perfection of reason, and a guide to us in all the duties of life.

2. Cunning is a kind of instinct, that only looks out after our immediate interest and welfare. Discretion is only found in men of strong sense and good understand-

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ings. Cunning is often to be met with in brutes themselves, and in persons who are but the fewest removes from them. In short, cunning is only the mimic of discretion, and may pass upon weak men, in the same manner as vivacity is often mistaken for wit, and gravity for wisdom.

X.

PROCRASTINATION.

PERSIUS.

Cor. UNHAPPY he who does his work adjourn,
And to *to-morrow* would the search delay:
His lazy *morrow* will be like to-day.
Pers. But is *one day of ease* too much to borrow'?
Cor. Yes, sure; for *yesterday* was once to-morrow;
That yesterday is gone, and nothing gained:
And all thy fruitless days will thus be drained;
For thou hast more to-morrows yet to ask,
And wilt be ever to begin thy task;
Who, like the hindmost chariot-wheels, art cursed
Still to be near, but ne'er to reach, the first.

LESSON CXL.

[1]PAN' TO MIME, an actor who expresses his meaning by mute action, or gesticulation only, without speaking; a dumb show. It here means a silent exhibition of Nature.

ALL NATURE SPEAKS OF A SPIRIT-WORLD.

ANON.

1. (*p.*) HEARD ye the whisper of the breeze,
As soft it murmured by,
Amid the shadowy forest-trees'?
It tells, with meaning sigh,
Of the bowers of bliss on that viewless shore,
Where the weary spirit shall sin no more;

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2. While sweet and low in crystal streams
That glitter in the shade,
The music of an angel's dreams
On bubbling keys are played;
And their echoes breathe, with a mystic tone,
Of that home where the loved and the lost are gone.

3. And when, at evening's silent hour,
We stand on the ocean's shore,
And feel the soul-subduing power
Of its mysterious roar,
There's a deep voice comes from its pearly caves,
Of that land of peace which no ocean laves.

4. And while the shadowy vale of night
Sleeps on the mountain-side,
And brilliants of unfathomed light
Begem the concave wide,
There's a spell, a power, of harmonious love,
That is beckoning mute to the realms above.

5. And Earth, in all her temples wild
Of mountain, rock, and dell,
Speaks with maternal accents mild,
Our doubting fears to quell,
Of *another* shore, and a *brighter* sphere,
Where we haste on the wings of each flying year.

6. On Nature's bright and pictured scroll,
A speaking language see:
A pantomime[1] the seasons roll,
Of glorious imagery,
That reveal a life in this fading clay,
That shall wake again to a brighter day.

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LESSON CXLI.

"HOW MANIFOLD ARE THY WORKS!"

MISS A. ARNOLD.

1. O THOU, in whose almighty hand
The earth's foundations firmly stand,
And heaving oceans rise and fall!
Thee, the Creator, man shall fear,
So manifold Thy works appear!
In wisdom hast Thou made them all.

2. The heavens are Thine — stars speak Thy praise,
Point with a thousand trembling rays
The pathway where Thy feet have trod!
They roll along the deep blue arch,
And seem in their eternal march
The glittering armies of our God!

3. How grand the ever-drifting clouds!
How beautiful those snowy shrouds
That float along 'twixt earth and heaven!
And yet how fearful in their wrath,
When lurid lightnings mark their path,
And they by tempest-winds are driven!

4. But when Thy hand hath hushed the storm,
And thrown the sunbeams, bright and warm,
Upon the tearful earth again,
How like an emblem of Thy love
The bright-hued rainbow bends above,
And spans the misty vail of rain!

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LESSON CXLII.

[1] BEAR, one of two constellations in the northern hemisphere, called respectively the Greater and Lesser Bear, or Ursa Major and Ursa Minor.

[2] O RI' ON, a large and bright constellation, crossed by the equinoctial line.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

L. H. GRINDON.

WHILE, to the poet and thoughtful man, the *changes of times and seasons* are in the highest degree beautiful and suggestive, even to the most indifferent and selfish they are surrounded with an agreeable interest. None view their progress without regard, however little they may be attracted by their sweet pictures and phenomena, or moved by the amenities and wisdom of their ministry. This is because the *changes* incidental to Nature are, on the one hand, a kind of counterpart or image of the occurrences and vicissitudes of human life; and on the other, the circumstances by which its business and pleasures are, in large measure, suggested and controlled.

2. The consummation of the old year, and the opening of the new, brings with it, accordingly, a fine significance, and a pleasurable importance. So, in their degree, the transitions of winter into spring, of spring into summer, of summer into autumn; and so, in their degree, the alternations of day and night. The longer the interval, the more interesting is the change.

3. The *close of the year* occupies the foremost place in this universal interest, from its completing a well-defined and comprehensive cycle of natural mutations. It is by this circumstance rendered an appropriate ĕpoch for the measurement of life and being; and hence there fasten on

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it peculiar momentousness and solemnity, which remain inseparably attached, though the season be unknown or forgotten. *Days and nights follow too rapidly to serve such a purpose.*

4. Only as the *result* of these mutations does the year exist. Were there no primroses to die with the spring, no lilies to vanish with the summer, were there no sequences of the leaf and flower, sunshine and starlight, there would even be no time. For time, like space, pertains but to the material circumference of creation, that is, to the visible half of the universe, and is only appreciable through its medium. It is by *objective nature* alone that the ideas both of time and space are furnished; and they are sustained in us only so long as we are in contact with it.

5. The movements of the heavenly bodies contribute the most exact and obvious data, because expressly given "for signs, and for seasons, and for days, and years." * But the heavens are not our *only* timepiece. Another is spread over the surface of the earth in its living products. The phenomena connected with plants, and the habits of the lower animals, constitute in themselves a complete system of chronometry; indicating not merely seasons, but even days and hours.

6. In the times of the leafing of the trees, the blooming of flowers, the ripening of fruits, the appearance of insects, the singing and nest-building of birds, the departure and return of the migratory kinds, and of every other incident of unmolested Nature, there is nothing *chanceful* or *uncertain.* Every event transpires at a fixed point in the series of changes to which it belongs.

7. Celestial and atmospheric phenomena, if they have

* Genesis, 1st chap., 14th verse.

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fewer of the charms of variety, in their splendors compensate it tenfold. How beautiful to note the phases of the moon, the chameleon-tinting of the sky, the traveling of the planets, and the circling round the pole of the seven bright stars of the sleepless Bear[1]! With what gladness, and enthusiasm too, in the cold, inanimate winter, we view the rising Orion,[2] and his brilliant quarter of the heavens! The cheerlessness of the earth is forgotten in the magnificence overhead, and we thank God for unfolding such glory.

8. Every event, moreover, having its own poetical relations, at once refreshes the heart, and places before the mind some elegant item in the innumerable harmonies of the universe. In the perpetual sparkle of the Bear is presented an image of the ever-wakeful eye of Providence; and in the alternate waxing and waning of the moon, a beautiful picture of the oscillations in man's fortune.

9. The regularity with which the phenomena of Nature recur, and their determinate and unvarying character, are expressed in many names. Spring is literally the season of growth; the summer, that of sunshine; autumn, that of increase or fertility; winter, that of the "windy storm and tempest." Times, years, seasons, accordingly, are not to be esteemed a *part* of creation, but simply an accident, or *result* of it.

10. Our personal experiences concur with Nature in testifying this; for to no two men has time the same duration, nor does any individual reckon it always by the same dial. To the *slothful*, time has the feet of a snail; to the *diligent*, the wings of an eagle. Impatience lengthens, enjoyment shortens it. The *unhappy* and *desolate* see nothing but weary tedium: with the *cheerful*, it glides like a stream.

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LESSON CXLIII.

EARTH, AIR, AND SEA.

MAURY.

THE mean annual fall of rain on the entire surface of the earth is estimated at about five feet. To evaporate water enough annually from the ocean to cover the earth, on the average, five feet deep with rain; to transport it from one zone to another, and to precipitate it in the right places, at suitable times, and in the proportions due, — is one of the offices of the grand atmospherical machine: All this evaporation, however, does not take place from the sea; for the water that falls on the land is re-evaporated from the land again and again.

2. But, in the first instance, it is evaporated principally from the torrid zone. Supposing it all to be evaporated thence, we shall have, encircling the earth, a belt of ocean three thousand miles in breadth, from which this atmosphere raises a layer of water annually sixteen feet in depth. And to raise as high as the clouds, and lower down again, all the water in a lake sixteen feet deep, and three thousand miles broad, and twenty-four thousand long, is the yearly business of this invisible machinery. What a powerful engine is the atmosphere! and how nicely adjusted must be all the cogs, and wheels, and springs, and *compensations* of this exquisite piece of machinery, that it never wears out nor breaks down, nor fails to do its work at the right time and in the right way!

3. We now begin to perceive why it is that the proportions between the land and water were made as we find them in Nature. If there had been more water, and less land, we should have had more rain, and *vice versâ*;* and

* The terms being exchanged.

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then climates would have been different from what they are now, and the inhabitants, animals, and vegetables would not have been as they are. But that wise Being, who in His kind providence so watches over and regards the things of this world that He takes note of the sparrow's fall and numbers the very hairs of our head, doubtless designed them to be as they are.

4. The mind is delighted, and the imagination charmed, by contemplating the physical arrangements of the earth from such points of view as this which we now have before us. From it the sea, and the air, and the land, appear each as a part of that grand machinery upon which the well-being of all the inhabitants of earth, sea, and air, depends; and which, in its beautiful adaptations, affords new and striking evidence that they all have their origin in *one omniscient idea*, just as the different parts of a watch may be considered to have been constructed and arranged according to *one* human design.

5. Whenever we turn to contemplate the works of Nature, we are struck with the admirable system of *compensation*, — with the beauty and nicety with which every department is adjusted, adapted, and regulated according to the others. Things and principles are meted out in directions apparently the most opposite, but in proportions so exactly balanced, that results the most harmonious are produced. It is by the action of opposite and compensating forces that the earth is kept in its orbit, and the stars are held suspended in the azure vault of heaven; and these forces are so exquisitely adjusted, that, at the end of a thousand years, the earth, the sun, and moon, and every star in the firmament, is found to come and twinkle in its proper place at the proper moment!

6. Therefore, in considering the general laws which gov-

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ern the physical agents of the universe, and which regulate them in the due performance of their offices, it is evident, that if the atmosphere had had a greater or less capacity for moisture, or if the proportion of land and water had been different, — if the earth, air, and water had not been in exact counterpoise, — the whole arrangement of the animal and vegetable kingdoms would have varied from their present state. But God, for reasons which man may never know, chose to make those kingdoms what they are. For this purpose, it was necessary, in His judgment, to establish the proportions between the land, and the water, and the desert, just as they are; and to make the capacity of the air to circulate heat and moisture just what it is, and to have it to do all its work in obedience to law, and in subservience to order.

7. If it were not so, why was power given to the winds to lift up and transport moisture, and to feed the plants with nourishment? or why was the property given to the sea, by which its waters may become first vapor, and then fruitful showers or gentle dews? If the proportions and properties of land, sea, and air, were not adjusted according to the reciprocal capacities of all to perform the functions required of each, why should we be told that He "measured the waters in the hollow of His hand, and meted out the heavens with a span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance"?* Why did He span the heavens, but that He might mete out the atmosphere in exact proportion to all the rest, and impart to it those properties and powers which it was necessary for it to have, in order that it might perform all those offices and duties for which He designed it?

* Is., 40th chap., 12th verse.

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8. Harmonious in their action, the air and sea are obedient to law, and subject to order in all their movements. When we consult them in the performance of their manifold and marvelous offices, they teach us lessons concerning the wonders of the deep, the mysteries of the sky, and the greatness, wisdom, and goodness of the Creator. The investigations into the broad-spreading circle of phenomena connected with the winds of heaven, and the waves of the sea, are second to none for the good which they do, and for the lessons which they teach. The astronomer is said to see the hand of God in the sky; but does not the right-minded mariner, who looks aloft as he ponders over these things, hear His voice in every wave of the sea that "claps its hands," and feel His presence in every breeze that blows?

LESSON CXLIV.

[1] GE' NI I, good or evil spirits, supposed by the ancients to preside over man's destiny in life.

THE CLOUD.

SHELLEY.

1. I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noon-day dreams;
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

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2. I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers,
Lightning, my pilot, sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,—
It struggles and howls by fits;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii[1] that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The spirit he loves remains;
And I, all the while, bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

3. The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning-star shines dead,
As on the jag of a mountain-crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle, alit, one moment may sit,
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardors of rest and love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

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4. That orbèd Maiden, with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her, and peer!
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

5. I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent of sea,
Sun-beam proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-colored bow;
The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

6. I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I can not die.

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For after the rain, when, with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a sprite from the gloom, like a ghost from the tomb,
I rise and upbuild it again.

LESSON CXLV.

[1] A CROP' O LIS, the upper or higher part of a Grecian city; hence the citadel or castle, and especially the citadel of Athens.

EULOGY ON DANIEL WEBSTER.*

LEWIS GAYLORD CLARK.

THE voice of national eulogy and sorrow unite to tell us, Daniel Webster is numbered with the dead. Seldom has mortality seen a sublimer close of an illustrious career. No American, since Washington, has, to so great an extent, occupied the thoughts, and molded the minds, of men. The past may hold back its tribute, and the present give no light; but the future will show, in colors of living truth, the honor which is justly due him as the political prophet, and great intellectual light of the New World. His life-time labors have been to defend the Constitution, to preserve the Union, to honor the great men of the Revolution, to vindicate international law, to develop the resources of the country, and transmit the blessings of good

* Daniel Webster died at Marshfield, Mass., Oct. 24, 1852, in the seventy-first year of his age.

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government to all who should thereafter walk on American soil.

2. Death has thrown a deep and somber pall over the land. Tearful is Columbia's eye, and desolate is her heart. Her temple is shrouded in gloom; its aisles are thronged with mourners; its columns are wreathed with cypress. The muffled bell is but the echo of the muffled heart. Elegy has stifled encomium; panegyric has yielded to sorrow; grief has become the most befitting eulogy. It is right that mourning should shroud the land. A star of magnitude and luster has left the horizon, and gone down to the realms of death.

3. Wherever on earth patriotism commands regard, and eloquence leads captive the soul, it will be seen and felt that a truly great man has been called away, and left a void which none can fill. New Hampshire has lost her noblest column. She has no more such granite left. Massachusetts will not soon cease weeping for her adopted son. Plymouth Rock, Faneuil Hall, and Bunker Hill, will forever speak of him whose eloquence has made them hallowed spots in the remembrance of mankind.

4. Daniel Webster was great in all the elements of his character. Great in original mental strength; great in varied and vast acquirements; great in quick and keen perception; great in subtle, logical discrimination; great in force of thought; great in power of intense and rigid analysis; great in rare and beautiful combination of talent; great in ability to make an effort, and command his power; great in range and acuteness of vision, — he could see like a prophet. Hence his decision of character; his bold, manly, and independent thought; his whole sovereignty of mind. No man, probably, ever lived, who could calculate with such mathematical certainty the separate

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effect of human actions, or the intricate, combined, and complicated influence of every movement, social, political, or personal. He could define and determine the very destiny of influence.

5. This is the key to the problem of his greatness, an explanation to the miracle of his power. We are proud of his greatness, because it is American, — *wholly* American. The very impulses of his heart were American. The spirit of American institutions had infused itself into his life; had become a part of his being. He was proud of his country; proud of her commerce; proud of her manufactures; proud of her agriculture; proud of her institutions of art and science; and proud of her wealth, her resources, and her labor. And all, in turn, were proud of him. His patriotism was not bounded by the narrow limits of sectional interest; not hemmed in by State lines, nor regulated and biased by local policies. It was as broad as his country. He knew a North and a South, an East and a West; but he knew them only as one, — "ONE AND INSEPARABLE."

6. As a DIPLO'MATIST, the world has never seen his equal. He wielded the pen of the nation with a power, a dignity, and a grandeur, wholly unparalleled in the annals of diplomacy. When clouds and darkness gloomed the heavens; when the storm had gathered, ready to burst in fury; when the whole Republic every moment feared the mighty convulsive shock which should mar and shatter the fabric of their hopes, — then, standing on the summit of the trembling Acropolis[1], the Angel of Deliverance, he threw his burning chain over the cloud, and drew the lightning in safety from the heavens!

7. But it is as SENATOR, in that grand forum of the nation's congregated wisdom, power, and eloquence, we

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see him towering in all the majesty and supremacy of his greatness, — the mighty bulwark of the nation's hope, the august arbiter of the nation's destiny. How grand! how sublime! how imperial! how god-like! It was here that he occupied the uncontested throne of human greatness; exhibited himself to the world in all his grand and magnificent proportions; wore a crown studded with gems that an emperor might covet; won an immortality of envied honor; and covered himself with a glory, brighter, and purer, and higher than a conqueror has ever been permitted to achieve.

8. ELOQUENCE was his panoply, — his very stepping-stone to fame. She twined upon his brow a wreath which antiquity might covet, inspired his soul with a divinity which shaped his lofty destiny, and threw a light upon his track of glory which no fortune could obscure. She bore him up to the Pisgah* of renown, where he sat solitary and alone, — the monarch of a realm whose conqueror wears no bloody laurels, whose fair domain no carnage can despoil, and in whose bright crown no pillaged pearls are set.

9. As a forensic ORATOR, I know of no age, past or present, which can boast his superior. He united the boldness and energy of the Grecian, and the grandeur and strength of the Roman, to an original, sublime simplicity, which neither Grecian nor Roman possessed. He did not deal in idle declamation and lofty expression; his ideas were not embalmed in rhetorical embellishments, nor buried up in the superfluous tinselry of metaphor and trope. He clothed them for the occasion; and, if the crisis demanded, they stood forth naked, in all their native majesty, armed with a power which would not bend to the

* See Deut., 3d chap., 27th verse.

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passion, but only stooped to conquer the reason. Sublime, indeed, it was to see that giant mind, when roused in all its grandeur, sweep over the fields of reason and imagination, bearing down all opposition, as with the steady and resistless power of the ocean billows,— to see the eye, the brow, the gesture, the *whole man*, speaking with an utterance too sublime for language, a logic too lofty for speech.

10. He needs no marble column or sculptured urn to perpetuate his memory, or tell his worth to rising generations. His fame shall outlive marble; for when time shall efface every letter from the crumbling stone, yea, when the marble itself shall dissolve to dust, his memory shall be more deeply incased in the hearts of unborn millions, and from his tomb shall arise a sacred incense which shall garnish the concave of his native sky with the brightest galaxy of posthumous fame; and on its broad arch of studded magnificence shall be braided, in "characters of living light," DANIEL WEBSTER, THE GREAT DEFENDER OF THE CONSTITUTION.

11. Trite and insipid would it be in me to trace anew that mighty genius through his wonderful career. There are his acts, — noble, lofty, god-like! They are their own historians. There are his thoughts, — high, heroic, and sublime. They stand alone, unequaled, unalloyed, imperishable. They are the world's legacy. His fame has taken the pinions of ubiquity; it is already inchased deep in the hearts of grateful millions, "AND THERE IT WILL REMAIN FOREVER."

12. The nation mourns, and well it may. He has left a void which none can fill. Laid forever at rest in the humble grave, by the side of the sea, the wild waves sing his requiem. With Mount Vernon and Ashland,* his

* The residence of Henry Clay, and where he was buried.

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tomb will be a place where men in all coming time will resort, to bring away memorials from the sanctuary of the mighty dead. Patriotism, when it desponds, will go there, look, and live; factional strife and sectional jealousy will feel rebuked when they visit the last resting-place of him whose labors of a life-time were to transmit the blessings of life and liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, which God ordained should first be made manifest in America.

13. The beams of the setting sun will fall with a mellowed light on the spot where the majestic form of WEBSTER molders back to dust, and where the anthem of the Puritan was heard as he came to build an altar to his God, and find a quiet tomb. May the worshiper of after-years approach that hallowed shrine with no empty offering of idle curiosity, no vain and soulless orison; but with grateful and devout homage may the pilgrim of another age journey with reverent adoration to that consecrated spot, and, arched upon its humble tablet, read, in that simple but significant epitaph, "I STILL LIVE!" * — the high, prophetic record of the last and sublimest victory of his life — that of the unblenching spirit over death.

14. The sun that illumined that planet of clay
Had sunk in the west of an unclouded day;
And the cold dews of death stood like diamonds of light,
Thickly set in the pale, dusky forehead of Night:
From each gleamed a ray of that fetterless soul,
Which had bursted its prison, despising control,
And, careering above, o'er earth's darkness and gloom,
Inscribed, 'I STILL LIVE,' *on the arch of the tomb!*

* Last words of Daniel Webster.

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15. The gleam of that promise shall brighten the page
Of the prophet and statesman through each rolling age.
He lives! prince and peasant shall join the acclaim:
No fortune can make him the martyr of Fame.
He lives! from the grave of the patriot Greek
Comes the voice of the dead, which, though silent, shall speak;
Light leaps from the cloud which has deepened the gloom,
And flashes its glance *on the arch of his tomb!*

16. He lives, *ever* lives, in the hearts of the free;
The wing of his fame spreads across the broad sea;
He lives where the banner of Freedom's unfurled;
The pride of New England, — the wealth of the world!
Thou land of the pilgrim! how hallowed the bed
Where thy patriot sleeps, and thy heroes have bled!
Let age after age in perennial bloom
Braid the light of thy stars on the arch of his tomb."

LESSON CXLVI.

SCENERY OF PALESTINE.

REV. J. P. NEWMAN.

SPRING is the most delightful season of the year in the Holy Land, whether to enjoy the pleasures of the climate, or to behold the magnificence of the scenery. Then the skies are bright, the air balmy, and the vernal sun lights up the landscape with a thousand forms of beauty.

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Then sparkling fountains are unsealed, silver brooks go murmuring by, and wild cascades, leaping from their rocky hights, come dashing down the mountain-side, scattering in their descent wreaths of rainbow spray.

2. Then the valleys and the hills are clothed with verdure, the fields are green with grains and grasses, the fig and palm trees are in blossom, the almond, apricot, olive, and pomegranate are ripening, and the cypress, tamarisk, oak, walnut, sycamore, and poplar are decked with the clean, fresh foliage of a new year. The herds of camels and buffaloes are grazing on the meadows, the flocks of sheep and goats go gamboling up the mountain-sides. Then, in all the glens, on all the vast prairie-plains, and over all the highest mountains, are flowers blooming, — anemones, oleanders, amaranths, arbutuses, poppies, hollyhocks, daisies, hyacinths, tulips, pinks, lilies, and roses, — growing in unbounded profusion, delighting the senses, and transforming the land into a garden of flowers.

3. But whatever is beautiful in the scenery of Palestine is peculiar to the north. In the south there is a *sameness* of outline and of color that wearies the eye, and makes one sigh for *variety:* but, north of the mountains of Ephraim, the beholder is charmed with green plains and fertile valleys, with wooded dells and graceful hills, with rippling brooks and sylvan lakes, with leaping cascades and rushing rivers, with sublime chasms and profound ravines; and with lofty mountains, broken into beetling cliffs and craggy peaks, whose higher summits are capped with perpetual snows, and down whose furrowed sides rush a thousand torrents.

4. If the standard of landscape-beauty be the regular alternation of plain and mountain, as in Greece and Italy; the clean meadows, the well-made farms, and green hills,

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as in France and England; or the continent-like prairies, the miniature seas, and multiform mountains of America, — then the Land of Promise must yield the palm to those more highly-favored countries. But, if the *combination of all these characteristics* on a smaller scale constitutes the beautiful and grand in natural scenery, Palestine is not unworthily praised by the sacred writers for the *variety* and *magnificence* of its landscape.

5. Viewed from such a stand-point, the Holy Land is a world in miniature, possessing the three great terrene features of the globe, — sea-board, plain, and mountain. Selected by Providence to be the medium of divine truth to men of all lands, it was necessary that the national home of the Bible-writers should open to their imaginations the most wonderful and varied of the works of the Creator.

6. Naturally inclined to express our admiration of the Deity in allusions to His wisdom and goodness displayed in Nature, we experience a unison of devotion with those who were the oracles of inspired truth to us in their sublime illustrations, drawn from the sea and land, the valleys and hills, the climate and fruits, and the beasts and birds, of the country that gave them birth. Had they dwelt at the poles, or on the equator, or in the heart of Arabia, or on the banks of the Nile, they could not have given the same universality of expression to the message they were sent to announce. It is evidence of the presence of that all-wise Spirit, that the prophets and psalmists, the Savior and the apostles, drew their simplest, noblest figures from Nature, such as can not fail to arrest the attention of the untutored mind in every land, and inspire intellects of the highest culture with admiration.

7. Who among all the maritime nations of the earth can

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fail to appreciate the Psalmist's description of his native sea, as from its shores, or from some mountain-top, he beheld its wonders? — "O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! in wisdom hast Thou made them all; the earth is full of Thy riches: so is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts." * And who that has ever crossed the ocean, or witnessed a storm at sea, does not realize the perfection of his description? — "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep; for He commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind which lifteth up the waves thereof: they mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths; their soul is melted because of trouble; they reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits' ends." †

8. The mountaineer feels that the Psalmist uttered

"What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed,"

when he describes, — "The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats, and the rocks for the conies." ‡ The dweller at the poles is conscious of a fellow-feeling when he reads these sublime words, — "He giveth snow like wool; He scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes; He casteth forth his ice like morsels: who can stand before His cold?" § The nomad of the desert finds his own country portrayed in the graphic allusions to a "dry and thirsty land where no water is," to the "shadow of a great rock in a weary land;" and feels himself kindred to the patriarchs in his predatory life.

9. They that dwell upon the equator comprehend that grand and terrific passage descriptive of the earthquake

* Ps. civ. 24, 25. † Ps. cvii. 23–27. ‡ Ps. civ. 18. § Ps. cxlvii. 16, 17.

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and volcano: — "He looketh on the earth, and it trembleth; He toucheth the hills, and they smoke." * And to the denizens of all lands are familiar those impressive references to the sun, moon, and stars, — to the "thunder of his power;" to the "lightnings that lighten the world;" to the storm of hail and rain; to the shepherd on the mountain; to the husbandman in the field; and to the merchant in the marts of commerce.

LESSON CXLVII.

[1] LOST PLE'IAD, one of the Pleiades, or seven small stars situated in the neck of the constellation Taurus. Only six of these stars are visible to the naked eye; and the ancients supposed that the seventh concealed herself, out of shame for having bestowed her love upon a mere mortal, Sisyphus, while her sisters were the favorites of divine personages.

[2] SA'MI EL-BREATH, a hot and destructive wind that sometimes blows, in Arabia and the adjacent countries, from the desert; the simoom.

BIRTH-DAY REFLECTIONS.

GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

1. ANOTHER year
Has parted, and its knell is sounding now
O'er the Past's silent ocean. Ah, it is
An hour for tears! There is a specter-form
In memory's voiceless chambers, pointing now
Its dim, cold finger to the beautiful
And holy visions that have passed away,
And left no shadow of their loveliness
On the dead waste of life. That specter lifts
The coffin-lid of dear, remembered Love,
And, bending mournfully above the pale,

* Ps. civ. 32.

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Sweet form that slumbers there, scatters dead flowers
O'er what is gone forever.

2. I am not
As in the years of boyhood. There were hours
Of joyousness that came like angel-shapes
Upon my heart; but they are altered now,
And rise on memory's view like statues pale
By a dim fount of tears. And there were springs,
Upon whose stream the sweet young blossoms leaned
To list the gush of music; but their depths
Are turned to dust. There, too, were holy lights,
That shone, sweet rainbows of the spirit, o'er
The skies of new existence; but their gleams,
Like the lost Pleiad[1] of the olden time,
Have faded from my vision, and are lost
'Mid the cold mockeries of earth.

3. Alone!—
I am alone! The guardians of my young
And sinless years have gone, and left me here
A solitary wanderer. Their low tones
Of love oft swell upon the evening winds,
Or wander sweetly down through falling dews
At midnight's still and melancholy hour;
But voice alone is there. Ages of thought
Come o'er me there; and, with a spirit won
Back to its earlier years, I kneel again
At young life's broken shrine.

4. The thirst of power
Has been a fever to my spirit. Oft,
Even in my childhood, I was wont to gaze
Upon the swollen cataract rushing down
With its eternal thunder-peal; the far

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Expanse of ocean, with its infinite
Of stormy waters roaring to the heavens;
The night-storm fiercely rending the great oaks
From their rock-pinnacles; the giant clouds
Tossing their plumes like warriors in the sky,
And hurling their keen lightnings through the air
Like the red flash of swords. Ay, I was wont
To gaze on these, and almost weep to think
I could not match their strength. The same wild thirst
For power is yet upon me: it has been
A madness in my day-dreams, and a curse
Upon my being. It has led me on
To mingle in the strife of men, and dare
The Samiel-breath[2] of hate; and I am now,
Even in the opening of my manhood's prime,
One whom the world loves not.

5. Well — it is well.
There is a silent purpose in my heart;
And neither love, nor hate, nor fear, shall tame
My own fixed daring. Though my being's stream
Gives out no music now, 'tis passing back
To its far fountain in the heavens, and there
'Twill rest forever in the ocean-tide
Of God's immensity. I will not mourn
Life's shrouded memories. I can still drink in
The unshadowed beauty of the universe,
Gaze with a swelling soul upon the blue
Magnificence above, and hear the hymn
Of Heaven in every starlight ray, and fill
Glen, hill, and vale, and mountain, with the bright
And glorious visions poured from the deep home
Of an immortal mind. PAST YEAR, FAREWELL!

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LESSON CXLVIII.

[1] A CROP' O LIS, the upper or higher part of a Grecian city; hence the citadel or castle, and especially the citadel of Athens.

[2] PORCH, a public portico in Athens, where Zeno, the philosopher, taught his disciples; hence sometimes used as equivalent to the *school of the Stoics.*

[3] LY CE' UM, a place in Greece, near the River Ilissus, where Aristotle taught philosophy.

[4] GROVE, a cluster of trees shading an avenue or walk.

PAUL AT ATHENS.

JOHN ANGELL JAMES.

BEHOLD Paul, the Apostle, at Athens! think of the matchless splendor which blazed upon his view as he rolled his eye around the enchanting panorama that encircled the Hill of Mars. On the one hand, as he stood upon the summit of the rock, beneath the canopy of heaven, was spread a glorious prospect of mountains, islands, seas, and skies; on the other, quite within his view, was the Plain of Marathon, where the wrecks of former generations, and the tombs of departed heroes, mingled together in silent desolation.

2. Behind him towered the lofty Acropolis,[1] crowned with the pride of Grecian architecture. There, in the zenith of their splendor and the perfection of their beauty, stood those peerless temples, the very fragments of which are viewed by modern travelers with an idolatry almost equal to that which reared them. Stretched along the plain below him, and reclining her head on the slope of the neighboring hills, was Athens, mother of the arts and sciences, with her noble offspring sporting beside her.

3. The Porch,[2] the Lyceum,[3] and the Grove,[4] with the

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stations of departed sages, and the forms of their living disciples, were all presented to the apostle's eye. What mind, possessing the slightest pretension to classic taste, can think of his situation, and such sublime and captivating scenery, without a momentary rapture? Yet there, even *there*, did this accomplished scholar stand as insensible to all the grandeur as if nothing was before him but the treeless, turfless desert.

4. Absorbed in the holy abstractions of his own mind, he saw the charms, felt no fascination, but, on the contrary, was pierced with the most poignant distress; and what was the cause? "*He saw the city wholly given to idolatry.*" To him it presented nothing but a magnificent mausoleum, decorated, it is true, with the richest productions of the sculptor and architect, but still where the souls of men lay dead in trespasses and sins; while the dim light of philosophy that still glimmered in the schools appeared but as the lamp of the sepulcher, shedding its pale and sickly ray around those gorgeous chambers of death.

LESSON CXLIX.

PAUL AT ATHENS. — CONTINUED.

THERE was something, to such a one as Paul, that was spirit-stirring in the mighty array that he had to cope with at Athens. He was full of courage and of hope. In the cause of Christ he had gone on conquering, and would trust that, even here, he came to conquer. He felt that it was enough, even if he saved but one, to recompense the effort and the peril; that it was enough, if, by his faithful-

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ness, he only delivered his own soul. But *his* was a mind to look and aim at *more* than this. He felt the splendor of the triumph there would be in leveling the wisdom and the idolatry of Athens at the foot of the Cross.

2. Animated by such feelings, we may now regard Paul, in what must have been one of the most interesting moments of even his eventful life, preparing himself on the Hill of Mars to address an auditory of Athenians on behalf of Christianity. He would feel the imposing associations of the spot on which he stood, where justice had been administered in its most awful form, by characters the most venerable, in the darkness of night, under the canopy of heaven, with the solemnities of religion, and with an authority which legal institution and public opinion had assimilated rather with the decrees of conscience and of the gods, than with the ordinary power of human tribunals.

3. He would look around on many an immortal trophy of architect and sculptor, where genius had triumphed, but triumphed only in the cause of that idolatry to which they were dedicated, and for which they existed. And beyond the city, clinging round its temples, like its inhabitants to their enshrined idols, would open on his view that lovely country, and the sublime ocean, and the serene heavens bending over them, and bearing that testimony to the universal Creator which man and man's works withheld.

4. And with all would Grecian glory be connected,—the brightness of a day that was closing, and of a sun that had already set, where recollections of grandeur faded into sensations of melancholy. And he would gaze on a thronging auditory, the representatives, to his fancy, of all that had been, and of all that was; and think of the intellects with which he had to grapple, and of the hearts

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in whose very core he aimed to plant the barbed arrows of conviction.

5. There was that multitude, so acute, so inquisitive, so polished, so athirst for novelty, and so impressible by eloquence; yet with whom a barbarian accent might break the charm of the most persuasive tongue; over whom their own oligarchy of orators would soon re-assert their dominion, in spite of the invasion of a stranger; and with whom sense, feeling, and habit would throw up all their barriers against the eloquence of Christianity.

6. There would be the priest, astonished at an attempt so daring; and as the speaker's design opened on his mind, anxiously, and with alternate contempt and rage, measuring the strength of the Samson who thus grasped the pillars of his temple, threatening to whelm him, his altars, and his gods, beneath their ruins. There would be the stoic, in the coldness of his pride, looking sedately down, as on a child playing with children, to see what new game was afloat, and what trick or toy was now produced for wonderment.

7. There would be the epicurean, tasting, as it were, the preacher's doctrine, to see if it promised aught of merriment; just lending enough of idle attention not to lose amusement should it offer, and venting the full explosion of his ridicule on the resurrection of the dead. There the sophist, won, perhaps, into something of an approving and complacent smile by the dexterity of Paul's introduction, but finding, as he proceeded, that this was no mere show of art, or war of words, and vibrating between the habitual love of entangling, bewildering, and insulting an opponent, and the repulsiveness which there always is to such men in the language of honest and zealous conviction.

8. There the slave, timidly crouching at a distance to

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catch what stray sounds the winds might waft to him, after they had reached his master's ears, of that doctrine, so strange and blessed, of man's fraternity. And there the young and noble Roman, who had come to Athens for education,—not to sit like a humble scholar at a master's feet, but, with all the pride of Rome upon his brow, to accept what artists, poets, and philosophers could offer as their homage to the lords of earth.

9. If for a moment Paul felt as one would think man must feel at being the central object of such a scene and such an assemblage, there would rush upon his mind the majesty of Jehovah; and the words of the glorified Jesus; and the thunders that struck him to the earth on the road to Damascus; and the sense of former efforts, conflicts, and successes; and the approach of that judgment to come, whose righteousness and universality it was now his duty to announce.

10. Unappalled and collected, he began:—"Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious. For as I passed by, and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, To THE UNKNOWN GOD. Whom, therefore, ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you. God that made the world, and all things therein, seeing that He is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands; neither is worshiped with men's hands, as though He needed any thing; seeing He giveth, to all, life, and breath, and all things; and hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth."*

* Acts 17th chap., 22–26th verses.

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LESSON CL.

TRUTH AND FREEDOM.

WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

1. ON the page that is immortal,
We the brilliant promise see:
"Ye shall know the truth, my people,
And its might shall make you free!"

2. For the truth, then, let us battle,
Whatsoever fate betide:
Long the boast that we are freemen
We have made, and published wide.

3. He who has the truth, and keeps it,
Keeps what not to him belongs,
But performs a selfish action,
That his fellow-mortal wrongs.

4. He who seeks the truth, and trembles
At the dangers he must brave,
Is not fit to be a freeman:
He, at best, is but a slave.

5. He who hears the truth, and places
Its high promptings under ban,
Loud may boast of all that's manly,
But can never be a man.

6. Friend, this simple lay who readest,
Be not thou like either them,
But to truth give utmost freedom;
And the tide it raises, stem.

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7. Bold in speech, and bold in action,
Be forever! Time will test,
Of the free-souled and the slavish,
Which fulfills life's mission best.

8. Be thou like the noble ancient, —
Scorn the threat that bids thee fear:
Speak! — no matter what betide thee;
Let them strike, but make them hear!

9. Be thou like the first apostles,
Be thou like heroic Paul:
If a free thought seeks expression,
Speak it boldly, speak it all!

10. Face thine enemies — accusers;
Scorn the prison, rack, or rod;
And, if thou hast truth to utter,
Speak, and leave the rest to God!

LESSON CLI.

NOT DEAD, BUT SLEEPING.

H. A. GERE.

1. HE is not dead; he is but sleeping;
(*pl.*) The cold, cold grave is only keeping
The dust to dust returning:
Death could not claim the soul immortal;
For angels from the heavenly portal
Bent o'er with eager yearning.

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2. They saw the failing life-blood quiver,
As soul and flesh neared Death's dark river,
And at its billows parted;
Then bore to Heaven with holy voicings
The ransomed spirit amid rejoicings,—
The youthful, noble-hearted.

3. They left within the house of mourning
The casket, robbed of its adorning,—
The soul that never slumbers:
All beauteous was it yet in seeming,
As one who sleeps in quiet dreaming,
Or lists to pleasant numbers.

4. And it was strange to see him lying
Arrayed in vestments of the dying;
Oh, it was sad and dreary!
For he was young, and bright, and blooming,
With ardent hopes before him looming,
And heart that ne'er was weary.

5. The good and right with boldness doing,
The better path in all pursuing,
And faithful in each duty,
His life was one harmonious blending,
To all a gracious influence lending,
So full of truth and beauty.

6. But all is o'er: each young ambition
Burned brightly till his youthful mission
Drew near its final closing;
Then, unto God his spirit giving,
He ceased to labor with the living,
And slept in sweet reposing.

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7. And though the grave his form is keeping,
He is not dead, he is but sleeping,
To wake to joys supernal:
One seraph more in Heaven is dwelling,
One more redeemed the chorus swelling,
To praise the great Eternal.

LESSON CLII.

[1] Sis′ y phus, (in mythology,) a king of Corinth, son of Æolus, famed for his cunning. He was killed by Theseus, and condemned by Pluto to roll to the top of a hill a huge stone, which constantly recoiled, and made his task incessant.

[2] He rod′ o tus, a native of Halicarnassus, a Dorian city in Asia Minor, was born 484 B.C. He has been styled the "Father of History." To collect the necessary materials for his great work, he visited almost every part of Greece and its dependencies, and many other countries, investigating minutely the history, manners, and customs of the people. His history consists of nine books, which bear the names of the Nine Muses. Next to the Iliad and Odyssey, the history of Herodotus is one of the greatest works of Greek literary genius.

[3] Di o do′ rus, a famous Greek historian, first century B.C., was the author of a universal history of forty books, of which only fifteen and some fragments are extant.

THE SPHINX AND THE GREAT PYRAMID.

REV. S. I. PRIME.

AS we approached the edge of the desert, we encountered a storm of sand that was borne through the air, and cut off all view of the Pyramids until we were almost upon them. At length, we see them in the midst of this mysterious cloud, sublime and solemn, the mighty memorials of a dim and distant past. They are even more sublime as we now behold them in the sands of the desert, which

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seems to be aroused like the ocean, and is rising and curling around the heads of these hoary sentinels.

2. The sand-storm became so furious, that some of the beasts refused to proceed against it, and actually turned around, and headed the other way, until its violence was past. Happily, it was of short continuance; and it afforded us a fine opportunity of witnessing one of those terrible commotions, which, when encountered on the desert, often prove terribly fatal to the unhappy caravans they overtake. The storm is over; the sun returns. Before us are the Pyramids, and in their midst the mighty SPHINX looking out upon the plain.

3. I confess to a strange, almost superstitious feeling as I halted before the Sphinx, and gazed upward on this silent and mighty monument, — a huge form, rising sixty feet from the ground, one hundred and forty feet long, and the head more than a hundred feet in circumference, with mutilated but yet apparent human features, looking out toward the fertile land and the Nile. It suddenly impressed me as it were indeed the divinity of ancient Egypt. The Arabs of the present day call it "The Father of Terror," or immensity.

4. An ignorant people might be easily tempted to regard it with reverence and fear. In its state of pristine perfection, no single statue in Egypt could have vied with it. When the lower part of the figure, which had been covered up with the sand, was at length uncovered for a while by the laborious and Sisyphus[1]-like toil, (the sand slipping down almost as fast as it could be removed,) it presented the appearance of an enormous couchant Sphinx, with gigantic paws, between which crouched, as if for protection, a miniature temple, with a platform and flights of steps for approaching it, with others leading down from the plain above.

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5. A crude brick wall protected it from the sand. It is hardly possible to conceive a more strange and imposing spectacle than it must have formerly presented to the worshiper, advancing as he did along this avenue of approach, confined between the sand-walls of the ravine, and looking up over the temple to the colossal head of the tutelary deity, which beamed down upon him from an altitude of sixty feet with an aspect of god-like benignity.

6. As yet, no entrance has been effected; and it is probably carved from the solid rock. Neither is there reason to suppose that it had relation to the Pyramids, in whose vicinity it stands. I think it very strange that Herodotus[2] makes no mention of the Sphinx, nor Diodorus,[3] nor, indeed, any ancient author before the Roman age, though its great antiquity is well established by the inscriptions that are found upon it.

7. The statue seems to be crumbling; and the head has been so mutilated, that the cap which formerly covered it, and the beard, are nearly all gone. I rode around it, and then walked out on the wave of sand to the pedestal, and crept along as nearly under the monster as I could get, and found that the sense of veneration wore away as I became familiar with the mass of stone that stands here so mysteriously, — a greater wonder, in my view, than the Pyramids themselves. What is its original design? Who made it? These are questions never to be answered by any thing safer than conjecture.

8. Doubtless the Sphinx was an object of worship, and was carved out of a rock in the Lybian range for that purpose. Viewed in this light, or even in the dim twilight of utter ignorance, as to its design, it certainly remains the most mysterious and impressive of the monuments of Egypt. If these lips could speak, what a story would

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they tell! If these eyes could see, on what wondrous scenes they would have looked in the four thousand years that those stone orbs have been gazing upon the plains of Egypt! — the rising and retiring of her wonderful river, coming like a divinity to prepare her bosom for the seed, and then retiring that the flower and fruits may gladden the soil, and reward the laborer's toil.

9. Size of the Great Pyramid. — Have you ever stood in the center of a twelve-acre lot? Mark off in your mind's plantation twelve acres, and cover the ground with layers of huge hewn stone, so nicely fitted that the joints can scarcely be discerned. Over this platform, but two feet within the outer edge, put on another layer, and another, leaving but a single narrow passage into a few smaller chambers in the far interior of this immense mass, that rises by gradually diminishing layers as it ascends, till it reaches an apex twice the hight of the loftiest church-spire in New York, and you have some idea of the outer dimensions of the Great Pyramid.

10. At the first sight of this long-expected wonder, we are not instantly overwhelmed with the magnitude of the pile. It takes some time to adjust one's mind to the object; and probably not one man in a thousand would believe that this pyramid covers five, much less that it covers ten, and even twelve or thirteen, acres of earth. But it is even so. And, as greatness and mystery are elements of the highest sublimity, we are excited the longer we contemplate these mighty structures, and strive to get them fairly within the grasp of the mind. They grow every moment we look upon them. They begin to take *us* in, and we feel ourselves gradually absorbed by the grandeur of the monument that forbids, yet invites us to enter its mysterious portals.

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LESSON CLIII.

[1] PAR' THE NON, a celebrated temple of Minerva at Athens, in Greece.
[2] COL OS SE' UM. See note, page 333.
[3] AL HAM' BRA, a palace of the Moorish kings at Granada, affording an unusually fine exhibition of Saracenic architecture.
[4] MOOR, a native of the countries now called Morocco, Tunis, Algiers, and Tripoli, on the northern coast of Africa.
[5] PY THAG' O RAS, a Greek philosopher, born about 570 years B.C. He taught the doctrine of metempsycho' sis, or transmigration of souls through different orders of animal existence.
[6] HO' MER. See note, page 106.

ANTIQUITY OF EGYPT.

MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

"THERE were giants in the land in those days." * Thus, in the very language of Scripture, one is led to exclaim, when contemplating Egypt, the mother of civilization, the cradle of the arts, the one kingdom standing alone among the ancient things of earth, — *the ancient* among all that is old. While its origin is lost amid a dark and obscure mythology, Egypt has lived in the magnificence of its own ruins to witness kingdoms and dynasties rise, flourish, and disappear under the unfailing progress of time; and nations, once the glory and terror of the earth, fade away, till their memory is to be sought in the remains of their genius, their works of taste, or the splendor of their ruins.

2. Egypt remains, shorn of her beams, it is true, yet does she live with a name as enduring as the materials of which her stupendous and giant-like monuments are constructed. Carry the mind back to the time when the

* Genesis, 6th chap., 4th verse.

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Tiber, with its vines and olives, glided in solitary beauty between its verdant banks, and the seven hills, crowned with vegetation to their very summits, resounded only to the melody of the wild bird or the tread of the ferocious beast, ere Romulus had laid the foundations even of the "Eternal City," and what was Egypt then?

3. She had become ruinous with age: her surplus population had, centuries before, carried the arts to other lands, and peopled kingdoms that were the glory of the earth. Greece, retaining the elements of Egyptian greatness, had remodeled every thing with a lighter and more exuberant taste; the superb grandeur of the original country had yielded to the elegant fancy of a refined and chastened judgment; and arts and literature, freed from the thralldom of a gloomy priesthood, started at once to life, like the fabled goddess, armed and full-grown.

4. Surely "there were giants in the land in those days," we involuntarily exclaim when beholding the stupendous works of human labor that date their origin to a period anterior to any certain records. The mountain of solid granite has been excavated into an idolatrous temple, and the chisel of the artist has wrought upon its surface immense figures of men, who, thousands and thousands of years ago, figured upon the arena of life, and performed the exploits there recorded.

5. There are the mementoes of their greatness, though their names have long since passed away, and are forgotten. Yet there stand those colossal men, the champions of ancient Egypt, living in imperishable granite, looking from the sepulcher of centuries upon the generations that stare in wonderment upon them, not one of whom can lift the vail which time has thrown over their name and deeds. The history of the whole world, so far as it is now

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known to man, might have been written as it transpired, upon the surface of the Pyramids, and yet the shadows of unknown times would rest upon their summits.

6. We must go back to a period long prior to any certain chronology, if we would even attempt to form a conception of the refinement and resources of this wonderful people. We must violate the gloomy sanctuary of the mausoleum and catacomb, be able to interpret the hieroglyphics of their decaying temples, and, wandering amid their time-honored Pyramids, be gifted with a mental vision that penetrates the dim twilight of ages, if we would solve the mystery of the early Egyptians.

7. Egypt, amid the nations of the earth, reminds us, if we may "compare great things with small," of the old oak that has braved the storms and the changes of a thousand years, and beheld sapling after sapling rise in its shadow, grow to maturity and decay, while its own form became but the more venerable with the moss of ages. The Parthenon,[1] the Colosseum,[2] and the Palace of the Alhambra,[3] have each been the pride and glory of their respective nations, and are now venerable in ruins; but neither the elegant Greek, the stern Roman, nor the haughty Moor,[4] could, more than ourselves, penetrate the obscurity that vails the builders of these vast edifices, which vie in durability with the "everlasting hills."

8. It was here that Herodotus, Pythagoras,[5] Homer,[6] and all the wise and gifted of Greece, sat at the feet of an Egyptian priesthood, and imbibed those lessons of wisdom and knowledge which they were to convey to their own soil, where, touched by a livelier fancy and more elegant taste, they were to produce works that remain to this day, the wonder and admiration of the world.

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LESSON CLIV.

CHOICE EXTRACTS.

I.

BUGLE SONG.

TENNYSON.

1. THE splendor falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, — dying, dying, dying!

2. O hark! O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elf-land faintly blowing!
Blow! let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, — dying, dying, dying!

3. O love! *they* die in yon rich sky;
They faint on hill, or field, or river!
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying;
And answer, echoes, answer, — dying, dying, dying!

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II.

THE AGE OF PROGRESS.

CHARLES SUMNER.

1. THE age of chivalry has gone. An age of humanity has come. The horse, whose importance, more than human, gave the name to that early period of gallantry and war, now yields his foremost place to man. In serving him, in promoting his elevation, in contributing to his welfare, in doing him good, there are fields of bloodless triumph, nobler far than any in which the bravest knight ever conquered. Here are spaces of labor, wide as the world, lofty as heaven.

2. Let me say, then, in the benison once bestowed upon the youthful knight, — Scholars, jurists, artists, philanthropists, heroes of a Christian age, companions of a celestial knighthood, "Go forth. Be brave, loyal, and successful!" And may it be our office to light a fresh beacon-fire sacred to truth! Let the flame spread from hill to hill, from island to island, from continent to continent, till the long lineage of fires shall illumine all the nations of the earth, animating them to the holy contests of KNOWLEDGE, JUSTICE, BEAUTY, LOVE.

III.

CLEAR THE WAY.

1. THERE'S a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to beam,
There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a flower about to blow,
There's a midnight blackness changing
Into gray:
Men of thought, and men of action,
CLEAR THE WAY!

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2. Aid the dawning, tongue and pen;
Aid it, hopes of honest men;
Aid it, paper; aid it, type;
Aid it, for the hour is ripe,
And our earnest must not slacken
Into play:
Men of thought, and men of action,
CLEAR THE WAY!

IV.

OUR SAGES AND HEROES.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

I.

To the sages who spoke, to the heroes who bled,
To the day and the deed, strike the harp-strings of glory!
Let the song of the ransomed remember the dead,
And the tongue of the eloquent hallow the story!
O'er the bones of the bold
Be that story long told,
And on Fame's golden tablets their triumphs enrolled,
Who on Freedom's green hills Freedom's banner unfurled,
And the beacon-fire raised that gave light to the world!

II.

They are gone, mighty men; and they sleep in their fame!
Shall we ever forget them? Oh, never! no, never!
Let our sons learn from us to embalm each great name,
And the anthem send down, "Independence forever!"
Wake, wake, heart and tongue!
Keep the theme ever young;

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Let their deeds through the long line of ages be sung,
Who on Freedom's green hills Freedom's banner unfurled,
And the beacon-fire raised that gave light to the world!

V.

THE AMERICAN UNION.

WEBSTER.

WHEN my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once-glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as, "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first, and Union afterward;" but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart, — LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE!

VI.

EXPULSION FROM PARADISE.

MILTON.

O UNEXPECTED stroke! worse than of death!
Must I leave thee, Paradise? thus leave
Thee, native soil? these happy walks and shades,

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Fit haunt of gods, where I had hoped to spend
Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day
That must be mortal to us both? O flowers!
That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation and my last
At even, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first opening bud, and gave ye names, —
Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount?
Thee, lastly, nuptial bower! by me adorned
With what to sight or smell was sweet, — from thee
How shall I part? and whither wander down
Into a lower world, to this obscure
And wild? How shall we breathe in other air
Less pure, accustomed to immortal fruits?

VII.

WASHINGTON'S MONUMENT.

R. C. WINTHROP.

1. THE wide-spread Republic is the *true monument* to Washington. Maintain its independence; uphold its Constitution; preserve its union; defend its liberty; let it stand before the world in all its original strength and beauty, securing peace, order, equality, and freedom to all within its boundaries, and shedding light, and hope, and joy upon the pathway of human liberty throughout the world, — and Washington needs no other monument. Other structures may fitly testify our veneration for him: this, *this* alone, can adequately illustrate his services to mankind.

2. Nor does he need even this. The Republic may perish; the wide arch of our ranged Union may fall; star

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by star its glories may expire; stone by stone its columns and its Capitol may molder and crumble; all other names which adorn its annals may be forgotten: but as long as human hearts shall anywhere pant, or human tongues shall anywhere plead, for a true, rational, constitutional liberty, those hearts shall enshrine the memory, and those tongues prolong the fame, of GEORGE WASHINGTON!

VIII.

THE LORD OUR PROVIDER.

WORDSWORTH.

AUTHOR of being, life-sustaining King,
Lo! Want's dependent eye from Thee implores
The seasons, which provide nutritious stores:
Give to her prayers the renovating Spring,
And Summer-heats all perfecting, that bring
The fruits which Autumn from a thousand stores
Selecteth provident, when Earth adores
Her God, and all her vales exulting sing.
Without Thy blessing, the submissive steer
Bends to the plowman's galling yoke in vain;
Without Thy blessing on the varied year,
Can the swarth reaper grasp the golden grain'?
Without Thy blessing, all is black and drear;
With it, the joys of Eden bloom again.

IX.

MORAL AND REPUBLICAN PRINCIPLES.

EDWARD EVERETT.

1. WAR may stride over the land with the crushing step of a giant; pestilence may steal over it like an invisible curse, reaching its victim silently and unseen, unpeopling

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here a village, and there a city, until every dwelling is a sepulcher; famine may brood over it with a long and weary visitation, until the sky itself is brazen, and the beautiful greenness gives place to a parched desert, a wide waste of unproductive desolation: but *these* are only physical evils. The wild flower will bloom in peace on the field of battle and above the crushed skeleton. The destroying angel of the pestilence will retire when his errand is done, and the nation will again breathe freely; and the barrenness of famine will cease at last, — the cloud will be prodigal of its hoarded rain, and the wilderness will blossom.

2. But for *moral desolation* there is no reviving spring. Let the *moral and republican principles* of our country be abandoned; let impudence, and corruption, and intrigue triumph over honesty and intellect, — and our liberties and strength will depart forever. Of *these* there can be no resuscitation. The "abomination of desolation" will be fixed and perpetual; and, as the mighty fabric of our glory totters into ruins, the nations of the earth will mock us in our overthrow, like the powers of darkness, when the throned one of Babylon became even as themselves, and the "glory of the Chaldees' excellency had gone down forever."

THE END.

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